CHRONICLES OF THE YELLOWSTONE

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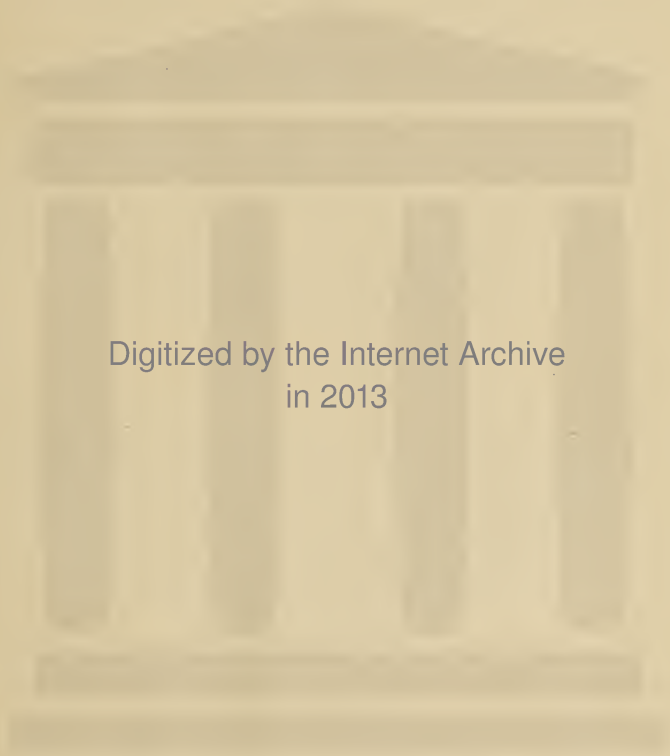

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THE CHRONICLES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

AN ACCURATE, COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY

OF THE COUNTRY DRAINED BY THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER — ITS INDIAN INHABITANTS — ITS FIRST EXPLORERS — THE EARLY FUR TRADERS AND TRAPPERS — THE COMING AND TRIALS OF THE EMIGRANTS.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF

ALL EXPEDITIONS, MILITARY AND CIVIL — THE DISCOVERY OF THE GEYSERS AND WONDERS OF THE NATIONAL PARK — FIGHTS WITH SIOUX BY WOLFERS, TRAPPERS AND GOLD-SEEKERS — THE SIOUX WAR OF 1876-77, IN WHICH GENERAL CUSTER WAS KILLED — NEZ PERCE WAR OF 1877 — THE ADVENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AND BUILDING OF TOWNS — THE MINERAL AND AGRICULTURAL WEALTH — AND FUTURE OF THE COUNTRY.

By E. S. TOPPING.

ST. PAUL:
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1888.

DEDICATION.

TO THE LIVING AND DEAD PIONEERS OF EASTERN MONTANA,

WHO, ALWAYS ON THE FRONTIER,
STOOD AS A LIVING WALL BETWEEN A SAVAGE RACE
AND THE YOUNG SETTLEMENTS OF THE TERRITORY, AND WHO SUFFERED
TOIL, PRIVATIONS AND SOMETIMES DEATH, AND MADE IT POSSIBLE
FOR THE PRESENT PROSPERITY TO COME,

THE AUTHOR

FRATERNALLY DEDICATES THIS WORK.

Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR MAKES HIS BOW.

THE Yellowstone country has been for many years the main battle ground, in the United States, between civilization and barbarism, and now when the former has triumphed, when old battle fields are flourishing farms, when school houses have taken the place of stockades, the time has come to record its early history; for the deeds of its pioneers, the tales of their toil, privations and acts of heroism are fast being buried by the grave-digger — Time. To secure some of these from oblivion, and to record them for the coming people is the aim of the writer.

Within the Territory of Wyoming, at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the sea, about where forty-three degrees forty-five minutes north latitude intersects the parallel of longitude one hundred and ten west, and in an area of country scarce three miles in diameter, there heads five rivers — the Snake, Green, Wind, Stinking Water and Yellowstone.

The Snake in its general course flows in a northwesterly direction. It is one of the main forks of the Columbia,

which empties into the Pacific, at nearly the northern boundary of the United States.

The Green soon becomes the Colorado and after a long and tortuous course, discharges its waters into the Gulf of California.

Wind river runs in a southeasterly direction for one hundred and fifty miles, one hundred and twenty-five of which are in the Rocky mountains. It is then joined by Little Wind river, and the united waters turn to the north; which course the river keeps to its junction with the Yellowstone, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles more. Topographers of the present day call this river Big Horn, from the junction of the two Wind rivers down; but it was called Wind river by the old trappers and explorers to the mouth of Stinking Water river, and thence down, Big Horn. Just below the mouth of Stinking Water, the river cuts through the Big Horn range and for thirty-five miles runs through a grand canyon, with nearly vertical walls, at places two thousand feet in height. Twenty-five miles below the mouth of the canyon comes in the historic Little Horn river, and thirty miles below this, its muddy waters join and taint the clear Yellowstone.

Stinking Water river runs through the roughest and most picturesque part of America. Its canyons and walls of conglomerate are cut by the elements into all sorts of fantastic shapes. To a person of an imaginative nature this is an interesting place. There are narrow canyons hundreds of feet in depth, towering pinnacles standing alone, and statues with grotesque features which, as you pass by, change their appearance and expression. A clown from one view becomes a Roman senator from another. Upon leaving the main range the river opens out into the prettiest valley on the east side of the Rockies, which has been the favorite winter camping-ground of the Shoshones for many years. Then the river cuts through the point of a mountain and

runs for five miles through a deep canyon, in which there is a large sulphur spring that taints the water, and fills the air for miles around with its sickly odor, from which, comes the name of Stinking Water. Then for seventy miles, to its junction with Wind river, it runs through gravel beds and bad lands.

Seventy miles below its extreme head the Yellowstone empties into the beautiful lake of the same name. This lies at an elevation of eight thousand feet above the sea, and is thirty-five miles long by twenty-two in width and contains several islands.

The river when leaving the lake has increased its volume three-fold. It runs smoothly for sixteen miles and then with but little preparation dashes over the upper falls. A quarter of a mile below it takes a grand leap over the lower falls of three hundred and eighty-four feet, and then goes plunging and dashing for thirty miles through the grand canyon, whose high and picturesque walls reflect the rays of the sun in every conceivable color.

Just after leaving the canyon, the river receives the aqueous discharge from Tower creek, on which, about three hundred yards above its mouth, is a very pretty waterfall. There are several sharp basaltic towers near the verge of the precipice, from which the creek takes its name.

Three miles below, the east fork of the Yellowstone comes in. Up this about twelve miles is Soda Butte creek, on which stream, about twenty miles above its mouth, are the Clarke's Fork mines. The course of the Yellowstone lies for eighty miles yet in the mountains, and has its volume increased from many beautiful creeks from either side. From the east comes Hell Roaring, Crevice, Bear, Six Mile, Emigrant, Mill, Elbow, Shorthill, Geisdorf, Pine, Deep and Soos creeks. On the west are the two Blacktails, Gardiner river, Reese, Cinnabar, Tom Minor, Big, Eight Mile and Trail creeks.

From its head to the mouth of Reese creek the river runs nearly due north. From there it gradually turns to the eastward and from the lower canyon to its junction with the Missouri its general course is east-northeast

Below the canyon and on the north side, the tributaries are, Billman and Fleshman creeks, Shields river, Hot Springs, Duck, Little and Big Timber, Beaver, Sweet Grass and White Beaver creeks. There are no other streams of importance coming into the river from this side, though of dry water courses there are plenty. Some of these are as deep cut and have nearly as great a wash as the main river.

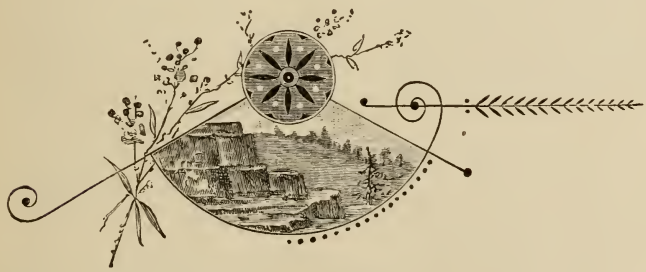
On the south side, commencing at the canyon, comes in Mission, Boulder, the two Deer creeks, Bridger, Stillwater, Clarke's Fork, Pryor and Fly creeks, Big Horn, Rosebud, Tongue and Powder rivers.

The country bordering on the Yellowstone from its head to Gardiner is very rough and high. There are little patches of arable land, which cannot be tilled with success, on account of heavy frosts. Just below Gardiner, there are a few fine farms. Then gravel and rough hills extend for several miles below the middle canyon; thence to opposite the mouth of Trail creek, gravel beds and arable fields alternate. At Trail creek commences one of the most fertile valleys in Montana. It extends to the lower canyon and embraces about forty-eight square miles and is called by the settlers Paradise valley. Just below the lower canyon begins a fine bottom that extends down for four miles. From here to Clarke's Fork, gravel beds and fertile bottoms alternate. The Clarke's Fork bottom is twenty-five miles in length by five miles in width and is considered very rich soil. From here to the mouth of the river the soils are lighter with occasional outcroppings of clay and alkali.

Clarke's Fork and Stillwater have very rich bottoms along their course, and in fact, each of the streams that

empty into the Yellowstone from the south have, near where they rise from the mountains, a fertile valley; but by far the richest soils are to be found on the tributaries that come from the Big Horn range. This range lies entirely on the prairie, and is disconnected with any other mountains. Commencing at the northwest end, about sixty miles from the Rocky mountains, it runs in a southeasterly direction for about one hundred and forty miles, and then breaks off as abruptly as it began; having at its highest point (Cloud Peak) an elevation of eight thousand five hundred feet. In it heads Tongue, and at the extreme southern end, Powder river. Each of these streams has many tributaries. From the Big Horn to the Clear Fork of Powder river, is an undulating prairie. It is well watered and has a delightful climate.

All of the country drained by the Yellowstone can not be equaled by any other for stock-raising. The bunch and gama grasses grow luxuriantly in every soil. The snow falls are not heavy, and the percentage of losses by exposure are less than those of any other section in the United States.



CHAPTER II.

INDIANS OF THE COUNTRY.—A LOST TRIBE.

THE Sheepeater Indians, who were mostly refugees from the Shoshones and Bannocks, ranged in the mountains on the heads of the Yellowstone and Wind rivers; there were but about one hundred and fifty of them, and they were as timid as the animal from which they derive their name. They dressed entirely in skins, and their diet was mountain sheep, elk, and black-tail deer meat without salt, roots that the squaws dug, the inside bark of the pine and, in their season, berries. They hunted with bows and arrows long after adjacent tribes had secured the superior facilities of fire-arms.

In 1879 some Shoshones were sent out by the interior department to hunt them up. They were found and brought in to the Shoshone agency at Little Wind river, and they have received rations at this place ever since.

The cold and privations endured by the Sheepeaters have left their mark, for they are small of stature, and in brain diminutive, and compare very unfavorably with their relatives, the Shoshones.

At some time in the past there must have been a large tribe, whose summers were spent at the Yellowstone lake, for around its shores and washed up by its waves are many relics of a race superior in some ways to the Indian of the present day. Pieces of finely carved pottery have been

found, and Obsidian and Chalcedony spear and arrow heads are quite common.

Some of the Sheepeaters must have descended from this tribe, for they have traditions of the swallowing up of most of their people by a convulsion of the earth, many centuries ago.

The Crows, Rees, Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, Gros Ventres, Flatheads, and Pen d'Oreille tribes of Indians ranged and hunted at times on the Yellowstone, but none of them acquired possessory rights till the latter part of the eighteenth century, when the Crows claimed and held the country bordering on the river, from the mountains to the mouth of Tongue river. The Rees took the country at the mouth of the Yellowstone. All between these two tribes was a debatable land which swarmed with buffalo, and until the Sioux came was considered as common property by the tribes mentioned.

The Sioux tribes lived and hunted in the country now embraced by the States of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. As civilization advanced they receded, and in their turn, drove the Rees and Crows; the latter tribe fought stubbornly for every inch and many were the battles between them.

With the Indians, wealth is counted by the number of horses owned, and a successful horse-thief always stands high in his tribe, so that for the most part, the wars between these hostile tribes consisted in taking and retaking stock. Some of these forays led to sanguinary fights; one of which is worthy of being recorded.

Early in the winter of 1864, twenty-nine young Crow warriors (the pick of the tribe) went to the Brule Sioux camp on the Missouri, near Mandan's present site, to steal horses. They at last found their opportunity and run off two bands, in all about six hundred head. Six of the Crows had a band of three hundred, and this number being too unwieldly for so few men to handle, they fell behind the remainder of the party. The Brules soon found out their loss, and five hundred

warriors started in pursuit. They overtook the six Crows at a butte about eighty miles west of the Missouri. The Crows left their captured horses and went up the butte. The remainder of the Crows were about eight miles in advance and could have escaped; but when they heard the firing they turned back to help their comrades. After some lively skirmishing the Crows all came together on the top of the butte, where they made breastworks of loose rocks and dirt dug up with their knives. The Sioux closely invested the place and the fight continued for two days and nights. On the morning of the third day there were but fifteen Crows alive, and these, being entirely out of ammunition and suffering greatly for lack of water, concluded to distinguish themselves and die like Indian braves. So, singing their most defiant war song and drawing their knives, they charged on their enemies and bravely died, having sent before them over one hundred Sioux braves. The hill on which they fought was named "Young Men's Butte," and can be seen from the car windows of the Northern Pacific.

The Sioux, after the Minnesota rout of 1863, had that state no more for a hunting ground and were forced across the Missouri river. They drove the Crows from the Tongue and Powder river country and harassed the whites who were all around them at every opportunity. They were discontented, and not being handled properly by the authorities at Washington, who showed weakness to these people, who respect nothing but force, were in a chronic state of discontent which culminated in the Fort Phil Kearney massacre of 1866.

In 1865 the combined Sioux tribes sent embassadors to all of the Western Indians to try and induce them to combine against the whites. The Crows refused to join, and stated most emphatically that in case there should be a war they would be found with the whites. This decision was in conformity with their actions, for as a tribe they have always

been friendly to the white men. Small parties have stolen horses, and the proof is strong that they were the Indians that attacked Stuart's party in 1863, and tried to kill three men during the winter of 1875. The story of these fights will be told further on in the work; outside of these there are no charges against them.

The Shoshones range on Wind river and its tributaries. They were very warlike, and apparently had neither fear nor pity. They worried all the emigrant trains that passed through Bridger and South passes, and captured several. They became so impudent that the war department made a special effort to subdue them. In the winter of 1863 Gen. Connor, with troops and citizen volunteers, in all amounting to about three hundred and fifty men, attacked the main camp of four hundred warriors, on Bear river. The weather was intensely cold and the whites suffered terribly in their forced marches. When near the Indian camp a charge was made. The Indians held their ground for a time and in this interval killed many of the attacking force; then broke before the fierce charge and fled, and nearly half of their number were killed. Many of them jumped into the river, but between the rifles of their foes and the floating ice, but few reached the opposite shore.

It is an axiom, that an active enemy converted, becomes a strong friend. It was so in this case, for under the leadership of Washikie (a chief who had not taken part in the Bear river fight) they have, ever since, been friendly to the whites and have fought with them several times against other tribes.

These Indians and the Crows had been enemies from time immemorial, and many piles of rocks or cairns are left between Wind river and Clarke's Fork, to mark bloody battle fields. When the Shoshones made friends with the whites they also treated with the Crows, and the tribes have remained friendly.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY EXPLORERS.

IN 1743 Verendrye, a French Canadian, with some Catholic priests, and about fifty men, came from Quebec to the head waters of the Missouri. From the forks of this river he went across the Yellowstone and up Wind river, and it is supposed, wintered on Green river. His exact course cannot be traced, for then all of the streams were named differently from now, and the only way by which his path can be told is by the names of the Indian tribes through whose country he traveled.

The very first reliable information that we have of the Yellowstone is from Lewis and Clarke, who were in charge of a government exploring expedition. They started from St. Louis in the spring of 1805 and explored the Missouri to its head, then went over the Rocky mountains and down Clarke's Fork to the Columbia river, and down that to its mouth. The party wintered on the Columbia, and in the spring retraced their steps. When they arrived at the forks of the Missouri the party divided, Lewis going down the Missouri, and Clarke, with a party of twenty-five men going up the Gallatin to where Bozeman now is, and crossing the range on a game trail (just where the present wagon road runs), made his first camp on the Yellowstone, in the timber, just below where Livingston is located, on July 15, 1806.

On the way down, Clarke named Shields river, and Boulder and Big Timber, which came in opposite one another, were called by him Rivers Across. At the mouth of Rose river (now Stillwater), the Crows, who had given them no trouble before, stole twenty-four of their horses, leaving them but fifteen. The party stayed here for a few days and built canoes. Sergeant Pryor and five men were left to take the remaining horses down to the mouth of the river, overland, the main party with Clarke going in the canoes. On July 25th Clarke came in sight of a huge column of rock standing by itself on the south side of the river. He named it Pompey's Pillar and engraved his name on it, with date, which by the vicissitudes of weather and vandalism have become nearly obliterated, and some means should be taken to preserve this, the only handiwork left us of the intrepid explorer. Clarke speaks of killing a white bear here and later of killing two below Red Stone river (Powder). Query: Were they gray bears?

Near the mouth of Tongue river the boats had to lie over for an hour, to let a band of buffalo that were crossing the river, pass by. The party arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone August 2, 1806, without further adventure.

Those that were left behind under Sergeant Pryor were followed by the Crows, and just above Pompey's Pillar had the remainder of their horses stolen by these Indians. The men made bull-boats (a willow frame in the shape of a huge basket and covered with green buffalo hides), in which they went down the river safely and overtook the other party about one hundred miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone.

One of the men with Clarke, named Coulter, left the party near where Yankton is now located, to go with some trappers. The next year, 1807, while on a beaver trapping expedition, he went up the Yellowstone river to the head of the lake (which he called Eustis), then crossed the range

and went down Stinking Water to the prairie, then crossed over to Clarke's Fork and down it to the Yellowstone. He kept no record of the trip, but his story as told to Bonneville and other fur traders would be accepted to-day as quite a correct description of the country. So to him belongs the honor of being the first white man in what is now known as the National Park.

CHAPTER IV.

FUR TRADERS AND TRAPPERS.

FROM this on, trapping parties from St. Louis would occasionally go in their bateaux up the Yellowstone, and would carry down great quantities of beaver, otter and mink pelts; but no foothold was made on the river till 1822, when Gen. Ashley and a Mr. Henry started a trading post two miles below the mouth of the Big Horn (Fort Van Buren), and commenced business under the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur company. Just afterward, John Jacob Astor sent up a fleet of bateaux filled with stores, and built a post about thirty miles below the Big Horn, which was named Fort Cass. His party took the name of the American Fur company. There was great rivalry between the two companies, which continued for a year and was then settled by dividing the trapping territory.

Bonneville came overland from St. Louis the spring of this same year and made his headquarters on Green river; but he received his supplies from Fort Cass. In the fall he sent a party of twenty-five men to trap down Wind river and the streams running from the Big Horn range. The party made winter quarters near a Crow camp and eight of the men deserted to these Indians. Early in the spring the remainder of the party went over to Powder river. One day, soon after their arrival at this place, two Rees came into camp, and while the boys were talking to them, some others

of the same party ran off their horses. The trappers tied up the two Rees, and seeing some of the others on a hill near by, told them to give up the horses, or the prisoners would be burned at the stake. The Indians offered two horses each for them, and that offer being refused, went off, leaving their comrades to their fate. The party fulfilled their threat, and left nothing but ashes and charred bones.

This is the only case in the record of this country where the whites were more barbarous than the savages.

In the latter part of this year, 1823, Bonneville, with all his followers, went down Wind river to below the Big Horn canyon. Here he disbanded the party and went east, wiser if not richer. Some of his men went down the river in bull-boats, and of the remainder, some joined the Crows and the rest trapped for the companies.

Astor's company finally absorbed the other and then he had a monopoly of the fur trade of the United States. He made a good part of his immense fortune at this business, and could have continued in his financial success, but he cut down prices so that his best trappers deserted him and went over the line to the Hudson Bay company, and his company disbanded in 1840.

Living in Frenchtown, Montana, is a man one hundred and two years of age, named Baptiste Ducharne. He was a member of Gen. Ashley's expedition of 1822 and trapped for his company all of that season. In 1823 he joined Bonneville and was with him till the party disbanded. He then became a free trapper and sold his furs at the nearest trading post, whether belonging to the Hudson Bay or the American Fur company.

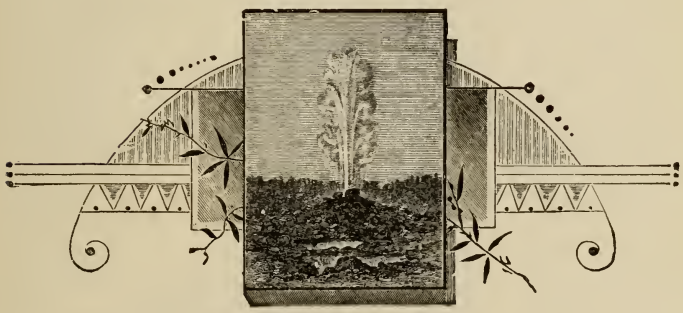
During the summer of 1824 he went up the Yellowstone to its head and trapped on that stream and the head of Snake river till fall; then he went down the Fire Hole Fork of the Madison, on which the geysers are located, to the prairie.

In 1826 he took nearly the same trip. Each time he saw the geysers and can yet describe them quite accurately.

In 1840 he went to the Pacific coast, but returned to the territory now known as Montana, in 1857, and lived and traded with the Indians till the coming of the emigrants, and then located land and built him a home for his old age.

Mr. Ducharne has had many children by Indian women, many of whom are living near him now, and they range in age from hoary-headed manhood to the gentle girl of twelve summers.

We have no record of any more exploring parties for many years. Trappers followed up and caught furs on every creek and fork of the rivers, but as they were illiterate men and kept no record of their adventures and discoveries, their tales cannot be told.



CHAPTER V.

EXPLORATIONS OF KIT CARSON AND BRIDGER—SIR GEORGE GORE'S HUNTING EXPEDITION—REYNOLDS' MILITARY EXPEDITION.

KIT CARSON, Jim Bridger, Lou Anderson, Soos, and about twenty others on a prospecting trip, came from St. Louis, overland, to the Bannock Indian camp on Green river, late in the fall of 1849. They fixed up winter quarters and stayed with these Indians till spring. Then they went up the river and as soon as the snow permitted crossed the mountains to the Yellowstone and down it to the lake and falls; then across the divide to the Madison river. They saw the geysers of the lower basin and named the river that drains them the Fire Hole. Vague reports of this wonderful country had been made before. They had not been credited, but had been considered as trappers' tales (more imagination than fact). The report of this party made quite a stir in St. Louis, and a party organized there the next winter to explore this country, but from some, now unknown, cause did not start, and not till 1863 were the geysers again visited. The explorers went down the Madison till out of the mountains and then across the country to the Yellowstone. They went into winter quarters at the mouth of Shields river and saw no Indians till the latter part of November, at which time a war party of Blackfeet came in and tried to steal their horses. The Indians succeeded

GREAT YELLOWSTONE FALLS.

in capturing eight head, but had two of their warriors killed in the act. Knowing that, if they stayed in this camp, the Blackfeet would finally get all of their stock, the adventurers packed up and went to the Platte via Wind river and disbanded.

In 1855, Sir George Gore, an English nobleman of great wealth and an ardent sportsman, came to St. Louis and hired about seventy men and bought many teams and wagons. He then, with Jim Bridger as guide, went to and up the Platte river and hunted on this stream and tributaries all of the autumn and winter. When the spring of 1856 opened, the party went over to Powder river. At the Portuguese fort (built by Portuguese Joe for an Indian trading post in 1825) the headquarters were made, and Sir George hunted in and explored the Big Horn range till the ensuing fall, at which time he went over to and down Tongue river to near its mouth, where, finding a good camp and plenty of buffalo, he built him winter quarters.

His party is credited with killing six thousand buffaloes while in this camp, from which nothing was taken but the tongues and a little choice meat, the remainder rotting where killed. In the spring the party moved to the head of the Rosebud and hunted through the Wolf mountains and traded with the Crows till fall; then built flat-boats and went down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers to Fort Berthold and wintered. In the spring he continued his river journey and arrived at St. Louis in the latter part of June, 1858.

In the three years he had been away, he had not had a single difficulty with the Indians and had lost but two men, one of whom had accidentally shot himself.

The attention of congress was called to the large amount of game killed by this party, and that body made considerable talk and passed restrictive laws which were productive of no good, for there was no one in this almost uninhabited country to enforce them.

In 1859 Gen. Reynolds was given the charge of a government exploring expedition and Lieut. Maynadier was appointed second in command, with Jim Bridger, the irrepressible, as guide. They were to explore the heads of the Yellowstone, Snake, and Green rivers, and the country between the Big Horn and Rocky Mountain ranges. At the mouth of Sweetwater the command divided. Gen. Reynolds, with part, went up the Sweetwater to its head and crossed the divide to Green river. They went up this stream and tried to cross the range to the head of the Yellowstone. Up one fork they found impassable walls of basalt, and in another which they tried the snow was too deep; so backing out they came around by Mullan pass, and to the forks of the Missouri, where they were met by Maynadier who, with his party had marched across the country and struck Wind river just at the forks, then across the Owl Creek mountains to Owl creek, and down this to its mouth, and thence down Wind river to Gray Bull. He then turned up this stream and followed it to the mountains; thence went across to Stinking Water, where, his horses being poor and played out, he left nearly all of his wagons. Then he passed on across the Yellowstone to the Missouri, which river he followed up to the forks, there meeting Gen. Reynolds.

After a rest they again separated, Gen. Reynolds going down the river in boats and Lieut. Maynadier, taking a small number of men and going up the Gallatin, went across to the Yellowstone on the same trail that Clarke had used so many years before. Here he built boats and went down the river, with no adventures worth recording.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPT. STUART'S TRIP

IN the summer of 1862, gold was discovered at Bannock, Idaho, and the frontiersmen and gold-seekers came in from every direction. The gold fields found were neither rich nor extensive, and many men were lying idle. The next spring several parties went out hunting gold and that metal was discovered in many places in the territory. The party of whom we have to tell were but fifteen in number. They left Bannock early in the spring of 1863 to prospect the Yellowstone and Big Horn streams.

Their names were S. T. Hauser, George Ives, E. Bostwick, D. Underwood, C. D. Watkins, James Haxhurst, J. N. York, John Vanderbilt, H. E. Geery, H. A. Bell, Geo. Smith, William Roach, A. S. Blake, J. McCafferty, and James Stuart, the latter being elected captain. On their way to the Yellowstone they found light prospects on a little fork of Alder creek. They did not stop to thoroughly prospect this place, but intended to do so on their return.

They reached their second camp on the Yellowstone without remarkable incident. Here the Crows came into camp and were very impudent, and took anything that suited their fancy. All of the party were indignant and acted so, but the captain, who was very coolly talking to the Crow chief. Being addressed, he told the boys to be ready and watch his motions. Soon after, the chief, who had been

watching Stuart closely, looked away and Stuart seized the opportunity and, covering the chief's heart with his rifle, demanded that all the property taken be given up. At this juncture every one of his comrades brought their rifles to their shoulders and each covered an Indian who, in turn, presented their arms. In this position all stood for a moment; then Captain Stuart, with flashing eye, reiterated his demand and threat. The chief sullenly acquiesced and all of the things were brought back, and not till then was Stuart's gun taken from off the chief.

This drama might easily have become a tragedy, yet was merely considered as a comedy by the whites, who laughed and cracked jokes at the outcome. One young Crow brave did not like this and stepping up to S. T. Hauser, with face aflame with passion, challenged that gentleman (by signs) to fight him with rifles. Mr. Hauser did not wish to carry the joke that far and declined and the Indians withdrew.

The party went on down the river, and when they arrived at the mouth of the Big Horn, camped for several days. Here they laid out a town, to which was given the name of Big Horn City.

On their way up this river, and when just below the mouth of the Little Horn, they saw on the opposite side of the river three whites, and tried to get them to stop. They would not, but turning into the hills, went off at full speed. Some of the party gave chase, but could not overtake them. The three were Bozeman, Jacobs and a nine-year-old daughter of the latter, who were prospecting for a wagon road from Fort Laramie to the Montana settlements, and mistook Stuart's party for Indians.

The party saw plenty of Indian signs the next day, but as the Crows had been dodging them during all of their trip they took no extra precautions at their night camp, which was made on the Big Horn river about fifteen miles above the mouth of the Little Horn. The night was very dark and

though the guards (one of whom was Capt. Stuart) heard noises, they saw nothing. Just after midnight Capt. Stuart heard a rustling in the brush and the click of guns being cocked. He sang out, "Lie low!" Then came a volley which did fearful execution, seven men being hit. No more rifle shots were fired, but the whiz of arrows could be heard during all of the night. At daylight the Indians drew off and the party, in summing up casualties, found one man (C. D. Watkins) dying, E. Bostwick mortally wounded and near death, H. Bell shot in two places and badly; S. T. Hauser, D. Underwood, George Ives and H. E. Geery, slightly wounded; with five horses killed and others wounded by arrows. At about eight o'clock in the morning Watkins died, and Bostwick, who was suffering greatly, told the party to give him a pistol and leave him. They gave him one and he instantly shot himself. Each of the party had solemnly agreed to do this if mortally wounded, so that the rest might not be delayed. None of the party but himself thought that Bell could recover; but they helped him on a horse as they started, and though suffering greatly, he rode fifteen miles with them to their next camp at the foot of the Big Horn range.

Near evening of this day, Geery was drawing his rifle by the muzzle from under some blankets, when it exploded and he received its contents in his breast. Next morning the party wished to break the agreement and stay with him. He, knowing that death was sure for him, and probably for them, if they stayed, sent them out of camp and shot himself through the brain, nobly dying that they might live. He was a great favorite, and this was the saddest moment of the trip to all of the party, and they cried like children.

During the next four days, while they were crossing the Big Horn range, Bell suffered very much, though improving all of the time. From this on they had smoother sailing up Wind river, and across the country to Sweetwater,

where they found an emigrant train, with which Bell stayed, the remainder taking the homeward trail through Idaho.

They arrived at Bannock early in June, and were glad to rest after their arduous trip of one thousand six hundred miles.

Five others started to overtake and go with the Stuart party; but at their first camp on the Yellowstone they were visited by a large party of Crows, who, taking away the stock and most of their provisions, gave them in return a few old plugs and made them turn back. This, their apparently bad luck, was in fact good, for on their way back they discovered the Alder gulch diggings and made their fortunes therefrom. The names of these fortunate ones were Wm. Fairweather, George Orr, Tom Coover, Barney Hughes and Henry Edgar. The rush to Alder gulch was great and a town was quickly built.

Among the first comers there were many who were in sympathy with the Confederate government and the town was named Varina, in honor of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Before the summer was over the Unionists were in the majority and the name was changed to Virginia City.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY PROSPECTORS.

ALL of the emigrants to Montana for this and previous years had come up the Platte river and crossed the mountains by way of South pass and Idaho.

Just after the Stuart party left Bannock, John Bozeman and Jacobs went across the country looking for a shorter road for emigrants. When leaving the Missouri they went too far to the eastward and, crossing the Yellowstone near the mouth of the Big Horn, went up on the east side of the latter stream and through the rough country of the Wolf mountains; then, seeing their mistake, went up the Little Horn to the foot of the Big Horn range and along that to its end at Powder river, there finding a government wagon road leading direct to Laramie. From Laramie they went to St. Louis, where they organized an emigrant train. This they piloted through to Powder river, where they were met by a large force of Sioux, who ordered the party to turn back. Bozeman and Jacobs wished to defy them and go on. The emigrants would have none of it and turning went to the westward by South pass. Bozeman and six others, taking their riding and two pack horses, left the train and came along under the Big Horn range. After crossing the Big Horn river they went too much to the right and wandered around in the rough hills for several days, at last striking the Yellowstone river near the mouth of Pryor creek.

Their small stock of provisions had given out and from here to Virginia City they had to subsist entirely on what game they might kill.

In July of this year, 1863, a party of forty-three men, led by W. W. DeLacy, went from Virginia City around to and up Snake river to its head at Shoshone lake; thence across the divide to the Lower Geyser basin and Fire Hole river, and down to Virginia City again. From this trip DeLacy gathered the material for the first reliable map of the headwaters of the Snake, Yellowstone and Madison rivers.

About a month after Bozeman's party left St. Louis, three Methodist clergymen, with a small party, followed his trail for Montana. Their intention was to found a mission among the Crows. At Old Woman's Fork of Powder river they were corralled by Sioux and one of the clergymen (Rysmenger) was killed. The others were ordered back. They were coming out to talk and not to fight, so obeyed the command and went back to St. Louis.

By July Virginia City was overflowing with men. All of the ground in Alder gulch was claimed, and new diggings had to be found, so prospecting parties were going out in every direction. One of these, consisting of thirty men under the leadership of Austin, went to and up the Yellowstone. When they arrived at the east fork of the Yellowstone, they went up that stream to the first creek coming in from the left above Soda Butte creek, up which they went. They made a camp at its head and, as they had seen no signs of Indians, let their horses run loose. The next morning at daylight a band of Arrapahoes swooped in and drove away all of their stock but one jackass. It was useless to chase them without horses, and the boys, not being ready to go back, cached their things and, packing the jackass heavily and themselves lightly, went over the divide to Clarke's Fork and down it to below the mouth of the canyon. Here they found some prospects, but no pay; so turned back to their

cache, and taking from this the most valuable articles, struck out on their back trail for Virginia City. On the way they found fair prospects in a creek on the east side of the Yellowstone, and finding also a hairless cub, called the gulch Bear.

The gold found was not sufficient to induce them to stop at this place, and they went back to Virginia City, and the Yellowstone was left for the remainder of this year to the bear, elk and Indians.

The fame of Alder gulch spread abroad and brought many people to the country, and every part of Montana west of the Yellowstone was being visited by prospectors. Some of these saw that the Gallatin valley was a fine field for agricultural development, and quite a number of land claims were taken at its lower end, and Gallatin City laid out during the fall of 1863.

In the spring of 1864, one of these settlers from the lower valley, named Elliott Rouse, moved up some distance and took a claim. This not suiting him, and seeing probabilities of a town, he changed his location, and early in July, 1864, squatted on one hundred and sixty acres of the land on which Bozeman is now situated, and instantly commenced building. F. F. Fridley, Cy Mounts, W. W. Alderson, William Beall and Joe Merrivale began to build houses at nearly the same time.

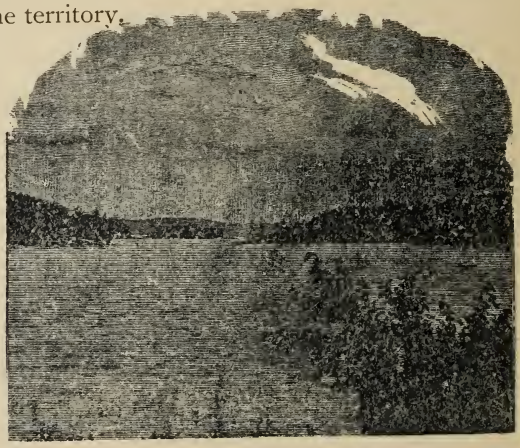
About this date the nucleus of an expedition to prospect the Yellowstone was formed at Deer Lodge. As this party passed over the intervening country, men from all along its course joined it. Among the number that went from the Gallatin were William McAdow, Hubble, Maj. Graham and Indian Dick. When at the Yellowstone, James Stuart, who had commanded the Big Horn expedition of the summer before, was elected captain. The expedition went by Bozeman and across the Yellowstone, and under the Rocky Mountain range to Stinking Water.

Here a central camp was made, and prospecting parties went out in every direction, all finding prospects, but no pay. The Crows were dodging around the camp all the while it was there; but the horses being well guarded they did no harm.

One of the party, named Leonard, went out with his gun one day and never returned. Whether he was shot by Indians or accidentally shot himself will never be known.

Indian Dick, while after an antelope, was captured by the Crows, and was held by them till fall; at which time a little party of these Indians came to Bozeman to trade and brought Dick as interpreter. He slipped away from them at this place, and with one of their best horses went to the forks of the Missouri. Indian Dick was captured by the Shoshones, when he was but a child, from an emigrant train on the Sweetwater. He was brought up in Washikie's lodge, and was treated like a son by that chief.

After satisfying themselves that no pay was to be found in that section, the prospectors returned to the Yellowstone and disbanded, the members of the party scattering to all parts of the territory.



CHAPTER VIII.

EMIGRANTS.

IN the early summer of this year several emigrant wagon trains were organized at St. Louis. Jim Bridger guided in a train of about sixty wagons and was the first to arrive at the Yellowstone. His trail was up the North Platte to near the mouth of the Sweetwater, then across to Wind river and through between the Big Horn and Rocky Mountain ranges and to the Yellowstone at the mouth of Bridger creek; arriving there early in August, 1864. From the Yellowstone he went up Shields river and over the range to the head of Bridger canyon and down that to Bozeman.

John Bozeman also guided a train through and, starting long after Bridger, nearly caught up with that noted mountaineer, by taking the trail found by him the summer before to the east of the Big Horn range; and this trail was shorter by two hundred miles than the one taken by Bridger.

At Rocky Fork of Clarke's Fork, Bozeman came to Bridger's trail and followed it to the Yellowstone, but went farther up the river than that guide and crossed the range to the Gallatin by the pass used by Clarke and through which the railroad now runs, and is now known as Bozeman's pass.

Several smaller trains came through after Bridger and on his trail. One of these, having about twenty wagons and headed by Squire Lilly, branched off the road at the Yellowstone and went up the river to above the canyon.

Tanner, an old Bozemanite, came through with one of these trains after Bridger, using an ox for a saddle animal.

In a train just behind Lilly, one wagon was owned by a Methodist clergyman. The party did not go fast enough to suit him, and at Rocky Fork he struck out ahead. As he was going down the hill to the Yellowstone, at the mouth of Bridger creek, he was met by a party of Indians, and he, his son, and a hired driver were killed. When found their bodies were bristling with arrows.

Campbell came through with a train on Bozeman's trail and about four weeks behind him. At Powder river he was attacked by Sioux and fought them for three hours, four of his men being killed. The savages must have suffered heavily, for they bothered him no more during the trip.

Fair prospects of gold were found in Emigrant gulch by those who had gone up the river, and many claims were taken, and a town soon sprang up at the mouth of the canyon. This was called Yellowstone City. About forty houses were built and three hundred people wintered here, fifteen of whom were women.

The ground was very deep and hard to work, and many of those who had claims did not get them properly opened that season; the result was hard times. What little flour there was in the country sold readily at one hundred dollars per sack, bacon one dollar per pound, and all groceries in proportion. The country was alive with elk, deer, and antelope, and wild meat was the main article of diet.

A meeting was held in the fall, which elected a justice of the peace and made mining and other laws. Hanging was to be the penalty for murder, thieving, or for insulting a woman.

In December of 1864, the first Montana legislature convened at Bannock. To Sam Word, N. P. Langford and others was given a charter for a stage and telegraph line

from Virginia City to the head of navigation on the Yellowstone (Emigrant gulch specified), from there to the mouth of the Yellowstone. From the amount of country that this company controlled it was jocularly called the Broad Gauge company.

A right was given to other parties for a wagon road from Bozeman to Laramie. The former company must have absorbed this latter, for we find them later on putting ferry boats on the larger streams between Bozeman and Laramie.

The legislature also gave a company the sole right to mine coal on the upper river, under the name of the "Red Streak Mountain Coal Co.," taken from the Devil's Slide at Cinnabar mountain.

There were six buildings completed during the summer and fall at Bozeman, and some of the emigrants who came through with Bozeman and Bridger settled in the Gallatin valley, near to this place, and quite a trade sprang up. Stafford & Rice opened up a little store, as did Fritz & Son. Jack Mendenhall, who had a saloon, had also canned goods, etc., for sale.

There were a few trappers on the Yellowstone and this place was their outfitting point and the market for their furs

CHAPTER IX.

BROAD GAUGE COMPANY AND INDIAN FIGHTS.

IN 1865 the Broad Gauge company gave W. J. Davies a contract to build three ferry boats, one for the Yellowstone and one each for Clarke's Fork and the Big Horn. Tomlinson had put up a saw mill on the first stream below Emigrant (from this came the name of Mill creek), and Davies floated lumber from this place to the mouth of the canyon. Here he built him a little house for his family, and afterward constructed the contract boats, which, when completed, were floated down to the mouths of the rivers on which they were to be used. Each of these had a crew of three men and a pony. Cartright, Mich Boyer and another manned the Big Horn boat; Col. Smith and two others taking up the one for Clarke's Fork. The Big Horn party made their last Yellowstone camp just above the mouth of the Big Horn. Mich Boyer, while examining the country near camp, found the skeletons of five men and one woman with long, yellow hair. All of the members of the party gave this as truth, but the compiler of these chronicles can find no previous traces of the party; probably they were going down the river in a boat and were surprised and killed by Indians while in camp.

The ferry boats were pulled up the rivers by pony and hand power to their respective places, ropes were stretched across the streams and everything prepared for the large

immigration that was expected. Many trains started from the States, but the military would not allow them to come over this road, as the Big Horn country was the home of all the turbulent tribes.

When Cartright and party found that there would be no travel they started back to the settlements; the men at the Clarke's Fork ferry joining them as they passed. At their first camp from the latter place, on Rocky Fork, some Indians came in making signs that they were friendly; one of whom had on a cavalry sword. He stepped up and handed this weapon to Col. Smith, and asked in return to see the latter's pistol which was hanging on a belt at his hip. Col. Smith very foolishly gave it up and was instantly shot dead. The other whites ran for the brush and saved themselves; none of them being hit but Mich Boyer, who was shot through the muscle of his leg. This shot was a troublesome wound but not a dangerous one. From this on they traveled at night and arrived at Davies' cabin without further incident.

Davies had been running the Yellowstone ferry and building mackinaws all summer. He had seen Indians several times, but had been troubled by them but twice. Once, when a party of seven came to his cabin, he held a double-barreled shot-gun across his knees all of the time they were there, while his wife cooked for them. The shot-gun kept them quite civil. When they were gone Davies examined the gun and nearly fainted, for it was unloaded.

The other time they came was just before the arrival of the Cartright party. Early one morning about twenty Sioux made a dash between Davies' house and the river bank (which was about forty feet away), and fired into the cabin as they passed. Harvey Morgan was knocking out a piece of chinking to have a place to fire from. An Indian who was watching it fired into the opening as the chinking fell and drove a bullet through Morgan's hat, just cutting

some hair from the top of his head. This made Morgan angry and he rushed out of doors with his shot-gun and fired two charges at them, hitting one in the hip. This satisfied the Indians and they went away.

About a month before the Big Horn ferrymen had come in, three men, Campbell, Ford and another (name unknown), started up Mission creek prospecting. They were traveling up the bottom, which is about equally divided between openings and brush patches, and when about four miles from the Yellowstone, just as they entered a small opening, they were fired on by Indians who were ambushed in the willows. Two of the whites were instantly killed. Ford, the survivor, amidst a storm of bullets, jumped from his horse and ran to the creek. Finding on its banks a pile of driftwood, and seeing at a glance it would make a good breastwork, he stopped behind it to fight. His rifle was a muzzle-loader, and the charge in that and six in his revolver were all he had to depend on, as all of his extra ammunition was left on his saddle. The Indians came charging right after him; as they came near he raised and fired one shot from his pistol and killed the foremost Indian. The remainder drew back, but in a moment came charging again. This time he fired two shots, the second taking effect in the heart of one of his enemies, when but about eight feet away. The momentum acquired while running sent the dead man forward so that his neck fell across the top log of the drift. In this charge Ford was hit between the thumb and finger. They made another charge in which he emptied his pistol and succeeded in stopping, though not killing any of them. Unfortunately he received a bullet through the muscle of his left arm. He now gave up all hope of getting out alive, for he had but the charge in his gun left. However, he determined that this last shot should be made to count; so, carefully raising his head above the logs, he looked around and saw his chance; through an opening in the brush and about

sixty yards away, an Indian was sitting on the ground fixing a pistol. Ford took careful aim and pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared away he saw the Indian lying motionless, and he now sat down behind the logs awaiting his fate. The Sioux did not know of his defenseless state, and having acquired some knowledge of his skill with fire-arms, kept at a respectful distance. At dark he, with hope revived, stepped into the creek and followed it for a quarter of a mile, then went into the brush and down the bottom to the Yellowstone. He was weak from loss of blood and it took him till four o'clock the next afternoon to get opposite Davies' camp. He was seen dragging himself up the river and a man went over in a boat to get him; as soon as he saw help was near he fainted away. Davies took good care of him till a chance came to send him to Bozeman, where he was faithfully nursed at Fridley's house till well; and he went his way rejoicing at his great deliverance.

Several parties went down the Yellowstone by boat to the States this season, it being the shortest and quickest way. A party of five men came from some of the mining camps to the river for that purpose. They traded two fine horses for three sacks of flour, and stealing a boat from Soos, started down. They were never again heard from, and there is no doubt they were massacred on the lower river by Sioux.

Two men who were camped about a mile below the canyon, engaged in building a boat with which to go down the river, were attacked by twenty Indians. They retreated to a low bluff near by and threw up some bowlders to fight from. The Indians rode around the two and fired rapidly at them. Several shots were fired in return without effect. As one of the boys raised his head over the rocks to shoot, one of the bullets from the last volley fired by the Indians hit him in the temple and he dropped dead. The Sioux had not the satisfaction of knowing that they had killed him,

for they left immediately. The survivor buried his comrade, and went up to Emigrant gulch, and in a short time went down the river with another party.

In August of this year Col. Kimball and Bunn were going to the Yellowstone from Bozeman, and when on the Yellowstone slope, just above O'Rea creek, they were met by a party of Indians who played themselves for Flatheads (*then friendly*), and came up saying "How, how?" Col. Kimball went out to meet and talk to them, and while shaking hands with one was shot dead by a pistol in the hand of another. Bunn ran to the brush where he stayed till dark, and then went back to Bozeman. The shock to his nervous system was so great that from it he never fully recovered. Time might have produced the effect desired, but he was eternally quieted the next winter by freezing to death while hunting on Middle creek with Judge Didawick, of Bozeman. The judge also froze his feet and has been partially crippled ever since.

CHAPTER X.

OTHER DEPREDATIONS BY THE SAME WAR PARTY.

A MAN named Smith was killed two hours earlier in the day by the same Indians that shot Kimball. He and two other men, with a team and wagon, had come from Bozeman and were camped on Fleshman creek, about three miles from the Yellowstone.

When crossing the divide the only rifle that they had had fallen out of the wagon and under the wheel, and the stock had been broken close to the guard. One of the men had a small pocket pistol; otherwise they were unarmed.

Early in the morning five Crows had come into camp and ate breakfast. Just as this meal was concluded they saw the Sioux coming, and mounting their horses rode rapidly in the opposite direction. The Sioux came up and one of them tried to take away the little pistol from its owner. The man resisted, and in the struggle the pistol was discharged. Smith hit the Indian with his fist and knocked him down. The other Indians drew their arms and the three whites ran to a hill. The Sioux ransacked the camp and overhauled the wagon. During this time the men on the hill threw up a breastwork of loose bowlders. When the Indians had taken all they wanted from the wagon they surrounded the whites and fired a few shots at them. Smith leveled the broken gun and tried to discharge it. While in the act of doing this a bullet hit him in the forehead and instantly

killed him. One of the others picked up the gun and fired it. When the Sioux found that the rifle could be discharged they went away, and the two survivors went to Davies' camp, and that night they and the others stopping at Davies' cabin packed their traps on horseback, and went up the river to Emigrant gulch. Soon afterward Davies came back with a party and towed the ferry boat up the river to a point opposite Emigrant, where he operated it, and as before made boats for the river travel.

The same day that Col. Kimball and Smith were killed Joe Merrivale, White Calfee, Cy Mounts, Bradbury, Jake Singery, and Merrivale's son, Frank, were going from Bozeman to the Yellowstone with one horse and two ox teams laden with lumber for boat building.

When across Middle creek and near the Yellowstone divide, Joe Merrivale rode ahead and looking over the hill saw some Indians coming. He rode back till he met Singery, who was in advance with the horse team, and told him to turn back and with the others pick a good place from which to fight. Then he rode again to the top of the hill. The Indians soon came in sight to his left and within two hundred yards of him and Merrivale turned and ran. Singery had, instead of turning, kept right on. As he saw Merrivale and the Indians coming, he turned his team and sent them down the hill on the run. As he came down, Cy Mounts, who was driving an ox team, also turned and joined the procession with his oxen on a run. White Calfee was behind with the other ox team and he and Bradbury were trying to fix the wagon reach (which had been broken). They did not know what the excitement was until the teams dashed by. Then they left their team and ran. After running about forty yards, Calfee remembered that he had left his pistol lying on the ground near the wagon, and ran back to get it. As he picked it up and turned again to run, the Sioux were within fifty yards of him, but did not

shoot—they only laughed at him. About three hundred yards below, the teams stopped, and as soon as the whites were all together, the Indians surrounded them, and one, speaking in good English, said: "We've got you this time, Joe." (Merrivale had married a squaw and the Indian speaking was her brother, and he and Joe had always been at enmity.)

The Indians told of the men they had killed that day on the Yellowstone slope, and said that their intention was to kill all of this party. Merrivale told them to fire away whenever they were ready, and talk passed back and forth till an Indian, who had ridden to a little hill near by, sang out in the Indian tongue, "There's white men coming," and the Indians all started off slowly.

Blackfoot, one of the Crows who had eaten breakfast with Smith's party in the morning, had gone as fast as his horse could carry him, to Bozeman, and there told of the presence of the Sioux.

John and Louis Reshaw, Mich Boyer, Baptiste, W. S. McKenzie, Eliott Rouse, Al. Lund, and Blackfoot, fresh mounted, started right out to give help to any whites that might need it. They came to the relief of the party just in the nick of time. John Reshaw came in first, and jumping off his horse, fired the first shot and hit an Indian in the shoulder. All of the whites now opened fire and kept it up till the Indians were out of sight. The Indians fired a few shots as they rode off, and when passing by the oxen left by Calfee, shot into them several arrows. The party, leaving the wagons, went back to Bozeman and gave the alarm, and early the next morning thirty men had gathered together at the town. These, with twenty Crows who were camped near the latter place, went after the Sioux war party. The Crows gradually dropped away, and at the Yellowstone crossing, where the Sioux were first seen, there was but Blackfoot and three others left. The party crossed the

river and, being mounted on fresher horses, gained on and would have overtaken the enemy, but darkness intervened and stopped the pursuit.

The next morning the party buried the two men killed the day before and then returned to Bozeman.

Many of those who had wintered at Yellowstone City moved away to better mining camps, the spring of 1865, and those who remained built, for better protection should they be attacked by Indians, higher up the gulch, in the mouth of the canyon. When about three years later a mail line was established, the little town was named Chico. Some very good pay was found here this season and the output of gold for the year 1865 was estimated at eighty thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XI.

CONNOR'S EXPEDITION.

AT the southeastern edge of the country drained by the Yellowstone, there was a large military expedition fighting and suffering hardships, an account of which has never been published. The archives of the war department simply show that there had been such an expedition and no more; the reports being burned at Salt Lake City, before Connor was ready to send them to Washington.

The Sioux were not followed and punished for the murders committed by them in Minnesota during 1863, and from that time on were continually committing depredations. Nearly every emigrant train that went up the Platte river was attacked by them, and many persons killed and much stock driven off.

During the summer of 1864, the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes, though not openly hostile, joined with the Sioux in their attacks on the whites, and the situation became unbearable. So, in the spring of 1865, Gen. Connor was given troops and a campaign was planned against these Indians.

The troops (all volunteers) gathered at Fort Laramie and were formed by Gen. Connor into three battalions. The Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, about seven hundred strong, under Lieut. Col. Thompson, made up one column; the Eleventh and Twelfth Missouri infantry, having about nine hundred men, and commanded by Col. Cole, another. Gen. Connor

personally commanded the third, which consisted of four companies of the Sixth Michigan cavalry, two companies of the Second Colorado cavalry, two companies of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry, and a company of the First Iowa artillery, with eighty Pawnee scouts under Capt. North, altogether about seven hundred men. Gen. Connor also had a train of three hundred and twenty wagons.

The troops under Cole and Thompson went over the Platte at the Lebonte crossing and then divided. Cole struck across the country toward the eastern point of the Black Hills, and Thompson to the western end. Gen. Connor's column went up the Platte to Fort Fetterman's site and crossed the river; then went straight across the country to Powder river. On the Dry Fork of Powder this command encountered a small party of Cheyennes, and killed seven of them.

The expedition camped for several days at Powder river. The day after its arrival, Gen. Connor, with two companies, went out to take a look at the country and became lost. On the morning of the next day after his departure, all thought that he had been killed and there was quite a dispute between the officers in camp as to seniority, which was settled by the arrival of the tired and hungry general, who had been out thirty-six hours.

The four companies of Michigan troops were left at Powder river to build a post, which was afterward called Fort Connor, and Gen. Connor, with the remainder of his force, went on across Old Woman's Fork, Clear Fork, and the two Piney creeks, to Peno creek, which they followed to Tongue river, and went down the latter stream a hundred miles.

There were fresh Indian signs all along Tongue river, and the Pawnee scouts found, on a little fork of Goose creek, a large camp of Arrapahoes. When the scouts overtook the command, Gen. Connor, leaving a strong guard with his wagon train, took one hundred and thirty men and

the Pawnees and went back to attack the camp, which was nearly a hundred miles away. When the command came to Goose creek they followed up its bottoms in all of their windings, so as to keep out of sight and surprise the camp.

At nine o'clock on the morning after their departure, they came in sight of the Indians, who had their horses all gathered in and were taking down the lodges preparatory to moving.

The men were formed in the creek bottom, and then with yells and whoops the charge was made. The surprised Indians dropped everything and ran. The Pawnees paid their attention to the horse herd and drove it off. Each of the raiders fought on his own hook and scattering out followed the fleeing Indians in every direction. The Indians soon recovered their presence of mind and forced the little squads to come together for mutual support. Finally Connor's men were forced to retreat, but they had sufficient time to burn all of the lodges and camp stores; and though pressed hard by the Arrapahoes on the retreat, they arrived at the train with a loss of but thirteen soldiers and two Pawnees.

There were two hundred and fifty lodges of the Indians, which would give from seven hundred to one thousand warriors. One hundred of these were killed, besides about thirty women and children. The herd captured by the Pawnees had in it eleven hundred head. The loss of these horses and their lodges and dried meats, crippled these Indians badly, and about three weeks afterward, one hundred of them came under a white flag, into Connor's camp, which was then near the mouth of Tongue river, and were given, by Capt. Palmer, the quartermaster, a horse apiece and some provisions; which act of Capt. Palmer probably saved his life the following year.

General Connor felt uneasy about the other columns, which were to meet him here, and he asked for volunteers

to go out and look for them. Two soldiers and four Pawnees offered their services, and the next morning started.

They went across the hills to Powder river, striking that stream about twenty miles above its mouth. Here they found the trail of a large body of troops, and following it soon came to an old camp, in which lay the bodies of five hundred cavalry horses, that had been shot while tied to a picket line.

One of the soldiers and a Pawnee went back to Connor with this report, and the other scouts followed the trail of the soldiers and overtook them just as they came to the fort on the upper Powder.

Col. Cole had taken his column as directed to the east of the Black Hills, and at the forks of the Cheyenne river had been joined by the cavalry under Lieut. Col. Thompson, who had gone to the southwest end of the Hills and had followed the Cheyenne down to the forks. Col. Cole took command of the combined forces and went up the Belle Fourche fork of the Cheyenne for about fifty miles, then struck across to the Powder river. He was annoyed by the Sioux while traveling up the Belle Fourche, and before he came to Powder river they so beset his line of march that his journey was a continual fight. It took nearly all of his men to guard the stock while feeding, and the provisions getting short, his soldiers became worn out, and at his first camp on Powder river he had all of the cavalry horses killed. Some of the pack mules had kept quite fat. These he kept along for food. For seventeen days, while marching up Powder river, his men lived entirely on mule meat. They had not known that a fort was being built, and it was a great and agreeable surprise to find quarters and provisions.

They had fought Indians constantly for six weeks and estimated the number of hostiles that were harassing them on Powder river at six thousand, and yet had lost but sixty

men. Col. Cole instantly sent out a party of thirty-five men to Connor to apprise that general of his arrival at Fort Connor, and the large force of hostile Sioux in the field. Upon the receipt of the news, Connor hurried in and abandoning the post at Powder river, went with his whole force to Laramie, arriving there the last of October. He soon afterward disbanded the troops and they returned to their homes.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST CULTIVATION OF THE GROUND—LOCATION OF BIG HORN POSTS.

IN August of this same year four men had left Diamond City to prospect in the Crazy mountains. No tidings of them were ever received, and it is supposed that they fell victims to the savages' lust for blood.

One of the residents of Yellowstone City, named Albert Hull, had left that place in the spring of 1865, and taken a ranch on the creek now called Giesdorf. Here he sowed one and a half acres of wheat, besides garden vegetables. Everything grew nicely, and better wheat has never been raised on the river. Ben Strickland and Ike Dawson harvested and threshed it, doing the latter poorly; for after Hull left they threshed the straw over and winnowed out enough wheat to support them during the winter. It was of fine quality, and they readily sold what they had to spare at twelve dollars a bushel.

Some emigrants came over the Bridger trail this season, and part of each train stopped and took up land in the Gallatin valley. There were about twelve houses in Bozeman when winter set in; but nothing of interest occurred there or at the Yellowstone till the following summer.

In the latter part of the spring of 1866, George Huston, George Hubbard, Rube Libby, Soos, Lewis, and a Mexican started from Virginia City, and went up the Madison to the

Fire Hole river, and up that to the geysers. They stayed at the upper basin for several days, and were probably the first, beside the early trappers, to see the great geysers; all previous exploring parties having gone up the Fire Hole no farther than the lower basin. When leaving they took the trail up the east fork of Fire Hole, and crossed the divide and down to the Mud geyser on the Yellowstone. They then followed the trail of a band of horse-thieves (who were going to Idaho with stock taken from the Crows) up and around the west side of the Yellowstone lake, and around its head to Heart lake. Our party there left the trail, and crossing the upper Yellowstone, went down on the east shores of the lake to the falls; thence across to the east fork of the Yellowstone and down to Emigrant, where they told the story of the wonderful sights they had seen. L. R. Freeman interviewed each one of the party, and wrote an account of the country, which was printed in the Omaha *Herald.* With the exception of the exaggerated heights of the geysers, and the depths of the falls, it was a very accurate and entertaining description.

Connor's campaign of 1865 had been of no practical benefit, for the Sioux were just as hostile and harassing this season as ever. They were attacking every emigrant train that came up the Platte. A convention of the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arrapahoe chiefs and head warriors with commissioners from Washington, was held at Fort Laramie during the early spring of 1866. The Indians were unreasonable in their demands, and nothing was done but put a patch on an old treaty and make presents to the chiefs. The government's policy then was to scare them with a show of force, but the sequel showed that the force was insufficient, and only made the Indians more daring, and the results worse (if open war is worse than treacherous attacks). Then the government weakened and backed down.

Col. Carrington, with about seven hundred men, was ordered to build posts under the Big Horn range. He arrived at Powder river during the latter part of April, 1866; and leaving there a small force to rebuild and hold the old Fort Connor, which he renamed Reno, went on with the command to the forks of the Pineys, and there put his whole force to work building a post which was named Fort Phil Kearney. When the place was fairly established, part of the force was sent to the Emigrant crossing of the Big Horn river to build a fort which was called C. F. Smith. During the summer the Sioux made many attacks on the military parties in the country, at the same time following the trail of all the emigrants that went over the Bozeman trail by the forts, and harassed them day and night.

One of these trains was in charge of Charles Rich, who brought through a stock of goods and opened a store in Bozeman. This party was attacked at Dry Fork of Powder river by a war party headed by Red Cloud, but sustained no damage.

Nelson Story also brought through a train and herd of cattle. He was four months making the trip and was harassed by Indians all of the way. On the Powder river they had quite a lively skirmish, in which two of the men in the train were wounded. A Swede in the party was so badly scared that he died next day from sheer fright. When at the Yellowstone, the cattle were left to range on Shields river with but few herders. The Sioux were gathered around the new posts and did not visit the upper country till late in the fall, when a large war party came up and killed and run off many of Story's herd. The herders gathered up all of the cattle that they could find and drove them to the Gallatin valley. As they were going up to the Bozeman pass, and just above O. Rea creek, they were charged on by about twenty Indians. The herders, of whom there were six, fought and at last drove them off,

though having one of their number (Wyatt) killed. Five of the cattle were also shot. When brought to the Yellowstone there were nearly six hundred head of cattle, but there were only two hundred and fifty when driven into the Gallatin.

CHAPTER XIII.

RIVER ADVENTURE AND INDIAN CUNNING.

IN the latter part of September, a party of forty people, two of whom were ladies, came to the Yellowstone, and buying three large mackinaws went down the river. They floated safely and without noticeable incident till they arrived at what is now known as Pease's bottom, just below the mouth of the Big Horn. Here they found a large camp of Cheyennes and Arrapahoes. These Indians played friendly and wanted the party to stop and trade. The captain of the party wished to do so, but Cy Mounts, who (unlike the captain) had had some experience with Indians, persuaded him not to land, but to promise to do so at the lower end of the bottom. The Indians kept abreast of the boats, continually trying to induce the occupants to land. Near the lower end of the bottom they showed their true colors by firing a volley at the boats. All of the bedding and boxes had been piled on the sides of the mackinaws and the volley did no damage to those down in the boats, but a man named Randall, who was standing up manning an oar, was shot in the breast and killed instantly. The boats were swept swiftly around a point and out of range of the Indian rifles and the party were troubled no more by them on the trip. At their night camp Randall was buried. The only incident of interest that occurred during the remainder of the trip was just below the mouth of Powder river, where the mackinaw

containing the ladies was swamped and overturned. All of its occupants were picked up unharmed, though wet. They lost all of their luggage and with it some purses containing gold dust.

There were five men in the next party that went down. They were attacked by Arrapahoes just below the mouth of Clarke's Fork, while in camp. One of their number was killed and the others went into the brush and escaped. But they, having lost their boat and provisions, had to walk back.

A little above the mouth of Clarke's Fork they saw another party coming down in a boat. These they stopped and to them narrated their experience. After a discussion all concluded to return. In the latter party were two women and five children. The men could pack but few provisions, and having had bad luck in killing game, they suffered from hunger as well as from fatigue. One man came ahead to Bozeman and told the tale. Jack Mendenhall and Bill Heffner, with four others, started at once to their relief. The rescuers found the party at Little Timber. The women and children were entirely exhausted and could have gone no farther. The relief party had brought plenty of extra saddle horses and provisions, and they all arrived at Bozeman safely and in fair spirits.

Jeff Deveroux, Ike Dawson and John Evans had been prospecting all of the summer on the upper Yellowstone. During September they came down the river and camped on Six Mile creek, six miles from the town of Emigrant Gulch. Indians had been seen in the morning and they were warned, so that night they tied their horses close to their beds. When they awoke next morning the picket ropes were cut and the horses gone. The cunning Indians had outwitted them. Dawson and Evans took their guns and went out on the trail taken by the thieves. There was an old cabin near by and to this Deveroux packed the saddles,

blankets, provisions and all of the paraphernalia of a camp outfit, and was sitting outside smoking and bewailing the loss of his stock, when, looking down the gulch he saw, about half a mile away, his riding horse and a little mule. This mule had been stolen from him before and had come back. Thinking that it had done the same again and brought his riding horse with it, he started after them. After a few steps he went behind a hill and out of sight of the horses; when he raised this hill his animals had disappeared. Happening to look back, he saw Indians at the cabin. He ran back but did not get there in time to save all of his things, the crafty reds having taken the saddles and some blankets and provisions. He had been made the victim of a ruse to get the last man out of camp. The other boys soon came back, having seen the horses, but being afoot could do nothing. One of the party now went up to the town for horses to pack the remainder of their things up the gulch. There were but few loose men in Emigrant just then, and all but two went down with the pack animals. There were eight horses left in the corrall and these two were to guard them while the others were away. The day was warm and one of the watchers went down the gulch a little ways and fell asleep by a boulder. The other went to his cabin to get some dinner. Just as soon as they were out of sight a party of Indians (who probably had been watching) dashed over the hill and took away the horses.

Great credit must be given these Indians for the fine manner in which they did this morning's work. The whites, who were beaten at every turn, were deeply chagrined, and as the people of this country are rather inclined to sarcasm, the boys had a hard time of it, till the subject gave place to more exciting events.

CHAPTER XIV.

VICISSITUDES OF INDIAN TRADERS.

WHEN the troops had commenced building Fort Phil Kearney, and before the detachment had gone to the crossing of the Big Horn, Capt. Henry E. Palmer, who had been with Gen. Connor the year before as quartermaster and commissary, came out with several wagon loads of goods to trade with the Indians for pelts. With him were Mich Boyer, Louis and John Reshaw, and two others. They went to the Clear Fork of Powder river, and stopping there, went to work building a sod house. On the fifth day, just as the house was completed, a large number of Cheyennes came up, who took a smoke with the traders. They said that they did not want to harm the white men, but no house could be built in their country, and the whole gang of Indians went to work and tore it down and put the sods back in the places from which they had been taken. Then they told Capt. Palmer to hitch up and move on. Palmer complied, and went directly to the crossing of the Big Horn, and there stopped. Camped on the other side of the river were the same band of Arrapahoes under Old Davy that Connor had punished so severely the year before. They remembered the kindness of Capt. Palmer, who had given them horses and provisions when they had visited Connor's command after the fight, and moving across the river to near the traders' camp were very friendly and

traded readily with them. One morning, when Palmer had been there about a week, an Indian came riding rapidly over the hills to the camp, and several of the Arrapahoes went out to meet him. After his arrival the camp was full of excitement, and none of the Indians would tell the traders what caused it. From the menacing looks received the white men knew that something had gone wrong, and just after noon Palmer went to Old Davy's lodge, and asked him what the matter was. Davy thought a long time without speaking; then, turning to the captain, shook hands and told him to stay close in his (Davy's) lodge, and that the messenger he had seen was an envoy from the combined Sioux and Cheyennes, saying that those Indians had declared war against the whites, and that his people (the Arrapahoes) would join them; but that for Capt. Palmer's kindness in the past, he would save him. The Indians made no attack on Mich Boyer and the other half-breeds, nor did they disturb the wagons, till about dusk; then they came in force, and went to overhauling the stores, and taking what they wanted. In the bottom of one wagon there were a few cases of bottled whisky. Boyer and companions knew that when the Indians found that, all of the little party would be killed, and they, taking only their arms and ammunition, sneaked to the brush and away. They took each a riding horse from the Indian herd that night, and went across the country to the Montana settlements. The next day the Arrapahoes moved down to the mouth of the Little Horn. At about midnight of the second day after their arrival here, Capt. Palmer was awakened and given some dried meat and a pistol, and, escorted by two Indians, was taken about a mile from camp, and told to go. He walked toward the mountain for three days; then found a little party of trappers and went with them to the settlements.

After the combined tribes had determined on a war, they spared no man whom it was in their power to kill. They

were particularly troublesome around Fort Kearney, and many civilians were killed during the fall, whose names, and the manner of their death, are forever lost. One civilian named French Pete had a Cheyenne squaw and grown children. He had traded and lived with the different Sioux tribes for years, and now had a trading outfit and was camped on Peno creek, about eight miles from the fort. Some Ogallalas came, about the first of November, to his place to trade. They asked him for whisky and he gave them some. and while under its influence, they killed him and all of the family except his wife and a grown daughter, who, after much shameful abuse, were liberated and went to the fort.

CHAPTER XV.

FORT PHIL KEARNEY MASSACRE.

SEVERAL times during the fall, parties of Sioux and Cheyennes came to the fort, playing friendly, and were always received with open arms by Col. Carrington, and were given provisions and ammunition, and the whole force at the post were once ordered out on dress parade to please these treacherous murderers. It is a singular fact that the next morning after each of these visits the pickets would be attacked and men killed. Dissatisfaction was felt by every officer and man at the fort at Col. Carrington's manner of treating these Indians. This feeling was augmented by the injuries and insults that were continually being given by the Sioux, till in every man's heart came an almost uncontrollable desire for vengeance, which afterward led eighty-one of the best and bravest in the command to death.

The buildings at Fort Phil Kearney were not completed when cold weather came, and a large wagon train, with a small escort of soldiers, went every day to the foothills of the Big Horn range for logs. The Sioux made several dashes at the party, but did little damage till the twentieth of December, when a large force made a charge and circled around it, firing at close quarters, and succeeded in killing a civilian teamster and a soldier. Quite a large force was sent with the wagons the next day. About two hours after the departure of the train twenty-five Indians came down on

the creek bottom and rode slowly back and forth about half a mile from the post. Lieut. Col. Fetterman called for volunteers to go after them, and men from all of the companies rushed for horses and away they went, a straggling line half a mile long. As the soldiers came, the Indians retreated slowly over the hill. At the foot of this hill the pursuers formed quickly in better order, and continuing the chase, disappeared from the sight of the watchers at the post. About fifteen minutes afterward, heavy firing was heard in the direction in which they had gone, which lasted about twenty minutes, and then all was still. All eyes in the fort were anxiously looking for a sight of blue coats in line that never came. As time crept on a deadly fear came into the hearts of the watchers. The suspense became unbearable and the commandant gathered and sent out all of his available force. The fears of those in the post were too well justified, for the whole force lay dead. Three officers, two civilians and seventy-six rank and file, all had crossed the great divide.

An examination of the field showed that the fleeing Indians had led the troops into a carefully devised trap, for a thousand hostiles were lying behind two sharp ridges, facing each other, between which the soldiers passed and died; not one getting more than six hundred yards from the scene of the first volley. The two civilians and five of the soldiers left their horses and ran to some rocks on the hillside and were the last to succumb. One of the civilians had a Henry rifle and at his feet were eighty-two cartridge shells, and around him were many pools of blood. The Sioux said afterward that he and a sergeant killed more of their number than all the rest of the command. Inclusive of this massacre, the hostiles killed this season, at or near Fort Phil Kearney, five officers, ninety-one soldiers and fifty-eight civilians, and captured and killed four hundred and sixty-five horses and mules.

There were four companies at the Big Horn, building Fort C. F. Smith. Capt. John W. Smith (now at Bozeman) was the post trader at this place, and with him was Jim Beckwith, a mulatto, who had been a sub-chief among the Crows many years before. In a quarrel he had killed another chief and had to leave the tribe. After several years spent on the Pacific coast, he came back and had regained some of his former influence with the tribe. As soon as the troops came to the Big Horn, Smith sent him to the mouth of that river to bring up the Crows who were camped there. Beckwith was taken sick at the camp and died while being brought back in a travois. The Crows came to the new post, and, by order of the commandant, were allowed to trade for large quantities of powder and lead. Several times during the fall the Crows and Sioux would make peace for a day, during which time the former tribe would trade their ammunition to the latter, receiving in exchange five times its value in buffalo robes. Soon afterward the Sioux would burn the powder, but the lead came back to the whites in the form of bullets.

Four young Crow warriors came into Fort C. F. Smith about eight o'clock the morning after the Kearney massacre, and told of that event, but were not believed. No further news was received from Fort Kearney till the last of February, at which time a sergeant and private from that fort volunteered to come through to Smith with dispatches. It was an unusually hard winter, and the snow covered the prairies deep, and was crusted. The road being covered up, they could not keep the track, and came to the Big Horn river, ten miles below the fort. They were nearly exhausted, but were refreshed the next morning by hearing the beating of the reveille at the post. After hearing their story of the happenings at Phil Kearney, those at this place came to the conclusion that the four Crows were at the fight, and had ridden the ninety miles between the two

places within eighteen hours. The Indians were very troublesome and quite a severe fight was had with them at the hay field, about a mile and a half below the fort, the next summer, in which Lieut. Steinberger was killed. Maj. Gordon, now commanding at Fort Ellis, left Fort C. F. Smith for Fort Phil Kearney the day of the fight in command of a company of the Second cavalry.

The government should have declared war against these Indians, and have sent troops enough in the field to whip them, but the weak policy which for so many years had cursed the new West, and had caused so much innocent blood to flow, prevailed now; and the spring of 1868 saw this line of posts abandoned, and in spite of treaties, and notwithstanding the provisions and goods given to them by the government, the Indians were actively hostile, and were continually committing depredations, till they were conquered by Crook, Miles, and Hunger in 1876–77.

CHAPTER XVI.

JEFF STANDIFER'S EXPEDITION OF GOLD-HUNTERS.

DURING the latter part of July, 1866, a party started from Blackfoot, Montana, to prospect Stinking Water, Gray Bull, and the upper Wind river. They were joined by small parties from different parts of the territory, and when all were gathered at the Yellowstone, there were about one hundred men. The party elected Jeff Standifer captain, and Bart Henderson lieutenant. Then crossing the river, they went to the southeast, under the base of the Rockies. On Stillwater creek they had a skirmish with a small party of Sioux, and ran them out of the country. At the Rocky Fork of Clarke's Fork, the expedition divided, about forty of its members keeping to the left and going to the Big Horn canyon and the others keeping their course along the main range. When the latter party came to Stinking Water, they made a central camp and prospected the country all around. Ten men from this camp, under Tex Shores, went up the south fork of Stinking Water, and, intended to come down Gray Bull river, but making a mistake, they went down the north fork of Wind river. About a week afterward the main party moved to Gray Bull river to await Shores, and was increased by seven, who had left the other party at the Big Horn canyon, and had come up Stinking Water. Among the seven were Jack Baronett, Uhlen, and Bridger. Buffalo were not numerous near the

Gray Bull camp, and eight men, including Baronett, went ahead to Owl creek to kill some. When there the hunters found fresh-killed buffalo and plenty of Indian signs, and while looking around for the Sioux, were themselves discovered and chased. As they came to the foot of the Owl Creek range, a voice came from a canyon, saying, "Come this way and join us." They followed the direction from which the voice came, and found thirty-five men from Idaho, under Capt. Bludsoe, who had been fighting the Sioux for several days, and were about out of ammunition. The hunters were quite well fixed for powder and lead, and divided, and that night all went across the Owl Creek range and camped on Muddy creek. The Indians followed them quite closely that night, and early in the morning made an attack on the camp. They wounded one man, but having three of their number killed, retired and harassed the party no more. They traveled steadily for two days, and found on Wind river the whole Shoshone tribe. About a week afterward Standifer and party came in, and all went into camp near the Shoshones. Two days after the arrival of the latter party some Shoshone scouts came in and told of seeing a white man at the mouth of Little Wind river, who would not let them come to him. A few of the whites went down, and found Tex Shores, with but one charge left for his gun, and nearly famished. His party had been attacked at night, while camped on the upper Wind river, and four of the men with him were killed at the first volley. The survivors rushed out in the night, and straggled off in parties of two. The one with Tex was killed in a fight had afterward. Two of the others were found by the main party three days later, and the remaining two went down the Wind river and Big Horn and came into Fort C. F. Smith, soon after the troops reached that place, famished and ragged. A few days after the finding of Tex, Uhlen, a rough character, killed an inoffensive old man named Bridger, by pounding

him over the head with his (Bridger's) own gun. Bridger had outfitted and supplied Uhlen with everything that he had on the trip. The case was such an aggravated one, that the party took a vote as to whether Uhlen should be hanged or turned defenseless and nude upon the prairie. A majority of one vote resulted in the latter sentence, and it was carried into effect. He must have perished, for he was never again heard of. About three weeks after the arrival of the party at that place, they divided into three squads. One went around the mountains by way of Sweetwater. One went down Wind river and were set afoot by Sioux at the upper end of the Big Horn canyon, and walked to Fort Smith. The larger party with Standifer went up Wind river and found fair gold prospects, but their provisions gave out and they went over the mountains to Green river and scattered.

The part that split off at Rocky Fork, elected Bailey captain, and went directly to the upper end of the Big Horn canyon. With this party were Stewart and Bill Buchanan, Frank Grounds, Dave Carpenter and A. J. Sanford.

They found fair pay on a high bar at the upper end of the canyon, but water to work it could not be had without much toil, and they left it. Just before leaving, their captain was killed by the Indians. From the canyon they went across the Big Horn range and down to Fort Phil Kearney.

They worked at this place till late the next fall and took a hand in some of the fights that occurred near the fort. The Cheyennes made a charge one morning in October, nearly to the gates of the fort, and a warrior lassoed one of this party named Johnson; but he being very strong took hold of the rope beyond the noose and pulled it away from the Indian, who did not have time to take a turn around the horn of his saddle. This bold Indian, though shot at by several of the others, escaped. About the middle of No-

vember, twenty of this party, joined by about as many soldiers, who belonged to the command at C. F. Smith, but did not dare to go back alone, went by the old emigrant road to that fort. On the way they had a brisk little fight with four times their number of Sioux and lost one soldier, who was killed. One civilian was wounded. About half remained at Fort C. F. Smith all winter, and the remainder came to the Montana settlements late in the fall with the last emigrants that ever went over the Bozeman road.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGHT BETWEEN FRIENDLY INDIANS—CREEK NAMES—BOZEMAN'S DEATH.

IN February of 1867, there were about forty lodges of Bannocks camped on Fleshman creek. A stealing party of Flatheads and Pen d'Oreilles, took away a little herd of their horses one night, and next morning a party of Bannocks took their trail and overtook them at the Musselshell river. The Bannocks did not show themselves till night, when they took every horse that their opponents had. The Flatheads went on, but the Pen d'Oreilles, about twenty in number, determined on vengeance and went back afoot. A Bannock hunter saw them when they were crossing Shields river. He rode back at full speed and alarmed the camp. One hundred of the Bannock warriors, armed and mounted, went to meet the Pen d'Oreilles, who were found on Fleshman creek, about a mile from the Yellowstone. The Bannocks surrounded and fought them all day. After dark, the besieged slipped away, leaving two of their number buried in a snow bank. The Bannocks found the bodies and had a scalp dance that lasted for two days.

Early in the summer of 1867, Lou Anderson (who it will be remembered was at the geysers with Kit Carson and Jim Bridger in 1850), with Hubble, Reese, Caldwell and another man, went up the river on the east side. They found gold in a crevice at the mouth of the first stream above Bear, and

named it in consequence, Crevice gulch. Hubble went ahead the next day for a hunt and upon his return he was asked what kind of a stream the next creek was. "It's a hell roarer," was his reply, and Hell Roaring is its name to this day. The second day after this he was again ahead, and the same question being asked him, he said "'Twas but a slough." When the party came to it they found a rushing torrent, and in crossing, a pack horse and his load were swept away, but the name of Slough creek remains. This stream is a tributary of the east fork of the Yellowstone. The party went up to the head of the east fork, and over to Pelican creek and down it to Yellowstone lake. They went down the river and crossed it at what is now known as the Nez Perce ford, and from there over to the geysers and down the Madison to the settlements.

In March of this year, John Bozeman and Tom Coover started from Bozeman to go to Fort C. F. Smith, where they expected to get a contract. They stopped the first night out at Louis Reshaw's cabin, at the Yellowstone crossing. Indians were prowling around the cabin all night, and stole one horse. The next morning, Reshaw advised Bozeman to wait till night and then travel far enough to get away from the war party, but this advice was not taken and they went on. At noon they camped at a little stream just below Mission creek. Just after they had eaten, Coover saw six Indians coming up the bottom afoot and started for the horses. Bozeman stopped him saying, "They are Crows." When the Indians were about two hundred yards distant, Bozeman said, "I do not think they are Crows. You get the horses and I'll stand them off." Coover started for the horses, which were about two hundred yards away and on the opposite side of the camp from the visitors. The Indians carried their guns in buckskin covers and Bozeman must have still thought that they were Crows, for he let them come up to within fifteen feet of him. Then one raised

a gun quickly and fired through the cover, hitting Bozeman in the breast, and he fell. Bozeman was holding Coover's rifle and his own, and as the Indians came near, Coover ran back, and when they fired, was about the same distance from Bozeman that they were. He ran toward Bozeman as that pioneer fell, shooting his pistol rapidly as he did so, and the Indians backed off. When Coover had secured his gun and found that Bozeman was dead, he retreated slowly and reached the brush with but a slight wound in the shoulder. He came to Reshaw's cabin that night, and the second day after a party went down and buried Bozeman's remains. In 1870 the body was taken up and buried with ceremony in the cemetery of the city that bears his name, and a pine head-board was erected. This was torn away and his grave leveled by the feet of cattle and remained unmarked till the fall of 1883, at which time, Nelson Story, of Bozeman, at his own expense, erected a neat marble monument to the memory of this brave and large-hearted leader of emigrants. A recognition only just, though long delayed, and then accomplished by the liberality of a private citizen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MONTANA MILITIA.

THE killing of Bozeman stirred up quite a *furor* against the Sioux, and the citizens of Gallatin county sent a petition to Gov. Meagher asking for protection. During 1866 the governor had seen the probable need of a military organization, and had appointed Charles Curtiss, of Helena, a brigadier general and recruiting officer for the territory. When the governor received the petition he at once sent out a call for troops, and companies were formed in every place of importance in the territory. Commissions were generously bestowed by Meagher. Thomas Thoroughman was appointed brigadier general, Hamilton Cummings commissary general, and Martin Beaghm adjutant general. Neal Howe received the commission of colonel, and Kinglesley that of major. About fifteen captain's and double that number of lieutenant's commissions were issued. By the first of June eleven companies were organized and brought to the rendezvous at Bozeman.

From Helena came three of these companies, and a battery of two guns. Two companies came from Deer Lodge, two from Salmon River, two from Virginia City, and the other two from Bannock and the adjacent mining camps.

There was much wrangling between the officers as to precedence, and each of the companies' officers directed them to suit themselves, till about the middle of August. At this

time the command was reorganized. Neal Howe was elected colonel, John Nelson, lieutenant colonel, C. H. Husted, adjutant, and Charles Curtiss, William Deacey, Hart, William Mitchel, Matlack, Bob Hughes, Beaume, John Evans, Campbell, and Anderson commanded the companies. Capt. J. L. Fisk was appointed quartermaster, and Isaac Z. Evans commissary, while Pinney had the rank of captain, and was aid-de-camp on the colonel's staff.

The command, with the exception of Matlack's company, had, during the latter part of June, moved from Bozeman to the Yellowstone, and, at the mouth of Shields river, made a permanent camp. Matlack's company went to the Forks of the Musselshell river, and built a post, which was named Fort Howe.

From the main camp on Shields river Curtiss made a scout up the Yellowstone as high as the Mammoth Hot Springs, and afterward to the head of Sixteen Mile creek, and during the latter part of August Capt. Hart, with his company, chased a small war party of Sioux about a hundred miles down the Yellowstone. Besides these raids nothing was done during the summer by the militia but to race horses, gamble, grumble, and quarrel among themselves. During one of these wrangles Capt. Hart shot and wounded one of the men belonging to his company; for which act he was court-martialed by his brother officers, who acquitted him on the plea of self-defense. During September Capt. Hughes organized, secretly, a force of eighty men, and, when ready, forcibly took horses and provisions and went to Fort Laramie via the Bozeman trail. The abrupt departure of this party demoralized the remainder of the command, and they, without orders or order, left for their respective homes. The members of the three Helena companies were paid in full for their services by Neal Howe and Charles Curtiss, who have not been reimbursed therefor. Col. Black, of Bozeman, let the com-

mand have many horses, and provisions were furnished by traders from all over the territory; for all which vouchers were given. The government refused to pay these for several years. During 1872 Gen. Hardee was sent to the territory to investigate these claims. After his report congress took action and paid the holders of the vouchers from ten to seventy per cent of their face value.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUILDING OF FORT ELLIS — MORE INDIAN FIGHTING.

IN July, and while the militia were at the Yellowstone, Capt. LeMott, U. S. A., with troops, came to the Gallatin valley, and commenced building a post on the East Gallatin, about three miles from Bozeman, which was named Ellis. From the moment this fort was definitely located, Bozeman's future was assured. Many people came and built, and during the next month (August), its first paper, a spicy little sheet called *The Pick and Plow*, was started by H. N. Maguire, who is still living, and is a well-known and worthy citizen of the great territory.

During August, a man named Weston, his son (a boy of thirteen), and a deserter from Fort Ellis, went down the Yellowstone, intending, upon reaching Clarke's Fork, to go up and prospect that stream. A few days after they started, some Indians were seen near the militia camp by a hunter, and Capt. Hart, with forty men, took five days' rations and went after them. The Indians had discovered the presence of the militia, and struck out down the river. The pursuers found their trail, and followed them down. Just below Boulder, and near that creek, they found Weston's party all dead. The body of the boy was half a mile from the others, and was pierced by thirteen arrows. They had been killed about two days, and had probably been surprised, for there were no indications of a severe fight. After burying

the bodies the party went on. When about five miles from Boulder they heard irregular firing ahead of them, and dashing on, soon came in sight of a party of forty Indians, who had three men, deserters from Fort C. F. Smith, corralled. When the Sioux saw the approaching whites they fled. The militia chased them for three miles, but, finding that they could not be overtaken, ceased the pursuit, and, going back to the scene of the fight, camped. The deserters had taken their horses from the fort as they left, and had come to their present camp without notable incident. Just as they were eating their breakfast the next morning, the Indians dashed in, and took away the picqueted stock. The soldiers rushed to a point of a hill near by, from which a sandstone ledge projected, behind which they fought. The Indians took possession of the adjacent points, and held the white men in their position for two days and nights, wounding two of them. Being feverish, the wounded men suffered greatly for water, and would soon have died if help had not come. One of them drank so much when he came to the spring that he became stupefied, and died the third day afterward, just after arriving at the militia camp. The militia concluded to remain one day at this camp, and a few of the party went down to the river to catch a mess of fish. Here they found and dispatched a maimed Indian, who was dressing his wounds in the stream. The next morning the party went up the river and arrived at the camp on Shields river with no further adventure. The two surviving soldiers went to Fort Ellis and gave themselves up. The wounded man suffered greatly for a month, when he was relieved by death.

In the latter part of September, a man named Maltby, with two companions, left the canyon in a boat, and went down the river. Nothing more was heard of them till 1870, when from a Brule Sioux interpreter came the report that that tribe had, in 1867, near the mouth of the river, capt-

ured three men who were going down in a boat, and burned them at the stake.

In November, Col. Chesnut discovered and located a vein of coal in Rocky canyon, about eight miles from Bozeman, now operated by a stock company comprising some of the leading men of the city. This was the first found in this section of the country. Since then many veins have been operated, including the Maxey mine, recently sold to James Maxwell, of Pennsylvania, for twenty thousand dollars cash. As there is no other bituminous coal on the Northern Pacific road, except near its western terminus, coal mining will doubtless become a great industry here.

For the remainder of this season all was tranquil. Parties would go out to trade with the Crows, and bring to Bozeman their accumulated robes and furs. The miners of the upper river lived quietly in their log cabins, and, to have a change, would occasionally go out on an elk hunt. No hostile Indians came again till the spring of 1868. Their first victim then was a freighter named Hart, who, while on his way to the Yellowstone, camped one night in the middle of April, near Fort Ellis. In the morning he went out to get his stock, which was running loose, and, when about half a mile from the post, he was shot dead by a war party of Indians, who were hidden in a patch of cherry brush near which he was passing.

Early in March the Botteler brothers located a place at what is now known as Brisbin's ranch, and commenced breaking ground, but, seeing Indians around, went higher up the river and located, and now hold a ranch just above and opposite the mouth of Emigrant. Several places had been taken before and abandoned, but this was the first permanent location made on the river.

Early in May a party of Crows made a raid on Emigrant. Two women and a child were living in an exposed cabin just below the mouth of the canyon. When the alarm

came they fled up the gulch, and just in time, for the Indians came right after and took what they wanted and destroyed the household furniture. Then they gathered up a little band of cattle and drove them down the river. The miners were working quite a way up the gulch. They had taken their horses up with them in the morning, which was fortunate, for otherwise they would have lost them. Arming and mounting, they gave chase to the Indians and overtook them about twelve miles down the valley. As the whites came up the Indians left the stock, and, after firing a few shots, rode rapidly down the river. Four of the cattle had been killed, and several others were wounded with arrows. The miners drove the remainder of the stock back up the river and went again to their work. In the afternoon of this day the same war party killed, just below the canyon, some cattle belonging to Hubbard.

At Little Timber creek Capt. LeMott disbursed the first annuities ever received by the Crow tribe. This was in July. A short time afterward Maj. Camp, of the United States army, was appointed their agent, and he at once commenced building an agency on Mission creek.

Billy Lee built a ferry-boat for the government and put everything in running order at that point which is now known as Benson's Landing.

Buckskin Williams built a cabin for a saloon and trading post on the north side of the river at the same place.

CHAPTER XX.

STANDIFER'S SECOND TRIP—THE MURDER OF McADOW'S HERDERS.

JEFF STANDIFER believed that gold in paying quantities could be found on Wind river, and getting together a party of seven men, went up the Yellowstone to its source, and over to the head of and down Wind river. One day, when camped a little above where he had found prospects two years before, and just as they were eating supper, a band of Arrapahoes dashed into camp and killed four of the party outright. One of the survivors reached the brush and fought the Indians from it for quite a while. He at last received a shot through the thigh, and fainted away. The Arrapahoes must have supposed him dead, and Standifer and the man with him having a good position among some rocks near by, made it so warm for them that they took the horses and left. When the wounded man revived it was dark, and though all was silent he thought that the Indians might still be around, and he dragged himself slowly away from the camp. He luckily had a fish line and hooks, and some matches in his pockets, and he concluded to try to get to the Shoshone camp on Little Wind river. He made a rough crutch of a willow fork, and, throwing away his gun, started. He struggled and suffered, living solely on fish for eight days; then, just at the mouth of the canyon on Wind river, he met a hunt-

ing party of Shoshones, and was taken by them to the main camp, where he was kindly treated until he recovered. Standifer and comrade stayed near camp till morning, then, taking a little stock of provisions, went across the mountains to the Big Sandy river, and down this to a cattle ranch, not knowing till a long time afterward that any but themselves of the party had survived.

In the fall of 1868, the McAdow brothers, of Bozeman, drove their work cattle over to Shields river. The drivers, twelve in number, herded and attended to them all winter. Early in March two of the herders took pack animals and went to Bozeman for supplies. During the forenoon of the fourth day after their departure, Frank Leonard, Horace Newell, Sam Moore, and Jack McDowell went out to look after the stock. About an hour afterward the boys in camp heard rapid firing, and saw such a host of Indians coming that they all took to the brush. The Indians took possession of the cabin and feasted all day. Just at dark the boys in the brush heard some one coming along the trail singing, who proved to be one of the men that had gone to town. They stopped him, and all went to Bozeman together, reaching there the next evening. Capt. Cliff, with a company of soldiers and some civilians, went over next day to look after the missing men. At O'Rea creek they met a man named Crowell, who, that morning, had been at the herder's cabin on Shields river, and finding it deserted, had started for Bozeman afoot. Getting weary of carrying his gun, he had cached it, and would not take a pistol which Jack Mendenhall offered him. He accepted something to eat, and the party went on, leaving him sitting on the ground eating a lunch. Two of the missing men were found dead the next day. The party, without finding any traces of the others, came back. The day following this, Wm. McAdow raised a party and went out again to Shields river. The two missing men were found lying

dead on the opposite side of the river from where the others were. The cattle, though badly scattered, were all right, and the party, after burying the bodies, returned to town. Crowell had not come in and many wondered what had become of him.

The next summer a part of the Crow tribe were camped on Pass creek, just above O'Rea, and one day Billy Lee, while on his way to Bozeman, stopped at Iron Bull's lodge to get dinner. Soon after he arrived one of the chief's daughters came in and told her father that she had found the bones of a man lying in the brush. Upon inspection they were found to be Crowell's remains. He had been shot in the forehead, and was about six hundred yards distant from where he had last been seen the spring before.

CHAPTER XXI.

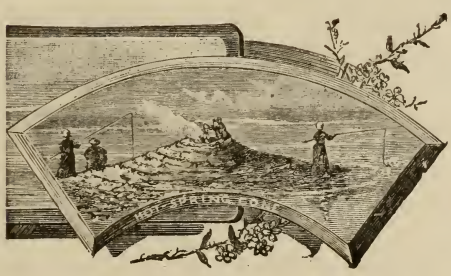
BLACKFEET KILLED—GOLD AT BEAR GULCH—CRANDALL AND FINLEY'S DEATH.

A SHORT time after the killing of the herders, a foraging party of twelve Blackfeet came afoot through Flathead pass and stole a horse and killed an ox, in the lower end of Gallatin valley. Lieut. Thompson and thirty soldiers from Fort Ellis, with about thirty civilians from the lower valley, went after and overtook them at the foot of the divide, on the head of the north fork of Sixteen Mile creek. As the whites came up, an Indian mounted the stolen horse and escaped. The war party fortified their position with loose rock, on the top of a sharp ridge, having one perpendicular side. The whites surrounded and killed several of them from long range, then made a charge and bayoneted and shot them down in their trenches. One ran to the brush on the creek. He was hunted for, but could not be found; but the body of an Indian was discovered two weeks afterward, just below this, and it is supposed that he was wounded as he ran and soon died. The murder of the herders on Shields river was fresh in the minds of the whites and they scalped and mutilated the bodies of the Blackfeet. As the soldiers, coming home, rode through Bozeman, they carried on their ramrods a piece of a scalp or some other trophy of the victory. One soldier was killed in this fight and two were wounded; three civilians were also slightly wounded.

The year 1869 was an uneventful one on the Yellowstone. The Crow traders and a few trappers were the sole residents below the canyon. No Sioux came up this season and no expedition went out. Above the canyon were the Emigrant miners, and a very few ranchmen, and higher up the river, at Bear and Crevice, a little squad of miners. There had been some prospecting done in Bear and Crevice gulches every year since they were known to contain gold, but no mining was done till 1866. In the spring of that year Joe Brown, John Zimmerer, Dan Royer and another man took a claim on a bar at the mouth of the Bear and worked at it all that season, taking out about eight thousand dollars in gold. The next summer Brown worked higher up in the gulch, and Nelson Wannamaker, Front and two others worked a claim just above its mouth and took out considerable pay. This latter party picked up several nice nuggets, one of which weighed three ounces, and was worth over fifty dollars. Arch Graham, Crandall and Finley worked in Crevice gulch during the summers of 1867-68 and part of 1869. About August of the latter year, they concluded, as their ground was not paying very well, to hunt for new diggings. So the three, joined by Bob Anderson and Jim Lee, packed their traps and went up the gulch to the divide and over to the head of the Boulder. They prospected a while on this stream, then went to the head of the Stillwater and down that to the prairie, and turning to the south traveled under the mountains, prospecting as they went, to Clarke's Fork. At the canyon of this stream, Arch Graham left the party and went back over the prairie to the Yellowstone. The others went up the mountain and through Clarke's Fork pass to Clarke's Fork above the canyon. At this place Bob Anderson and Lee left, and going over the divide, went down the east fork of the Yellowstone, leaving Crandall and Finley in the basin. A party that went down Clarke's Fork about a week afterward, found the latter two lying dead in their

camp, which was on a large creek which flows into Clarke's Fork from the right, and about ten miles from where they had been left by Anderson.

The party buried the bodies and, by the signs found, came to the conclusion that the murderous deed was committed by Arrapahoes, who had followed the white men's trail from the prairie and had surprised them while in camp. In the fall of 1871, Jim Gourley and Bill Cameron found their bones exposed, and burying them deeper, marked the grave with a hewed pine head-board. The stream on which they made their last camp has been known ever since as Crandall creek.



CHAPTER XXII.

RAIDS AND COUNTER-RAIDS ON WIND RIVER.

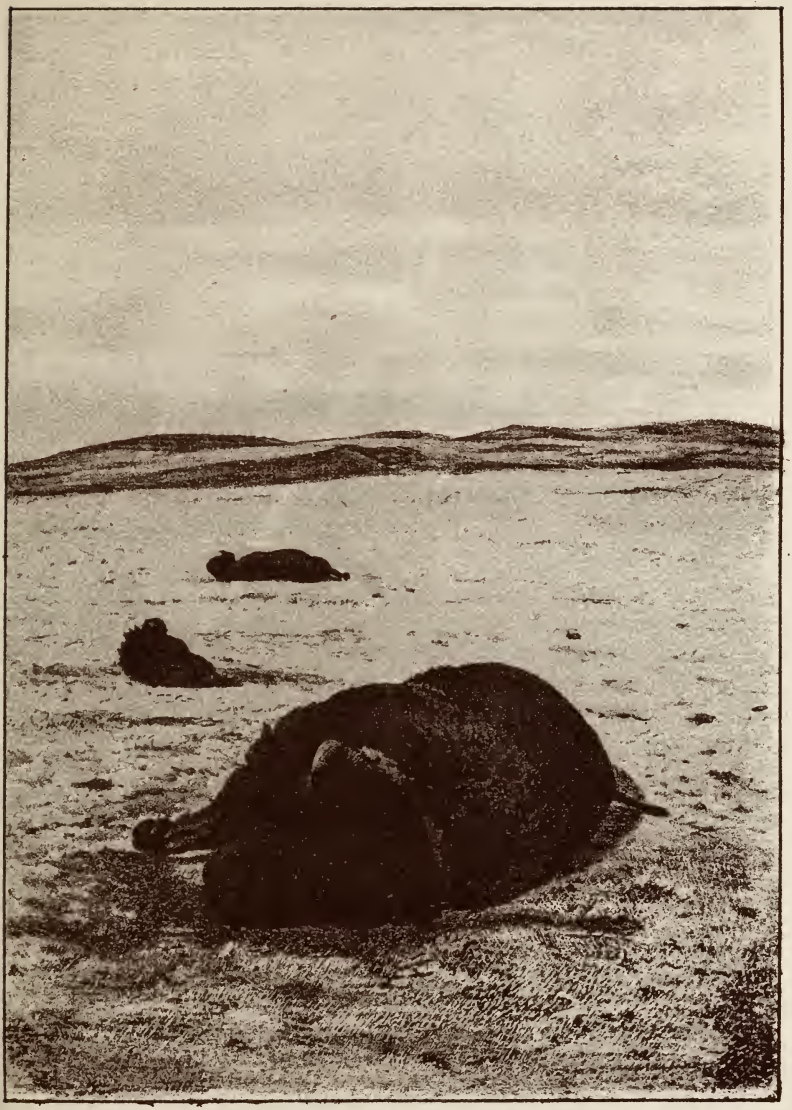
DURING the years of 1868–9 the Arrapahoes were continually raiding the miners at Sweetwater. They kept the horses cleaned up from the different mining camps, and would occasionally kill a man, and all of the time were pretending to be friendly.

In March, 1870, they came in force and struck several places at the same time. When the raid was over, all of the dead, of whom there were eight, were taken to Atlantic City, and to all that saw them there came a burning desire for revenge. About ten days after the raid, a trader came from the Arrapahoe camp and brought convincing proof of their being the Indians that committed the murders. He had seen and recognized the horses and harness taken from the camp of two of the murdered men at Burnt Station, Sweetwater river. A party of one hundred and twenty-five men now organized and taking all the horses in the country, of which there were but forty-five, started for the Arrapahoe camp, which was located on Little Wind river, near its mouth. About twenty of the horses were utilized as teams to haul provisions, blankets, etc. The remainder were used as saddle horses, and their riders acted as scouts. On the second day's march, the scouts were about ten miles ahead of the main party of (in Shoshone vernacular) Walkaheaps. As

they came to the mouth of the Po-po-Argie, which is a fork of Little Wind river, they saw, coming up the river, a little band of Arrapahoes. Without showing themselves, the whites went down a coulie to where the trail, on which the Indians were, crossed, and lay in ambush there awaiting their coming. When within fifty yards the scouts raised and fired, and as soon as they could load their needle guns, fired again. Fourteen of the Indians, one of whom was a squaw, lay on the ground dead or dying when the smoke cleared away. The other three ran, and, though chased for a mile, escaped and alarmed Chief Friday's camp. The expedition camped late that night on Little Wind river, but a few miles from the scene of the fight. All were hungry, and making huge fires, were baking bread and preparing supper, when, from out the darkness on the other side of the river, there came a volley, and fires and coffee pots were left blooming alone. But few of the members of the expedition had been in an Indian fight, and if fifty Indians had made a charge they would have taken the camp. The scene was very comical. Half of the men were searching for their guns, and crawling they knew not whither. One man, who was well known on the Yellowstone (Tom Cottor), and who was very nervous from the (to him) unusual fatigue and excitement, fell in a faint at the first shot, and all near him thought that he had been hit by a bullet. Some of the cool ones kicked out the fires and after a few more shots the Indians withdrew.

In the morning, all of the men that could be mounted, accompanied by about twenty Bannocks and Shoshones, who had come to the camp during the night, went down the river and had quite a skirmish with the Arrapahoes, but being outnumbered, had to retire, and the members of the expedition hitched up the teams and returned to the mines. The Bannocks who had come to the camp had, earlier in the

day, found a little party of seven Arrapahoes near Camp Brown and killed four of them. This discipline was wholesome for the Arrapahoes, for they moved their camp away and never again made a raid on the mines.



AFTER L. A. HUFFMAN.

After the Hunter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BIG HORN EXPEDITION—DISCOVERY OF THE CLARKE'S FORK MINES.

IN the spring of 1870, an expedition was organized at Cheyenne, Wyoming, to prospect the Big Horn range and probably the Black Hills. Just as it was ready to start an order came from the secretary of war, instructing the commandant at Fort Russell to stop it; and not till its leaders had solemnly promised not to go to the places spoken of, was it allowed to move. Some of its members now backed out, but the remainder, one hundred and twenty in number, concluded to go on and prospect the country between the Big Horn and Rocky Mountain ranges. The expedition went up the Platte river, to the mouth of Sweetwater, and up that stream to Burnt Station; thence across the Sweetwater mines to Wind river. The day before this party came away from the mines, three men had left there with a team and wagon to go to the post on Little Wind river. Just after they crossed Po-po-Argie creek, they were attacked by Arrapahoes and killed. They had turned up their wagon box for a cover to protect them, and had fought a long time, for the ground near the wagon was strewn with cartridge shells. The expedition took their bodies to Camp Brown, where they were buried. One of the three was Harvey Morgan, an old-timer from the Yellowstone.

The expedition crossed the Owl Creek range and pros-

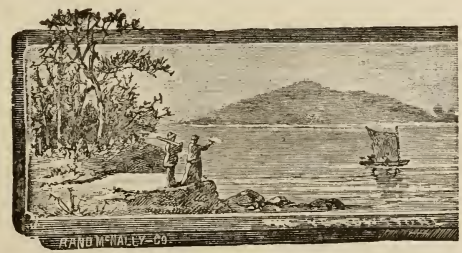
pected every stream from there to Stinking Water. Here it divided and part went back, but the greater number came on to the Yellowstone. This party brought with them a cannon that has become historic and bears the name of the Big Horn Gun. The expedition dissolved on this river. Some of its members stayed in the country and took a hand in the expeditions of 1874–5. Comstock, the discoverer of the great Nevada mines that bear his name, joined the expedition at Miner's Delight, Wyoming, and came through to Bozeman. He was at times despondent to the verge of lunacy. In one of these spells he committed suicide, by a pistol shot, during the ensuing fall.

Early in this summer James Gourley, Ed Hibbard, Horn Miller and Bart Henderson outfitted and started from the Crow agency for a prospecting trip in the mountains. They went up the river to the mouth of Bear Gulch, thence up that stream to its head. They prospected the divide on either side from there to the head of Soda Butte creek, finding in the latter place some float galena ore, and small gold prospects in the gravel of the creek. They then went down Clarke's Fork a short distance, and finding nothing on that stream, went up to and crossed the divide near Pilot Knob and passed down to the east fork of the Yellowstone. Crossing this they went up on Specimen ridge and over to where they could look into the lower end of the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone ; thence back to the ridge, which they followed up for quite a distance, thence across the east fork again and up a creek to a high mountain, from which heads the north fork of Stinking Water, Crandall creek and the east fork of the Yellowstone. The party laid over here to examine the country. In the forenoon of the first day after their arrival a band of Indians dashed into camp and drove off all their horses. The party now cached their valuables and went across the mountains to the agency. They chose a trail impassable for horses and arrived wearied out and anxious to

enjoy the rest they needed. The steam on which they cached their traps now bears the name of Cache creek.

They told their tale at the agency and expressed their intention of going back. Some others concluded to go with them; and Sam Shively, Pat O'Hare, Banks, Parker, and Dutch Bill, with all the original party but Bart Henderson, went up the Boulder to the divide, and thence to the point where the ore had been found. They went to work at once and a vein of argentiferous galena was soon found by Horn Miller. Several lodes were discovered and staked this fall, but the locality being very high (ten thousand feet above the sea level), snow soon came and drove the prospectors out.

Bozeman's paper, *The Pick and Plow*, gave the mines a great name, and many people, drawn by its glowing accounts, came to the country the ensuing spring, the writer of this being one of the number. The placer mines proved of no value, but many good lodes of silver-bearing ore were found. This section being on the Crow reservation, capital could not be induced to invest, and the mine owners just represented and no more. In 1882, all of that part of the reservation lying in the Rocky mountains was ceded to the government and several sales have been made in this district since.



CHAPTER XXIV.

THIRTY-NINE DAYS LOST IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

ACCOUNTS of the Yellowstone lake and falls and the Madison geysers were attracting much attention throughout the territory, and a party left Helena, in July of this year (1870), to explore that country. Judge Lawrence and Messrs. Gillette and Evarts were in the party. They joined Gen. Washburn and Lieut. Doane's expedition at Mammoth Hot Springs, and together went up the Yellowstone to the head of the lake, where Evarts was lost. He left the party to climb a hill that was about two miles to the left of the trail, and in returning he lost his way in the thick pines with which this country is covered, and missed his party, which traveled but a few miles, and, as he did not come in, camped. Men were sent back to hunt for him. They ranged the country for several days, and built fires on every point in the vicinity, but it was of no avail. After about ten days' search, the party gave him up for dead and went back to Helena. When going down the river they offered six hundred dollars to any one who could find him. Jack Baronett and Geo. Pritchard went up, and, after a long search, found him on Sheep mountain, just as he had given up and laid down to die. They took him down to a cabin near Gardiner river, called the Turkey Pen. The boys who were stopping there did all in their power to bring the sufferer through, and in a week's time he was able to be taken down the river in a travois.

Mr. Evarts wrote and printed an account of his trip, in which he says that his horse ran away from him a few days after he was lost; that when his matches gave out he lighted fires with his glasses; that when three weeks away he lost his glasses (he had left his gun and pistol before), and for the remainder of the trip had to eat his food (fish and thistle roots) uncooked. For the last six or seven days of this terrible time he lived entirely on grasshoppers. He was lost thirty-nine days, and when found weighed just fifty pounds. There was some evidence found the next season that conflicts with Mr. Evarts' statement as regards his horse. Some of the packers with Prof. Hayden found, near where Mr. Evarts was lost, a brush wicky-up and the remains of a camp fire, that had apparently been used for ten or twelve days. Around this were the partly burnt ribs and other bones of a horse, and it is believed that here he killed his horse and lay, waiting for a rescuing party, till he had eaten it.

Lieut. Doane made a report of his trip to the war department. Its publication caused quite a sensation in the eastern states; it being the first account given of these wonders under the seal of authority, and was the cause of Prof. Hayden, the United States geologist, being sent out the next season.

In February of 1871, John Brown, Yankee Jim and another man were engaged in hunting for the Crow agency. They were camped on the south side of the Yellowstone, not far from the head of the upper Deer creek. Camped near them were a few lodges of Bannocks. One day, near the middle of the month, the Bannocks found signs of the presence of Sioux in the country, and that night they broke camp and moved to the agency. Early the next morning the Sioux found the white men's camp and made a dash for the stock. Brown ran toward the horses as soon as the Indians were discovered. He fought bravely and killed one of their

number and wounded another, then received a painless death from a bullet, which passed through his brain, and the Indians succeded in getting away with all of their horses. They afterward fired a few shots at the camp, but the close shooting of the whites, who killed one of their horses, caused them to be very cautious, and they soon afterward withdrew. Yankee Jim and partner went that night to the agency, and next day came out with horses, and burying Brown's body, packed up their things and went in to the settlements.

In May, Harry Horr and James McCartney went to the Mammoth Hot Springs, and located claims of one hundred and sixty acres each. At nearly the same time McGuirk made a claim at the hot springs on Gardiner river.

The control of the Indians passed from the hands of the war to the interior department this year, and in July, Maj. Pease was appointed agent for the Crows; he being the first civilian to hold that office.

Jack Baronett built the first bridge ever laid across the Yellowstone, during this summer. Its location was just above the mouth of the east fork, and it was built for the accommodation of the travelers to the Clarke's Fork mines.

Dr. Frost had a ranch above the lower canyon and lived there with his Indian wife. One day in September he went down to the agency to draw rations and get a needle gun. When going back and but a mile and a half from Mission creek, he was attacked by a Sioux war party, and he and two Crow squaws and a pappoose, who were going up to visit his wife, were killed.

Prof. Hayden, the United States geologist, with a corps of topographers and naturalists, explored the headwaters of the Yellowstone and Madison rivers the summer of 1871. With him was Moran, the great colorist. He made a picture of the Yellowstone falls and canyon, for which congress gave ten thousand dollars, and it now hangs in the old

hall of representatives. Many of his brother artists criticized its high coloring. Among these critics was Bierstadt. In 1881 the latter artist came to the National Park and, after seeing the vivid and varied coloring of the canyon, remarked that he owed and should give an apology to Moran, for no colors in art could do justice to nature's, as shown here.

Hayden's report to congress caused that body to set this country apart as a national pleasure ground. All of the scientific data gathered by him were burnt in the Chicago fire, necessitating another expedition the following year.

Muhlenberg, a Northern Pacific engineer, with a small military escort from Fort Ellis, started from Bozeman in the fall, to survey down the Yellowstone. He ran his lines to a point near the mouth of Pryor creek, where all work was stopped by a severe snow storm, and the party returned to Fort Ellis.

CHAPTER XXV.

WOLFERS AND TRAPPERS.

AT this time a class of men with some peculiar characteristics ranged on the river. They lived entirely by hunting, trapping and poisoning wolves. They were men of undoubted courage and were reckless in taking chances. Wherever beaver or wolves were to be found, there they went, even if it was in the heart of the hostile country. But when once in this country, they were very cautious, and being good shots and understanding the Indian nature, were greatly feared by the savages; and with good cause, for the red brethren generally came out second best. And so for years before this country was opened up for settlement, little bands of these men had trapped on every stream, and prospected every gulch for gold, between the mountains and the Missouri. It took more nerve than in the days when the Rocky Mountain and American Fur companies' trappers were roaming over this country, for then the Indians were comparatively friendly and poorly armed. These men were lavish with their money and were always ready with a helping hand for those in need. They were very clannish and had a holy horror of a tenderfoot. They were always ready for a quarrel, and were handy with knife or pistol; but, like Sam Weller, "Fair play was considered a jewel." They came from Texas and

Maine, from England and from France, but after a few years of this life they knew no country but the Yellowstone. When the first railroad whistle awoke unknown echoes in the mountain fastnesses their fate was sealed. The dreaded tenderfoot had triumphed, and nothing was left for them but death or banishment.

In the early days the mountain or gray wolves were very plenty. The hunter or trapper would see them often during the day, and hear their melancholy howls at night. Many of them would spend their summers in the mountains, living on rabbits, the young of elk and deer, and occasionally surprising and killing a full grown one. When the snow came in the fall, they would gather in large bands and go down to the prairie, where they hunted up and followed the buffalo till spring. Then they would disband and pair and go to the mountains again. When hunting the buffalo they went in small bands, which would be divided into several parties of two. These would sneak around a herd of buffalo till they found a straggler behind, or on one side, and then the nearest pair would make a dash and jump and catch with their fore paws around each hind leg of the buffalo and bite fiercely, trying to cut the ham strings. The buffalo would run, bellowing, to the herd, perhaps getting away with a slight wound, and perhaps crippled. If the latter, it would surely fall a victim to its enemies, with whom eternal vigilance was the price of a meal. The pelts of these animals were not considered of much value till 1868, and not till 1870 did the trappers make a business of killing them. From this date to 1876 the winters of these men were spent in poisoning wolves. Their baits were planted from the British possessions on the north to as far south as Colorado.

Fort Benton, on the Missouri, Camp Brown, on Little Wind river, Bozeman and the Crow agency, were the outfitting points and markets for the wolfers. The

gray wolves would bite readily at the strychnined carcasses of the buffalo; but the prairie wolf, or cayote, was more cautious, and when seeing some of its neighbors, the gray wolves, lying dead at a bait, would slink away, and, as a consequence, many of them are ranging the prairie to-day, while the mountain wolves are nearly extinct.

In the fall of 1871, Jack Gorman, Buckskin Williams, Bill Marsh and three others, went to Flat Willow creek (a fork of the Musselshell) for the winter's wolfing. They put out a long string of baits and must have killed seven or eight thousand wolves. The custom is to kill the wolves in the early winter, and, as they freeze solid in two nights, to skin them in the first spring thaw. This party had their baits extended over so much country that they secured only four thousand pelts, the rest spoiling. The Blackfeet harassed them during the winter and cut up some skins that were cached, and once made a dash for the horses; but two of their number being wounded and one killed in this charge, they became more cautious and would only sneak around the camp at night. They met with but little success, getting away with only one horse during the month that they were loitering around the camp. The party hauled their furs to Fort Benton in the spring, and netted about two thousand dollars each for their winter's work.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD — BAKER'S BATTLE — FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO VISIT THE NATIONAL PARK.

EARLY in the spring of 1872, two Bannock Indians stole a small band of horses from some Crows, who were camped near the agency. The Bannocks were friendly with the whites and took their horses through the settlements, on their way to Idaho. The Crow agent empowered Gus Callahan and Scotty Donnelly to go after and arrest them. The Bannocks were overtaken and captured near Virginia City. As the boys were bringing them back, Callahan wished to kill both, to which Donnelly would not agree. When near the Madison river crossing, Callahan gave one of the captives a chance to run, and shot and killed him as he was leaving. Soon afterward they allowed the other to escape and brought the horses to the agency.

In the religion of the western tribes there is no tenet stronger than blood for blood. It would be just if they would but punish the person who commits the deed, but to assuage their vengeance, it only requires a person from the same tribe or nation, so the innocent often suffer. The victim in this case was Banks, an old trapper, who, about two months after the killing of the Bannock, was following his vocation on Mission creek, about five miles from the Yellowstone. One day, while lighting his after-dinner pipe, six Bannocks came into camp and, sitting down, commenced

smoking with him. As he was taking the pipe from one, another sitting on the other side shot him in the back of the head, killing him instantly. This act of vicarious atonement was witnessed by a Crow going to the camp, who, without being himself seen, turned and went away and did not tell the story till long afterward. The main Bannock camp was on Stillwater, and a trader who was there a short time afterward saw and recognized Banks' horses in the herd.

In June, the Northern Pacific surveyors, with Col. Baker and three companies of troops from Fort Ellis, went down the Yellowstone, and taking up the survey where it had been left the previous year, passed on down that stream. They saw no Indians till they were about twenty miles below the mouth of Pryor's creek, where, on a large bottom (now known as Baker's battle ground), they saw a few Indians in the hills. The camp was made near a heavily-wooded slough, and among large cottonwoods. There were thirteen civilians along, who were camped about one hundred and fifty yards from the main party. About three o'clock the next morning the civilians were awakened by the tread of horses. They quickly and silently jumped up and seized their guns and cartridge belts. A party of Indians, unaware of their proximity to the whites, rode right into the camp. As they came near, the civilians gave them a volley, which killed two Indians, one of them dropping from his horse into one of the just vacated beds. This contretemps precipitated a fight before the Indians were quite prepared, for, apparently, they were surrounding the camp. From the slough near by now came rapid firing. The soldiers, without order, returned a desultory fire, till a sergeant gathered his company in line. A few volleys were sent by it into the brush; but the bullets going high, did no harm. The sergeant now climbed a tree, and from it directed the firing, which soon drove the Indians from the timber. The Sioux dodged around and fired a

shot occasionally at the camp, but at daylight drew off to the hills. Once in a while a young warrior would make a bravo ride from one point to another. These were targets for many rifles, and during the morning two of them were killed while indulging in this pastime. But one young warrior rode slowly back and forth for probably twenty times, all the time taunting the soldiers with language and gesture. A thousand shots must have been fired at him, but he went through unscratched. The Sioux soon drew off and the command, after caring for the dead, continued its march.

Two men, a sergeant and a civilian, were killed, and another soldier wounded. The dead were buried in the corrall and mules were driven over the graves many times, so that their resting-place would not be found by the Sioux, who, ghoul-like, will always open the graves of those they have killed, for scalps. A party of trappers, who were at the scene of this fight the next fall, found that, despite the precautions taken, the Indians had found and despoiled the graves, for the skulls and bones were lying on the ground near where they had been buried.

At the next night's camp that the command made, the surveyors concluded that the escort was not strong enough to protect them, so they went over to the Musselshell and surveyed a line up that river and across the Sweet Grass hills to the Yellowstone, arriving at Ellis in September.

The Indians, with the fierceness and craft of wolves, have the vagaries of children, and have to be dealt with in the same way. For instance: Charlie Hoffman was post trader at the Crow agency, and was well liked by the Indians, yet was once put in a precarious position by them, without fault of his own. In the summer of this year (1872), an under chief of the Crows, named Little Iron, killed, for some private spite, a Flathead who was visiting at the camp. Some Crow friends of the Flathead threatened to kill two Bannocks who were friends of Little Iron. The latter and his

clique swore if the Bannocks were shot that they would kill the trader, who, to save himself and settle the difficulty, had to talk nice and distribute presents with a lavish hand, and at last induced them to smoke the peace pipe with him.

In July, 1872, Prof. Hayden started from Fort Ellis on his second trip to the National Park. With him was Mr. William Blackmore, an English gentleman of means and a writer. He and his wife had been traveling together constantly for years, and were greatly attached to each other, and yet at Bozeman they had to separate; she to go to the cemetery on the hill, and he to a restless, wandering life all the rest of his days. Mr. N. P. Langford, who the next winter was made superintendent of the park, also went with the party. They traveled up the Yellowstone to the lake, and thence across to the geysers. While lying here, another branch of Hayden's party came in by way of Snake river. They reported having felt two distinct shocks of earthquake when near the head of Yellowstone lake. After a thorough examination of the geysers, Prof. Hayden went down the Fire Hole river to the Madison, and thence down this stream to Virginia City; the other party trailed down another fork of the Snake river.

A few days after Hayden had left the Mammoth Hot Springs, on his way up the river, Dwight Woodruff and E. S. Topping left the same place and went up the Gardiner river on a search for new wonders. The latter went up on Observation mountain and stayed there all night. At daylight next morning, he saw, far to the south, an immense column of steam arising through the still air. The two novelty hunters went through the intervening woods, and at noon of the second day found a geyser basin, heretofore unknown. This is now called the Norris Basin, and is situated on the Gibbon Fork of Fire Hole river. The two returned to the Mammoth Hot Springs and told of their discovery. A party from Bozeman were in camp at the springs, among

whom were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stone. The party expressed the wish that Topping would guide them to the Upper Geysers via the New Basin, and he did so. So they visited the three geyser basins, and the lake and falls. It was a hard trip for the lady of the party, Mrs. Stone, but she now has the satisfaction of remembering that to her belongs the honor of being the first white woman to see the beauties of the National Park.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NORTHERN PACIFIC SURVEYORS — YELLOWSTONE LAKE—EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

IN the spring of 1873, Col. Stanley, with a thousand troops and a large wagon train, escorted Col. Hayden and his party of Northern Pacific engineers from Bismarck to the point where the lines had been run, from up the Yellowstone by Muhlenberg the year before, then went across to the Musselshell and surveyed from Muhlenberg's initial point on that stream, down and back to Bismarck. The Sioux tried several times to run stock away from the command, during the summer, but met with no success. At that place, known afterward as Pease's bottom, the Indians made some threatening maneuvers, but a few rounds of shell dispersed them.

Capt. Jones, of the engineer corps, headed an exploring expedition to the National Park this season. With him were topographers, geologists and other scientists. The party took an escort from Camp Brown on Little Wind river, consisting of thirty soldiers of the Second cavalry, forty Shoshone Indians and two Sheepeater guides. To transport his supplies he had a pack train of eighty mules. His course lay along the wagon road made by the Big Horn expedition of 1870, till he arrived at Stinking Water river. He went up the north fork of this stream for sixty miles, on a large elk trail which led through a pass in the high range between this river and the Yellowstone.

From the summit of this pass can be seen one of the most fascinating views in America. The writer saw it first through the clear and yet hazy-appearing air, one quiet morning in July, just as the sun was rising. Ten miles distant in an air line, and three thousand feet below, lay the beautiful Yellowstone lake. It had the shape of a hand, with the palm inverted; the thumb was on the opposite side from me, and the fingers were outspread. Near the middle of the palm were three islands covered with vegetation. On the shining surface of the lake were tiny, moving specks of white, which I afterward found to be pelicans. From the surface of the shore line, in several places, the steam from the hot springs rose straight in the air; on the side nearest me, jets of steam from the Steamboat springs arose and f l in majestic volume. Over the lake and far to the west a heavy column of steam from the Fire Hole geysers floated away in clouds. I could see the creeks as bright threads winding their way through the dense timber to the lake. On each side were tall, sharp-cut peaks, with their summits warmly tinged by the (to me) hidden sun, and in my rapture I thought, this is the grandest scene on earth.

The high range through which this trail runs, and which extends to the extreme head of the Yellowstone, was appropriately named by Capt. Jones, the Sierra Shoshone. From here the party went to the lake, falls and geysers, and when returning to Camp Brown, went up the Yellowstone to its head, and across to and down Wind river. The measurements of heights and depths, and altitudes, taken in the park by Jones' party, can be accepted as the most reliable given by any explorer, and the maps made by his topographers are substantially correct.

A few weeks before this expedition came to Stinking Water, Nelson Yarnall and E. S. Topping started from Bozeman to prospect that stream for gold. They went up

the Yellowstone to and past the Clarke's Fork mines, where they were joined by Pat O'Hare, and the three went down Clarke's Fork to the prairie. At their first camp below the mountains, on a stream which ever since has been called O'Hare creek, Pat O'Hare, who was near sighted, thought he saw Indians; the other two had seen the same objects, but it was only a band of antelope that were running swiftly along the brow of a hill, which obscured a view of their bulk, only their bobbing heads being clear to the vision. O'Hare could not be persuaded 'twas antelope, even after he was shown the tracks made by them. At dark he saddled and packed up, and took the back trail to the mines. Six days afterward he arrived at the miners' cabins afoot, hungry and exhausted. His story ran, that he had ridden into a large party of Indians, who commenced firing at him, and he left his horses, and, running to a ravine near by, pulled off his boots and sneaked up this till he found a good hiding place, where he laid low all of that night and the next day. The following night he pursued his journey, but had a hard time with hunger and his bare feet till the next evening, when he luckily shot and killed an elk. He wrapped his feet in pieces of its skin, and hobbled to his destination. He said also that he had heard heavy firing from where the other boys were camped, and that probably they were dead. Ten miners volunteered to go down and see, and bury them if necessary. They did so, guided by O'Hare, and found at the camp the relics of a fire, but no signs of Indians having been there. O'Hare's horses and the scattered pack and saddles were found, and the relief party concluded that the scare came from a too highly excited imagination. The evidence forced O'Hare to believe the same, and he declared his intention never more to go into an Indian country, which resolution he has kept to this day.

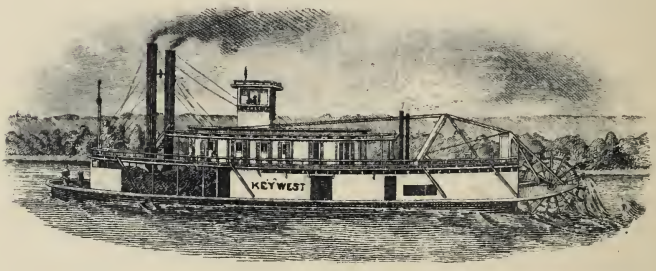
Yarnall and Topping had gone across the divide to Stink-

ing Water. Near the forks of that stream they were chased by a war party of Arrapahoes for two miles. At last the boys found a good position and stopped; the Arrapahoes also stopped and took the back track. From here the gold hunters traveled up the north fork, prospecting as they went, to the pass across the Sierra Shoshone, thence rounded back on their own trail. When about half of the way down to the forks, and while in camp, they saw Capt. Jones' Shoshones coming, and thinking them Arrapahoes, prepared for a fight. Having a good position they had no fears as to the result, still were relieved when the soldiers came in sight. After a month's prospecting on the south fork of Stinking Water, without finding pay, the two went over to the Yellowstone lake and down to the settlements.

Amos Benson and Dan Naileigh built, during the summer of this year (1873), a log house for a liquor saloon, near the ferry-boat landing, and from that time the place has been called Benson's Landing.

In October, Charley Norris, an old prospector, and Jose, a Mexican, were in the employ of Frost, then just appointed Crow agent. They went from the agency to Benson's and stayed there two days. On the morning of the third day they started to return. They had left their rifles at the agency, and with the exception of a pistol carried by Jose, they were entirely unarmed. When within one half mile of the agency buildings, a party of fifteen Sioux darted from a coulie and gave chase to them; they spurred their horses on to full speed, and would have escaped from this party, but were headed off by a squad of ten others, who killed and scalped them within six hundred yards of the stockade. Jose emptied his pistol at them and killed a horse, and it is thought wounded an Indian. The Crows were all away on a hunt, and there were but few men at the agency; they heard the firing and saw the Sioux, but did not dare to

sally out for fear of the stockade being taken. Bill Hamilton, an old frontiersman, and the best Indian sign talker in the west, tried to induce them to go, and when they would not, mounted his horse and made a dash alone, but the Sioux had left right after killing Norris and Jose, and were half a mile away.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIRST YELLOWSTONE STEAMBOAT — WHISKY TRADING.

EARLY in the spring Joseph Lee and Geo. Ackerly had put their traps, blankets and cooking outfit in a boat and trapped down the Yellowstone to Pompey's Pillar. Here they cached their furs and then walked back to Benson's, and getting horses went down and packed their things up the river, getting back all right, though they saw a war party of Sioux, and had traveled all of one night to get away from them. In the fall they outfitted at the Crow agency and went down the country, toward the Big Horn, for the winter's wolfing. They were never seen again alive, but the finding of their camp will be treated of later on.

In April of this year (1873), the very first steamboat to navigate the Yellowstone came up the river with a load of supplies for Gen. Stanley. This boat was named the "Key West," and was commanded by Capt. Grant Marsh. The spring rise had not come, and the boat was forced to stop at the Buffalo rapids, just below the mouth of Powder river. Several volleys were fired by Indians at the steamer on her trip. By one of these volleys, which was received while going up, a ball cut hair from the pilot's head; and another man, a deck hand, was slightly wounded.

All Indians are fond of whisky, and after the first taste will give anything they possess for more, and though against

the law, there were many men in the west who, for the great profits made in whisky trading, would take the chances of being caught by the United States marshal, and of the greater danger of being killed by the savages, when their latent hostility to the whites comes to the surface, as it does when they are stimulated and crazed by liquor.

The Nez Perces were the only Indians in the west who were allowed to buy whisky openly; they having a special clause to that effect in their treaty with the government. These Indians did not drink to excess while in the settlement; but in the case under consideration, they had been away from it so long, that they apparently could not restrain themselves. Late in the fall of 1873, about two hundred of these people and the same number of Crows went down to the Musselshell river on a buffalo hunt and had accumulated many robes and packs of dried meat. Early in the ensuing February, George Town and Billy Casto started from Benson's Landing, with fifty gallons of whisky, to this Indian camp, and found it at the Big Bend of the Musselshell. They came upon the camp unexpectedly and had no time to cache part of their stock of liquor, as they had intended to do. The Nez Perces were eager to trade, and gave readily a horse for a gallon of whisky. After ten gallons had been traded for at this rate, the young warriors became uncontrollable and took possession of the entire outfit, and they would have killed the traders but for the intercession of Nez Perce Charley (afterward killed at the Big Hole fight), who talked to the warriors, while the whites fled to the brush; and after night started afoot for Benson's, which place they reached a few days afterward, footsore and sick of whisky trading.

The drunken warriors began to fight among themselves, and the Crows and older Nez Perces packed up quickly and went to the Yellowstone, and did not stop traveling for twenty-four hours. Ninety young bucks stayed and drank and fought, till nine of their number were killed and seven

others wounded; then one of them, more sensible than the rest, spilt the remainder of the whisky. These traders had unconsciously done a good deed, for afterward none of the different Nez Perce or Crow chiefs would allow whisky to be brought into their camps.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MOST REMARKABLE EXPEDITION ON RECORD.

IN the fall of 1873, a man named J. L. Vernon, who had been with Gen. Stanley on his trip up the Yellowstone during the summer of that year, and who claimed that he had found gold in paying quantities on Rosebud creek, came to Bozeman. He was a smooth talker and convinced many of the truth of his story, and quite a large number agreed to go with him to the Rosebud in the spring. Another expedition was formed at Bozeman to open up the lower country for settlement, for which purpose many merchants and prominent men of Bozeman contributed horses and supplies.

The two parties concluded to join forces and make common cause. On the eleventh of February the members of the expedition met at Ed Quinn's cabin and elected Frank Grounds captain, William Wright lieutenant and E. B. Way adjutant. All told, the party numbered one hundred and forty-nine, and was composed of the best material in the country. Many old Indian fighters and trappers from the Yellowstone and Bozeman, and adventurous miners, from all over the territory, who would face anything for the chance of diggings, were with it. The party had two pieces of artillery: the old Big Horn gun and a twelve-pound howitzer from Fort Ellis. William Cameron (who had been in the artillery service during the civil war) was made chief gun-

ner. Some of the party used pack animals, but the greater number had their baggage and provisions transported in wagons, of which there were twenty-two.

Starting on the thirteenth of February, the command moved slowly down on the north side of the river. The grass was very poor and the horses could not be worked hard and no more than ten miles a day was averaged through the whole trip. Nothing of interest happened to the party till about the last of February. The men did not want to dig rifle pits and the older heads thought that it would be necessary to have a scare; so two men were to fire their rifles in the hills and come in crying Indians. This they did with a will, and it had the desired effect, for trenches were dug at every camp after that episode.

Vernon had gone ahead from Quinn's, with a small party, and when at Pompey's Pillar, turned back and joined the expedition near Canyon creek and traveled with it till it camped near Pompey's Pillar. He, knowing that his talk was all a lie, left the party and with one companion (Rockfellow), went to the Missouri and down that river in a boat. On the way he and his companion quarreled and Vernon cut his comrade badly with a knife, when just above Fort Buford. He then disappeared and nothing more was ever heard from him.

On the twentieth of March the expedition crossed the Yellowstone on the ice about four miles below the mouth of Porcupine creek and laid over there for five days, while a party of twelve men went on a prospecting trip up that creek. On the evening of the twenty-fifth, the prospectors came in and reported no gold, and the next morning the expedition started and, leaving the river, struck across the country, on an Indian trail, to the Rosebud. When about eight miles out from the river, Bill Hineman and Charles Dryden (who had gone ahead hunting) came rushing their horses into the train closely followed by seventeen Sioux. As the Indians

saw the party they wheeled to the left and went up on a hill to have a better view of it. The Indians were stripped down for a fight, and had left their robes, blankets, extra moccasins and dried meat in a hollow about half a mile away. The advance guard from the train dashed ahead and found and captured the cache.

The night camp was made just beyond this, on a high ridge, and water for cooking had to be brought from a gulch three-quarters of a mile distant.

The next day ten miles were made and, as the night before, the camp was far from water. The following day they traveled about eight miles and made camp at noon. After dinner a small party went ahead to choose the course for the morrow's trip. When they were about a mile from camp, and just as they were going up a sharp hill, on whose top was a thick growth of pines, George Herendeen, who was about fifty yards behind, glanced up and saw an Indian running in the timber. He instantly fired and cried Indians. The boys ran back and divided in two parties, as the Sioux commenced firing. One party of the whites would fire rapidly, while the other would retreat for about fifty yards; then the latter would stop and protect the retreat of the former. They were soon met by a party from camp and the Indians withdrew to cover.

At this time Bostwick was stationed as a picket near the upper end of a long sloping ridge to the right of the camp. On the point of a ridge, just beyond and running parallel with this, at about six hundred yards distance, the Indians sat down and had a smoke. After this maneuver two of them walked toward Bostwick and made signs for him to come and meet them as they wished to talk. He walked his horse toward them, and while crossing a little gulch which put him out of sight of them for a moment, six of the Indians came rushing over the hill and were within thirty feet before he saw them. He fired his Winchester, and

wheeling his horse, spurred him on the home stretch at full speed. His fierce pursuers having better horses, kept close up, and shot him in four places. Bostwick emptied the magazine of his rifle at them, but hit none. The ammunition of the Indians must have given out, for one had out his bow and was fitting an arrow to the string to finish his victim, when Jack Bean (who was a picket on the same ridge as Bostwick, about a quarter of a mile below him) came galloping up the hill at the full speed of his horse and seeing that to save Bostwick he must be lively, dismounted, took a hasty aim, broke the arm of the bowman and stopped the headway of the pursuers. Bostwick rode just over the brow of the hill and fell off his horse. By this time Jack Yates had joined Bean and together they stood the Indians off, while a party carried Bostwick to camp. His wounds disabled him for a long time, but he eventually recovered.

One Indian must have been badly wounded or killed by Bean and Yates, for next morning the party found a bloody trail, where a body had been dragged through a snow drift just beyond where the Indians had been last seen.

Every night, when coming into camp, the wagons were drawn into an oval shape and chains were stretched between them to close up the gaps, and the stock was tied inside. This night the corral had been made too small and the oxen had to be herded outside.

At about ten o'clock, Dick Robinson, one of the herders, saw an Indian sneaking around, and firing at him saw him fall. At about eleven a mounted party came quite near and fired into camp, but the bullets flew high and did no damage. The horses were unaccustomed to shooting and tried to stampede, but with the aid of shovel handles were soon soothed. As the Indians charged in, the one who had been wounded earlier in the evening commenced talking to attract the attention of his people. They rode to where he lay, which place, unknown to them, was near a rifle pit, with

five men in it, who promptly opened fire. None of the Indians were killed outright, but in the morning several pools of blood were found on the ground where they had stood. Several shots were fired into camp from long range the next morning and twenty men scouted around the outside while the horses fed.

The expedition traveled ten miles that day, and made a high camp just where the country began to slope to the Rosebud. Here three men were chosen to make a scout every morning before the stock was turned out to feed. The names of these men were Stewart Buchanan, Harry Wilson and Yank Evarts. Next morning their report was to the effect that the Indian party had divided, some going up the Rosebud, and some going down, and Buchanan gave it as his opinion that there would be no more fighting till the main Indian camp came up; then the party should be ready to receive them.

During the afternoon of the second day from this, the expedition came to the Rosebud and crossing, made their camp on a bench about four hundred yards from the creek. Just above the camp was a fresh Indian trail thirty feet wide. This rather stirred the boys up, and even the dead-heads and coffee-coolers of the party dug rifle pits with vigor.

No Indians showed themselves during the day, but just after dark groups of them could be dimly seen in every direction. One of these were fired into by some pickets, who only succeeded in breaking a horse's leg.

At about eleven the Indians commenced hooting like owls, and a flock of geese happening to fly over the camp, the Indians changed their tune and made the night hideous trying to imitate them.

At one in the morning a shot was fired by an Indian near by, and the dogs, of which there were three, went out barking. Only one came back, and he was shot through the body, and the arrow was sticking in him. As he slowly

drew himself over the breastworks a hundred shots must have been fired at him by the Indians.

The dogs killed were eaten by the savages during the night, within seventy-five yards of the corral, their bones being found in the morning, stripped clean and lying close to a little camp fire in the coulie that ran near by.

Just after the dog episode, there came through the darkness the sonorous voice of an Indian declaiming. When he had ceased, a bell tinkled, then from every direction came a sheet of flame, then the hiss and thud of bullets, then a heavy report and all was as still as the grave. But volleys came at intervals for two hours and were always heralded by the bell. When that sound was heard, all in the corral would lie down in their rifle pits, and as the bullets went high they did no harm to life or limb, but two canvas lodges, which were put up at either end of the corral, were shot all to pieces.

There had been a rifle pit dug just at the edge of the bench, about fifty yards from the breastworks. It had been deserted by its occupant when the fight commenced and had been taken possession of by an Indian, who must have had a muzzle-loading rifle, for he fired very slowly. His position commanded that part of the corral where the horses were tied, and the Indian was wounding or killing one of them at every shot. The riflemen had tried in vain to dislodge him and Cameron was called on to take a shot at him with the big gun. He cut the fuse short on a shell and depressing the piece, fired. The Indian had put a large piece of dry wood in front of him, from which cover he had been firing in fancied security, and when the shell struck this it exploded and the Indian must have been torn into fragments, for no more bullets came from that place during the fight.

From the time the fight commenced till now the Sioux had been constantly screeching and howling. When the Big Horn gun was discharged with a deafening roar, every

white man in the party yelled, and from this time to the end of the trip the Indians fought silently.

When morning broke the heaviest firing came from an ash grove about one hundred and twenty-five yards distant. Cameron gave it two quick doses of canister and no more shots were fired from there.

As soon as it became light enough to see their gunsights properly, the boys did some fine shooting. Several Indians were hit in the forehead as they raised to take aim; becoming cautious, the reds would raise a hand holding a pistol above the bank and shoot without aim. Quite a number were hit in the wrist while indulging in this hazardous pistol practice.

Running with the long way of the corral, and at about fifty yards distant from it, was a little coulie, which had served as a shelter for the Indians all night. Quite a steady firing was kept up from this and some of the stock was being hit, and something had to be done, so a charging party was organized to advance in three columns; one to the mouth of the coulie, one from the upper end of the corral, to strike the same coulie above the Indians, and another, the stronger, to go straight across and leap right among the Sioux. When the chargers were ready to start, the big guns were fired, and all of the men on the coulie side of the corral fired rapidly to keep the Indians' heads down. As the party started all firing ceased. In a few seconds the center party was over the hill, and were dealing death to the almost paralyzed Sioux, who, dropping guns and everything, fled for their lives. Exactly how many of the Indians were killed in this charge is not known, but there were nine left in the coulie. These were scalped, and twenty-three horses, eight guns, a quantity of buffalo robes, blankets, moccasins and several packages of dried meat and pemmican were captured. The Indian stock came in good play, for twenty-one of the horses belonging to the expedition were killed in the corral.

Just after the charge on the coulie, a small party dashed in to the bluffs on the other side of the corral. They succeeded in killing two crippled Indians and driving the others off. Soon after this, an Indian, mounted on a handsome horse, and wearing a fine war bonnet, came out to make a bravo ride. His course lay across the bench and he was about five hundred yards away when thirteen of the boys fired a volley at him. The horse dropped dead and the warrior staggered to a coulie and out of sight. When examined later the horse was found to have been struck by nine bullets.

An Indian now came out on a prominent point and fired two shots from a pistol in quick succession, and all of the Indians disappeared, to appear no more at this camp.

The only man touched by a bullet in this fight was Tom Woodward, who was shot through the wrist.

CHAPTER XXX.

ROSEBUD EXPEDITION CONTINUED.

THE party concluded to lie over a day, and thinking that the Indians would come again, they dug a large rifle pit across the coulie, in which thirty men bivouacked the next night.

Some of the party wished to take the back track, so a vote was taken on the question, and, as a large majority voted to advance, the minority acquiesced.

The boys were fond of practical jokes, so next morning, before leaving camp, they poisoned with strychnine some pemmican and biscuits, and left them carelessly around the camp. This bait did its work, as will be seen later on. Cartridges were also left, from which the powder had been taken and dynamite substituted.

Next day the expedition traveled nine miles and made a camp at the Three Forks of the Rosebud. Preparations were made for a fight, for Indians had been seen in the hills along the line of march all day, but they dared not venture an attack.

The party laid over the next day, and a strong force went ahead to prospect for a road. The middle fork, being the most inviting, was selected. So the next day they went up that fork to the divide between Rosebud and the Little Horn river, and camped. Three buffalo were killed this evening, and were very welcome, for the Indians had kept the game

frightened away from in front of them for the last ten days.

The expedition made ten miles the next day and pitched their camp on a fork of the Little Horn river. Pits were dug and the precaution was taken of burning the grass off near camp. At eight o'clock in the evening one of the pickets saw two eccentric-looking and acting wolves. To determine their quality he fired at them, and they picked themselves up on two feet and ran away.

The stock was turned out to graze as usual, the next morning, and the herders, of whom there were twenty, were taking it easy, without expectation of trouble, for no Indians had been seen. But just at sunrise a picket on a hill about five hundred yards from camp sang out, "Indians, Indians." At this alarm some of the guards and pickets ran in. One of the latter was in an embarrassing position to receive an attack from a raiding party of merciless savages, and had to leave his pistol and belt lying on the ground, and flee for shelter.

The Sioux soon came in sight of those at camp, marching in three columns, each about two hundred strong. Both of the pieces of artillery were brought into play against the advancing Indians, and the men in camp came to the front with a rush to protect the stock. The enemy's reception was so warm that they weakened just before reaching the herd, and wheeling to the right and left went into the hills.

As the party fled, one brave tarried a little behind his party, and was making his horse caracole and show off. Jack Bean took a good aim and fired. In three jumps the horse went into a sag. Just as the Indian went out of sight, he threw one hand high over his head, and in a moment more the horse came out riderless, and turning, came straight to the band.

The Indians were posted in some low hills about six hundred yards away, and were firing slowly at the camp.

A small party went out to scalp the Indian shot by Bean. When but a hundred yards away from camp one of them, named Zack Yates, was shot directly through the heart. He was carried back to camp, and Capt. Grounds then ordered all to the breastworks to await events.

Soon after this, twelve Sioux sneaked down a gulch, and with a short run, took possession of a hill that commanded the corral. From this point they killed one horse and wounded another. A charging party was made up, and as before, those in camp fired rapidly to keep the Indians from looking over the hill, while the run was being made. The chargers went to the foot of the hill and rested, the enemy being unaware of their approach. After a moment's rest, they ran up and over the hill to within forty feet of the Indians, who, panic-stricken, mounted and fled the field. The men were so breathless by the run that they did poor shooting at first, but when about two hundred and fifty yards away, two of the Indians were knocked out of their saddles.

Fires were now set out by the Indians, but thanks to the precautions taken when the camp was made, they did no harm.

Jack Bean had been shooting at all Indians who came near where the belt and pistol had been left, as the party did not want the Sioux to get anything that could be regarded as a trophy. Five of the boys started to get them. As they went out, all of the Indians in the vicinity, but one, left. This one had on a fine war bonnet and was riding a beautiful black saddle horse. He was making it prance, and was putting on too much style to suit the little party, so they all fired at him. One of the bullets hit him in the back of the head, and he fell heavily from his saddle. As he fell, however, the lariat became entangled and stopped the horse. John Anderson coveted the horse and ran over to get him. As he came near the animal struggled and broke away, and Anderson, seeing that he had no chance to catch the charger,

shot and killed him. Then he started for the Indian's scalp and war bonnet, but the bullets came so thick from the Sioux in the hills that he changed his mind, and laid down in a buffalo wallow about fifty yards away.

After a breathing spell Anderson looked toward the supposed dead Indian and saw him getting up. He drew his knife and made a run for the warrior, who tried to get his gun in position, but being yet a little dazed was too slow for Anderson, who struck him in the face with his left hand, then with the knife in his right, cut a circling gash a foot long in the warrior's body. Anderson tried to scalp him, but again had to yield the coveted prize.

Dr. Wickersham then tried it, but his knife was so dull that he could not get away with the tuft, and in his anger cut off and carried away the ears. Archie Campbell then gave it a trial, and succeeded in getting away with a piece of the scalp.

It doesn't require a very vivid imagination to get an idea of how hot a place it was when the fact is considered that two hundred and fifty Indians were shooting from a distance not to exceed three hundred yards.

The Indians now drew off, and hitching up the stock, the expedition moved on. As they came in sight of the Little Horn river, a large band of elk was seen, which for a short time was believed to be Indians. Camp was made on a flat, about half a mile from the Little Horn.

Twice during this afternoon the party tried to drive the stock to water, but each time a large force of Indians dashed from the hills, and the boys hurried the horses to the corral.

Yates' body had been brought to this camp, and at night it was buried near a rifle pit, so that the dirt thrown out would cover the grave from the view of these human hyenas.

The next day was stormy and the party lay over. In the forenoon they tried again to water the stock, and the Indians

applied the same tactics as on the day before, with the same result.

There was a story current of a rich gold find on Goose creek (a fork of Tongue river) and many of the party wished to go on to that place. Others insisted on taking the nearest way to the settlements. So a vote was taken, and the majority decided to go on to Goose creek. The minority was composed of the most experienced men, and they argued this way: The savages now outnumber us ten to one, and within two weeks' time the Sioux tribes will all come up and, by mere force of numbers, will sweep us off the face of the earth. So they determined to go back, even if the party had to be divided. After deliberation, the majority concluded that to split the party up would be death for all, and wisely agreed to retrace their steps to the settlements.

Next day a short march was made toward the Big Horn, and camp was pitched on a fork of Grass Lodge creek. Just after the pickets were put out a large force of Indians tried to cut them off, but, warned by those in camp, they mounted their horses and came safely in. Soon afterward an Indian came out on a point and made signs that he wanted to talk. Bill Hamilton talked by signs with him from a distance, while a few men crawled up a little coulie, to within about two hundred yards of the warrior, and gave him a volley, when he staggered over the hill, apparently hit.

As the Indians knew that they had killed a man two days before, the boys concluded to play them a trick; so a hole with sloping sides and about two feet deep was dug, and a shell (the very last one) was deposited in it. Two lanyards were attached to the cap and fastened, one near each end of a board that ran lengthways of the hole. A wagon was to be left here, and the bolts, chains, etc., were taken from it, and put between the shell and board, and then the whole was covered with loose earth, piled up in the shape of a grave, and surmounted by a head-board. It was supposed that

the curiosity of the Indians would induce them to open the grave, and if they did so, a pull on the board from either end would explode the shell and lay out some good Indians for the happy hunting grounds.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROSEBUD EXPEDITION CONCLUDED.

THE guards were doubled this evening, and several parties of Indians were seen and fired at during the night, but no attack was made.

Next morning the train had to cross Grass Lodge, at a steep place where the hills came close to the creek, at the side on which the party were camped, and one of the field pieces was posted on a point which commanded the ford, till the wagons were over, and then it was rushed across. Just above the ford was a thick grove of cottonwood that ran up and parallel with the creek; this was supposed to and did harbor Indians. The train struck out toward the hills, and kept as far from the grove as possible. There was a little party of men afoot on either flank, and an advance and rear guard.

We know from later developments, that the night before, three hundred and fifty Cheyenne warriors, fresh from their agency, had joined the Uncapapas, and had made their boasts that they would ride over the train in the morning. When the train came opposite the grove referred to the Cheyennes came out of it in line. The new white shirts which they all wore made them appear like troops in uniform. As they came charging, the rear guard and the right flankers came tumbling into the train, which stopped, but did not have time to corral. Half of the left flankers (who were

about two hundred and fifty yards from the train, and next to the Indians) ran in, leaving but five; one of these (Sweney) had a shell lodge in the chamber of his Winchester, and he, against his will, had also to go in. The other four would drop on one knee and shoot, and then jump up and run a few steps toward the advancing Indians and drop and shoot again. The Cheyennes became demoralized by such audacity and swung around to the left, in front of the train. The names of the four who stopped this dangerous charge by their reckless bravery, were Neil Gillis, Irving Hopkins, Tom Rea and French Pete.

The advance guard used the same tactics as the flankers, till they gained a point which commanded the country in front, which point they held till the end of the battle.

There was a coulie about two hundred and fifty yards in the rear of the train. The Indians took possession of this as soon as it was deserted by the rear guard, and a hot, galling fire was poured into the train from it. This had to be retaken, so about forty men charged it. There must have been three hundred Indians in the ravine, but they fled like sheep as the chargers came in sight.

The nerves of the chargers were so shaken by their hard run that they did very poor shooting, and only killed one Sioux, though they wounded several. Conger Smith captured a very fine horse in this charge, which next day was accidentally shot by Bird Calfee.

Just after this charge, which virtually ended the battle, the Indians were seen riding swiftly back to the old camp, where the shell had been buried. It was supposed that the shell had exploded, but nothing in regard to it was positively known till 1877, when a Cheyenne, who had been in the fight, said, that in exploding, it had killed one and wounded six others, two of the latter being squaws.

A short time afterward two warriors came out on a point near the old camp, and one, taking deliberate aim from a rest

fired at the train. The bullet struck the ground inside the corral and just under a horse. Jack Bean returned the compliment, and when it was time for the bullet to get there, the Indian who had fired the shot dropped. Several who were looking at the Indian with glasses, declared that the ball had hit him. The distance between the parties must have been nearly a mile. Jack used a long range rifle (one hundred and twenty grain, Sharp's), and had made several very effective shots during the trip.

This shot was the last, fired with hostile intent, during the trip, and the party traveled to their second camp beyond the Big Horn river without incident, excepting the finding of a deserted lodge on Rotten-grass creek. It had been made from the heavy canvas hose used in placer mining. There were several things to indicate that it had been occupied by white men, but nothing to show whether they had been killed by Indians, or had deserted it of their own volition; probably the former, for this place was near the main hunting grounds of the Sioux. The expedition took every precaution, but the hostiles showed themselves no more.

At the camp spoken of, which was on Beauvais creek, there came in a war party of Crows, who were greatly elated at the sight of the scalps and other trophies, and, borrowing them all, they made a glorious night of it, singing and dancing. The whole Crow tribe expected utter annihilation for the party, and were greatly gratified to hear of the outcome.

From accounts given by the Sioux themselves afterward, the party killed nearly a hundred warriors. They secured but eleven scalps, for an Indian will go much farther to protect a dead comrade from mutilation than he will for a live one; for in their religion the belief is, that none can go to the happy hunting grounds till after a long probation, if the scalp has been taken.

Till the last fight all of the Indians engaged were Uncapapas. Many pieces of flour sacks were found on the trip,

which were all branded Durfie & Peck, showing beyond cavil that they were Fort Peck Indians. In the last fight they were joined by some Cheyennes and Ogalallas, making altogether about one thousand six hundred warriors.

There was other evidence from which the reader can draw his own conclusions. Scraps of newspapers were picked up and captured from dead Indians, all of which were from *The Christian Advocate.*

The party had twenty-three horses killed, but more than made the loss good by capturing twenty-five. Many robes, blankets, moccasins, medicine bags, war bonnets and other trophies were captured,

Maj. Reed and Bowles were sent with dispatches from Bozeman to the expedition. They came to the scene of the Rosebud fight, about two weeks after that engagement, and concluding that it would be too dangerous to follow, turned back. They reported having seen four dead Indians in the camp, who had apparently died by poison. It was learned afterward that several Indians had been injured by the explosion of the dynamite cartridges, and they became so cautious that they would handle nothing left by the whites.

The expedition disbanded at the Yellowstone, and its members went to their respective destinations; but to each participant in these adventures, the memory remains of hard fought battles, well won from a crafty foe.

No expedition of modern times has ever fought against such odds as this encountered, with such success.

Stanley, on his trip through Africa, had as large or a greater proportion of numbers to fight; but his men were armed with the best breech-loaders, against bows, arrows and spears, while this party met men as well armed as themselves, and who were masters of prairie fighting.

Never was there gathered together, in an expedition of this size, so many good and true men. Nor was there ever a man found in whom were combined so many of the traits

necessary to command a party of frontiersmen, superior to Capt. Frank Grounds. Though not appearing prominently in this story, yet he was the guiding spirit. He was quick to decide where haste was necessary, and his judgment was always sound. Probably there was not another man in the expedition who could have controlled so well these turbulent and independent spirits. His tact made all his friends, and their courage and dash, tempered by his caution and prudence, gave them the victory in every conflict had.

The expedition was a failure in one respect, for it found no gold; but it discovered and directed man's attention to a beautiful country that had long been overrun by a savage race, to whom the fertile reaches were but a range for buffalo and elk. It helped to open the eyes of the people in the east, who so long had believed the Indians to be martyrs, and was one of the motors to bring on the Sioux war of '76 and '77, which, though costing many lives, has settled the Indian question in the northwest forever.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FIRST BOAT ON THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE—INDIAN DEVILTRY—THE END OF THE ROAD.

IN the spring of 1874, Mr. P. Brunot, one of the Indian commissioners, came to the Yellowstone and made a treaty with the Crows, in which they ceded all of their lands on the Yellowstone waters to the government; in return for which, they were to have the Judith Basin, and two hundred thousand dollars per year. Carroll was then a small town on the Missouri river, near the mouth of the Musselshell. It being at the head of low water navigation on the Missouri, it was supposed that it would become quite a town, and as the Helena merchants did not want a reservation between them and Carroll, they, through Maj. Maginnis, their delegate to congress, worked against it in Washington. None of the influential men in eastern Montana worked for the passage of the act, and it died in congress.

In June of this year, Frank Williams and E. S. Topping, furnished with a whipsaw, canvas, and rigging, went up the Yellowstone to its lake. There they sawed out lumber to build a row boat, and a yacht, which they rigged in sloop form. They launched the latter on the twentieth of July. On the trial trip the two ran the boat into a flock of geese which were moulting and could not fly, and secured enough to make feather beds and pillows. They had advertised that the first lady to come up should have the privilege of naming the yacht.

Two parties from Bozeman, each having a lady, came in at nearly the same time. These ladies, Mrs. W. H. Tracy and Mrs. Arch Graham, were each named Sarah, and they compromised by naming the yacht Sallie, and took a cruise in commemoration of the event.

Oliver Olson and brother were stopping at a cabin on Shields river, about two miles above its mouth. Hardy O'Dare, who was herding cattle for Dumphy, lived at the same cabin. One morning in the latter part of July, Oliver Olson went out and brought in the horses. O'Dare saddled one and strapping on his revolver, rode toward Sheep mountain to look up some missing cattle. About two hours after he had left, Charley Olson went down Shields river about two hundred yards to catch a mess of trout. He was of a sleepy disposition and saw nothing of what was going on around him, but was awakened by the report of a rifle, and the hiss of a bullet that came close to his ear. He stood there, stupefied, till the Indian across the river had shot at him four times, then he ran toward the cabin. At the first shot his brother Oliver came out with his rifle and commenced firing at the Indians, who soon disappeared. The brothers quickly saddled their riding horses, and went across the hills to Benson's Landing. Soon after they arrived at the latter place, a party of Sioux came down a little gulch that comes out of the hills just back of Benson's. Where this creek leaves the bluffs and flattens out in the bottom, there is a grove of cottonwood trees; in this grove, Joe Anderson, or Skukum Joe, had his camp. When the Sioux came to this, he was away, so they took his saddles, blankets, and what he valued most of all, a white beaver skin. There were a few horses ranging near the buildings, for which the Indians made a dash. As soon as the presence of the Sioux was discovered, several men rushed out and commenced firing at them. Hugo Hoppy was hit in the shoulder and fell. As he dropped the Indians gave a shout of

triumph. Hoppy jumped up, and not to be outdone yelled back, and then walked in and told the boys that he was shot through the breast. There was no bullet hole in his skin or clothes, but his left breast was bruised and discolored, and the conclusion arrived at was that he had been hit by a spent bullet. The Indians turned back and disappeared in the bluffs, without capturing any of the stock.

Being quite positive that Hardy O'Dare was killed, a party went out the next morning to look for him. They were unsuccessful in their quest, and the next day another party went out, and after quite a long search, found his body in a little gulch about two and a half miles from the cabin. He had been shot through the body by a bullet, and fast in his flesh were seven arrows. The Indians had scalped and otherwise mutilated his body, which was a sure indication that he had made a desperate struggle for life.

This war party killed several cattle belonging to Dumphy, and some owned by Joe Lindley.

During the morning of the next day after the killing of O'Dare, a war party (probably the same) attacked Dr. Hunter's place at the hot springs. The doctor and his son Davis were both at work in the field, which was a quarter of a mile from the house. When the Indians commenced firing, the doctor ran toward them to get his rifle, which was lying on the side of the field next to them. They must have thought him crazy, for they gave way as he came. All this time Davis, though but a boy, was sending bullets among them, and when the doctor reached his gun and brought it into play, the Indians quickly weakened and went on down the river.

Six miles below, at Gage's ranch, then the lowest inhabited place on the river, they killed four head of cattle, but did not attack the house.

In February, 1875, orders came from the interior department at Washington to change the agency from Mission Creek

to Stillwater. Agent Clapp put men to work at once, and by the first of April the buildings at the new Crow headquarters were far enough advanced to move into.

At nearly the same time, Horace Countryman, who had kept a trading post for the Indians opposite the Mission Creek agency, went down the river and built him a large log house, just above and on the opposite side of the river from the mouth of Stillwater, and stocking it with goods, had quite a trade with the Indians and trappers.

Soon after Countryman had started in, Hugo Hoppy, who had been running a hotel and saloon at Benson's Landing, sent a party of men down to Stillwater to build him a house suitable for his business.

One day, while putting up the logs for this building, the boys were surprised by a queer visitor. He was a small, wiry built man, apparently about sixty years old. He had on a belt made of a piece of rope. His coat had been cut off at the waist and the belt was attached by loops to his jacket. Fastened to the belt was a toy pistol, that could by no possibility be discharged, a tin box containing flint, steel and tinder, and another which held a large quantity of twine and several fish-hooks, and hanging between the boxes, without scabbard, was a butcher knife which had seen long and hard service.

His rambling talk soon disclosed the fact that he was a harmless, wandering lunatic. When asked where he was going, his only answer was, "to the end of the road."

In an account of his wanderings that he gave, it appeared that he had traveled through the country of the Apaches, Comanches and Cheyennes, who, though hostiles, had not troubled him, but instead had been very kind, for a fool and a madman are held sacred and are allowed to have their own way by all of the western tribes.

He would not take matches, saying that the Indians always wanted and took them. He took a little flour, but

said he should probably throw it away. His entire dependence for food, when away from the settlements, was on his fish-hooks and lines, and snares for rabbits and prairie dogs, and he wanted nothing but a little salt to take with him.

Not wishing him to go any farther in the Sioux country, the boys sent a man with him to the agency and asked the people at that place not to let him go on. He stayed there for a week and then disappeared.

About two months afterward the Crows found the body of a white man, near the mouth of Clarke's Fork, that had been shot through the head. Nothing had been taken from his person and the Crows recognized him as the crazy man.

The Indian by whom he was killed must have come upon him unexpectedly and shot him down before learning of his mental frailty. This Indian, who could tell by the fantastic rig the old man wore that he was a lunatic, must have fled in dismay, for many gifts must be made to the spirits and much howling done by himself and squaw, before this, the greatest sin, could be atoned for.

The old man, who, possessed by a restless spirit, had wandered without object or aim for so many years, had at last found rest. He had reached "the end of the road."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HUBBLE, CHARLEY COCKE AND WOODY'S FIGHT—THREE TO FIVE HUNDRED.

AMONG the trappers of the Yellowstone, none were more noted for daring or skill than Hubble. He came to this section of the country in 1864, and his adventures alone would make a worthy volume. Six times did he have his horses taken or killed by the hostile Indians, and he has had more fights with them than any man that was ever in the country. A worthy mate for him was Charley Cocke, and they camped together for several years. These two and Woody, another old-time trapper and prospector, had the most remarkable fight in the annals of American history. This story has never been published and is an almost incredible tale; yet the writer received the narrative from each of the three soon after its occurrence and their tales were corroborated by a war party of Crows, who were at the place of battle four days afterward. The writer was at the same place a year after the fight and found testimony of its truth.

Beaver were getting quite scarce on the waters of the upper Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, and these three trappers concluded to hunt for fresh streams and trapping grounds new. So in the latter part of April, 1875, they, with eight horses and a good supply of traps, provisions and ammunition for their needle guns, went across Clarke's

Fork and Pryor creek and around the point of Pryor mountain (the extreme northwestern peak of the Big Horn range) to Beauvais creek, which empties into the Big Horn river about ten miles below the ruins of old Fort C. F. Smith. About ten miles down from the head of this creek the trappers found in a sharp bend of the stream and under a high bluff, some standing lodge poles. Scattered around were some tin dishes, pieces of canvas and clothes and some fragments of wolf skins and men's bones. The lodge poles showed the mark of bullets and the three concluded that here had been the winter camp of Lee and Ackerly, and that they had been killed by Indians, who had fired volleys from the bluffs above. Three miles below this our trappers found some beaver signs, and having concluded to set their traps for a day or two, went into camp. The spot they chose was a little opening near the creek, having on each side thick patches of choke-cherry bushes. Near the center of this open place were a few box-elder trees; under these they unpacked and laid their trappers' outfit. Heavy brush lined the stream on either side for a mile down the creek. Above, and commencing near the camp, was an opening of nearly half a mile in length; then came brush again.

As soon as the packs were taken off, each went out to set his traps. Hubble went up the stream, Charley Cocke down, and Woody set his in the beaver families near by, both above and below.

Next morning the boys went afoot to their respective traps. Charley Cocke looked at his and killed his beaver as he went down and was in the act of skinning one, which he had taken from his lower trap, when, happening to look up, he saw at about three hundred yards distance, a large party of mounted Indians coming up the creek bottom. They saw him at the same time and three or four of them shot at him. He fired in return and killed one of their horses; then went into the brush and worked his way back

to camp. He saw Indians several times while on his way but preferred not to fight till the three were together.

About the time that Cocke reached camp (where he found Woody) heavy firing was heard up the creek, which gradually came nearer, and they knew that Hubble was fighting his way in.

Hubble had heard the firing at Cocke and had worked his way through the brush to the upper end of the open place, in which he saw a large number of Indians. Running parallel with the creek and four hundred yards distant from it, was a high ridge. The bottom being full of little coulies and hiding places, he concluded to take this ridge and made a run for camp. As he made the run across the bottom, he was fired at by probably two hundred warriors. The bullets cut the ground all around him and whistled close to his ears, but he was untouched. He gained the point of the ridge and, having a good position, rested. Hubble had not fired a cartridge as yet, but now, as the Indians were getting too familiar and coming too near, he fired twice in quick succession, each shot taking effect; one killing a horse and the other breaking an Indian's arm. This showing of his skill as a marksman probably saved his life, for as he trotted down the ridge toward camp, the Sioux would ride up and fire at him. When they came too near, he would drop on one knee and raise his gun and they would scatter and retreat as fast as their horses could carry them. After he had done this a few times without shooting, they must have thought that he was out of ammunition, for three made a charge and did not stop when he raised his gun. This time he fired, and shot one through the breast and he fell off his horse. The others turned and ran. He fired again and as the two went over the brow of the hill and out of sight, the one aimed at was leaning forward and holding to the saddle with both hands. Hubble now resumed his trot, and turning down a sharp ridge that

led to the creek below the open place, reached camp in safety after running the gauntlet of five hundred rifles for twenty minutes.

It is easy to imagine the feeling with which Hubble was received by those in camp, for, besides the pleasure of knowing of his safety, each added man was a host in the struggle which they knew was inevitable and imminent.

As soon as Woody had heard the firing he had rushed to camp. Three of the horses that were picqueted near by he brought in and tied to trees. But before he had time to get the others, the Indians dashed in and captured them. Woody exchanged a few shots with them, but when Hubble came in sight, the Indians all paid their attention to him, and Woody and Cocke piled up their saddles, blankets, provisions and everything in camp to protect them while fighting, and when Hubble came in they felt comparatively secure.

The Indians ceased firing for a few moments to develop a plan of battle. Then they posted themselves in the hills on each side, and poured into camp a hail of bullets, which for half an hour came so thick that the boys dared not raise their heads. The horses were riddled, the saddles were shot to pieces, and flour was scattered over the whole camp.

As abruptly as it began, the firing ceased and the Sioux prepared to adopt new tactics. In the interval of quiet the besieged drew into the barricade the body of the nearest horse.

Just after this precaution had been taken, a party of fifty Indians came charging in on horseback. They were received by such a lively and well directed fire, that they soon weakened and retreated, taking with them two of their comrades dead and leaving two horses on the field.

This charging party was hardly out of sight behind the brush on one side, before another, having about the same number, came from the other. These met with the same

reception and soon broke and ran, leaving one of their number fastened under a horse, which, being struck by a bullet, had fallen and caught his rider, who lay at the mercy of the trappers and of course was killed.

After a short interval, the enemy charged again a hundred strong, and again they began to break and straggle as they came near. A few brave ones came on till quite close, but when their leader fell, which he did when about thirty feet away, all retreated and risked no more charges.

The firing from the hills and the charges made quite hot work for our trappers, but the worst was yet to come. For now the Indians left their horses and, crawling into the brush sent their bullets into the camp from all directions and at close quarters. The boys fired slowly and always for blood, and all three being noted shots, they made the most of their bullets tell. There was a point of brush which came close to the barricade on the side at which Cocke was stationed. An Indian came to its edge and Cocke and he fired upon each other at the same moment. The Indian's bullet cut a hole through the hat of Cocke, whose ball pierced the warrior's heart. Cocke made a jump and, taking hold of the dead man, put his body into the breastwork. Soon afterward the Sioux, utterly disheartened, left the brush and went to the hills leaving the bodies of three of their warriors, who were lying near the breastwork, and covered by the rifles of its defenders.

The Sioux made no further attempts to fight. They built at dark, fires on the hills on each side of the creek. When it was fairly dark, the three trappers, taking only their guns and belts full of cartridges, started for the Crow agency. When about two miles away, they looked back and saw that the fires were expiring, and concluded from this that the Indians were leaving also.

On the evening of the third day from this, while going up Rocky Fork of Clarke's Fork, they ran into another

party of twenty Sioux. A few shots were exchanged, but the boys getting into the brush the Indians drew off. At dark the trappers resumed their tramp and arrived at the agency at eleven the evening of the next day, having run into (presumably) the same war party about three miles from their destination.

They told their tale to Frost, the Crow agent, and were not believed. At three in the morning, the war party seen by them took fifty-two horses and mules from the agency corral. The agent now gave credence to the latter part of the story, and was forced to believe the remainder, when, about a week later, a Crow party came in and told what they had seen. While on their way to Tongue river, and as they were crossing the Little Horn, they came upon the trail of about five hundred Ogalalla warriors who were going up the country. Thinking that the object of such a large party must be to attack the agency, the Crows took their trail and followed it. When they came to the scene of the fight, they found that the Sioux had turned back and had gone to their own country by another trail. The Crows saw the bodies of the three Sioux and the dead horses, and the camp just as it was when left by the trappers, and noticed also that one of the box-elder trees, which was about eight inches in diameter, had fallen, being cut in two by bullets. They now took the back trail of the Ogalallas, which they followed to the crossing of the Big Horn, where they found ten bodies freshly placed in trees, and here, as in every other camp which had been made by the Sioux after the fight, were many signs to indicate a large number of wounded.

Bravery and cowardice are but attributes given at birth, and no cultivation will give or take these away; so they should receive neither praise nor blame; yet all admire the first in whatever form it may exhibit itself. To be exposed to the fire of five hundred savages for four hours; to

face death and expect it every moment, and yet to be perfectly cool and self-reliant, requires a quality of courage which was shown no stronger at Thermopolae than here. The Spartans fought for wives, children and homes; these trappers fought but for life.

To these and such as these, all honor should be given, for that they saved those at the Crow agency from a bloody fight and perhaps annihilation, who can doubt?

Perhaps too little credit has been given by those in the settlements for the security they have enjoyed, to these rovers of the prairie, who, always on the frontier, gave notice of the coming of hostiles, and sometimes, as in this case, fought them off by their dauntless courage and unerring aim.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

FORT PEASE EXPEDITION—ADVENTURES BY RIVER AND WITH HOSTILE SAVAGES.

IN June, 1875, an expedition started from Benson's Landing to open up a new country. In the irrepressible conflict between enlightenment and barbarism, this expedition played quite an important part. It was an aggressive move, and carried the war into the enemy's country. The Sioux appreciated the position, and made every endeavor to drive the party away. They succeeded in this, but it cost them many warriors. Our legislators at Washington had, by slow degrees, learned something of the truth regarding the Indians, and as the report of the expedition showed that the Sioux, not satisfied with their own large reservation, would not permit the country to be opened by the whites, the war department took decided steps toward subduing these savages, within a month of the expedition's inglorious ending.

Maj. Pease, Zed Daniels and Paul McCormick conceived the idea that a trading post established near the mouth of the Big Horn would attract nearly all of the Crow trade, and that the rovers of the upper river, whose trapping grounds were nearly exhausted, would make this their headquarters. So they organized an expedition, and built three flat-boats. These they loaded with supplies, and on the seventeenth of June, 1875, with twenty-two men besides themselves, they commenced their voyage down the river.

Eight horses, owned by some members of the party, were taken down overland by three men, who camped with the boat party, at some designated place, every night.

The boat captains were Nelson Weaver, John Peck and Jimmy Crane. The last named ran his boat into a drift pile, when opposite the old agency, and was swamped, by which accident everything was soaked with water, but nothing of value lost.

Just above Stillwater the boat commanded by Peck ran into a snag and was upset. Twenty sacks of flour and other provisions, the Big Horn gun, eight rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition, a barrel of whisky and half a barrel of brandy, Maj. Pease's trunk, and the clothing and personal property of its occupants, were washed out. The Big Horn gun and most of the rifles and ammunition were found by diving, and some of the clothing and all of the flour but three sacks, were recovered during the next day's trip.

About seventeen miles below the mouth of Clarke's Fork, and two miles above Billings' present site, the party came in sight of a hewn tree, which showed by its inscription that it was the highest point ever reached on the Yellowstone by a steam-boat. The Josephine, Capt. Grant Marsh, master, on a tour of discovery, had been there but a week before the arrival of our party.

Without further incident or accident, the three boats arrived at the upper end of a large bottom on the north side of the river, just below the mouth of the Big Horn. When landing, they saw, on the bluffs about a third of a mile away, a small party of Indians. The whites made signs of amity and of their desire to talk, but the Sioux would not respond and soon disappeared.

Next morning a party went down and picked out a place tc build a stockade. Upon the return of this party, the boats were run to the place chosen and work was at once commenced.

Three days after the arrival of the party at this point, Maj. Pease, George Herendeen and John Peck went down the river in a small boat. They traveled carefully and were not troubled by the Indians. They, unseen, passed a party of Sioux between the mouths of Tongue and Powder rivers, but reached Fort Buford without a conflict.

Maj. Pease had been corresponding with some moneyed men in the east, and they had promised that, if he would start a trading post, they would put in a large stock of goods. The major went and saw these parties, and they were willing to make their promise good; but being told at the war department that any goods taken to Fort Pease would be confiscated, they changed their minds.

The party left at the proposed post worked with a will, and in a few days had a stockade one hundred feet square, completed. Then they commenced building log houses inside.

On the day after the departure of Pease and comrades, Sam Shively, Nelson Weaver and Pat Hyde started, with five horses, back to the settlements, and arrived at Countryman's trading post, opposite Stillwater, without incident. Here the trail left the Yellowstone bottom, and ran up a long gulch to a high divide, and over to White Beaver creek. As the three came to this divide, they were fired on by a large party of Indians, who were concealed behind rocks. None were struck in this first volley. Weaver and Hyde left their horses and retreated to a grove of pine trees which was near by. Sam Shively ran to catch a pack horse for which he had a great fancy from old time associations, but was shot dead before he reached it. The other two fought the Indians from trees for a few minutes, when the latter, having all the horses and packs, retired from the field. Weaver was untouched; Hyde was wounded in the point of his right elbow, but thinking it a trifling wound he paid no attention to it. The two survivors walked back to Country-

man's, and next morning there were so many fresh Indian signs near by that they concluded to go to the Crow agency. So, joined by Henry Countryman, who did not dare to stay alone, they crossed the Yellowstone on a raft, and went up the Stillwater to their destination. Hyde caught cold in his wound and suffered with it for a month, and when cured the arm was deformed and stiff.

During the evening of the seventh day after the arrival of the Fort Pease party, two Indians were seen sneaking around the stockade, and were fired at by the guard. The next morning James Edwards and Paul McCormick mounted horses and went out to make a scout before the choppers went to work. About three-quarters of a mile up from the stockade, a gulch leads from the hills. This was skirted by a heavy growth of sage brush where it flattens out on the bottom. Soon after the scouts came into this sage, they saw fresh horse and moccasin tracks. While looking at these, they were saluted by a volley from forty Indians, who were hidden near by in the brush. McCormick's horse was struck in the hip by a bullet from this volley, and became unmanageable, and bucking, jumped right among the Indians, who kept up a fierce fusilade at its rider. Edwards' horse followed its companion, and while trying to control the horses, both of the riders dropped their rifles. As the horses became steadied and started to run for the stockade, all of the Indians appeared to be aiming directly at Edwards, who fell when two hundred yards from his assailants, pierced by seven bullets. His horse was untouched, and ran to the camp. McCormick's horse took his rider to the stockade, and then lay down and died.

The watchers at the stockade saw Edwards raise his arm and fire his pistol at an Indian who came up to scalp him, and the Indian fell.

Those at the post rolled out the Big Horn gun and sent a few shells after the Indians, who fell back into the hills. A

party of ten now went out afoot and brought in the body of Edwards, and he was buried that evening, without ceremony or form, just outside and near the corner of the stockade. Though naught was said, each man felt in his heart the loss of a good comrade and a brave and honest man.

The night after this, Black Carter took the two remaining horses and started to Bozeman for supplies. He traveled only nights, and went through without adventure.

Work on the bastions and buildings was going on all of this time. More caution was exercised after Edwards' death than before. To every chopper there was a guard on watch, and the river was patrolled steadily while the logs were being run.

About ten days after the departure of Carter, Bill Brockaway started, with his gun and axe, to go to the timber. When three hundred yards away from the stockade he was fired on by about ten Indians, who were concealed in the willow brush. He returned their fire and one dropped. He retreated toward the post, but in a moment was met by seven others from there, and all went to where the Indian had fallen, to, if possible, get his scalp. When they were within fifty yards of the brush another volley came, and Taylor Blevins fell. His comrades lay down and fired rapidly at that part of the willows wherein the volley had come, and the Indians retreated.

Blevins was taken in and his wound examined. The bullet had penetrated the cuticle on the left side, near his heart, and had come out on the opposite side of his body. All thought that his heart was pierced, and marveled at his surviving such a wound so long. He refused to eat and was sinking fast, when one of his nurses found, in moving him, that the ball had gone around his body under the skin, and had come out without damaging him at all. Upon being assured of this, the patient jumped up, and has been a firm believer ever since in the power of the imagination to kill, if not to cure.

Carter's mission to the settlements was successful, and a boat was built at Bozeman, which was named the "Rescue." It and a good stock of provisions were hauled to Benson's Landing. There were three other small boats built at this place, and in the latter part of July the fleet of four boats, containing twelve men, started down the river. The "Rescue" was swamped twice on the trip, and most of its cargo was lost, but the small boats took their freight through all right. Near the mouth of Clarke's Fork, the party found the half barrel of brandy lost at the upsetting of Peck's boat, when the first party went down.

When the fleet arrived at Fort Pease, it was received with a salute from the Big Horn gun and great rejoicing generally, for it brought the first news received from the outside world by the party since the expedition had set out on its perilous mission.

All of the meat eaten at the post had to be brought in on the backs of the hunters, and parties of these were out nearly every day. Nearly all of the Sioux were on the upper Yellowstone, and the few around Pease did not dare to attack a party of three or four footmen, so, though Indians were seen occasionally, no more fights occurred till the twelfth of August. On the morning of this day Jack McKenzie, W. O. Millikan and a boy named Gore went a mile and a half up the bottom and then climbed the bluff; just at its edge there was a little band of buffalo. The hunters killed two, and started out to dress them. When about a hundred yards from the edge of the bluff, twenty Indians came charging on horseback from a gulch some three hundred yards away. The hunters fired a volley at them and ran back over the bluff and down a little coulie, which was fringed by patches of willows. The Indians took the ridges on either side, and kept up a steady fire at the bunch of brush in which the hunters lay. The whites returned the fire slowly and carefully, and after half an hour of this kind of fighting the

Sioux retired and went to the bluffs, and the hunters returned to the stockade. McKenzie and Gore were untouched, but Millikan was wounded in the shoulder. The three knew that they had wounded several Indians, and were positive they had killed three.

Six weeks afterward, a party putting out wolf baits found the dead body of a young warrior, lying about a hundred yards from where McKenzie and party were during the fight. He lay with his head near a little spring, as though while in the act of satisfying his thirst he had died.

Pat Sweney and H. B. Potter went down the river bottom on the morning of the same day on which this fight occurred, and finding no game, were returning by way of the table-lands. One of them shot at a wolf; then for some whim, they left the trail that they were on and went obliquely to the bottom. As they walked down the bluff they came in sight of an Indian, who, from a small patch of brush, was intently watching the trail that the boys had just left, which crossed the little gulch in which he stood, about fifty yards away from him. His horse was tied in another patch of brush, about forty yards below. The boys could have killed the Indian, but concluded, as he did not see them, to get the horse and not to shoot unless it became necessary. So Sweney covered him with his rifle while Potter slipped up and took the horse. If the Indian knew of their presence he made no sign, and they came to the fort with their prize.

Leaving the members of this expedition for awhile, we will record some of the events that were happening on the upper Yellowstone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ACCIDENTS AND INDIAN FIGHTING ON THE UPPER YELLOWSTONE.

Just after the first Crow agency was built on Mission creek, a wire rope was stretched across the Yellowstone at Benson's Landing. This rope broke twice during the summer of 1874, and this season it was considered unsafe to run anything but a small boat across on it.

On the fifth of June, a Crow Indian named Yellow Leggings, with his squaw and pappoose, came to the ferry and asked to be ferried across. Frank Williams and Johnny Dolan volunteered to take them over. The Crow put his squaw and child aboard, with the lodge, saddles, etc., and they started. Williams held the boat too squarely across the current, and when about the center of the river, the old rope broke. There was a large knot near its end, where it had been spliced previously. As the boat dropped down with the current, the wire ran swiftly through the blocks that held the skiff. When the blocks came to the knot, the boat was instantly stopped and dipped under, and everything was swept out by the resistless current. Just before the boat came to the end of the wire, Johnny Dolan sprang overboard and swam for the shore, which he reached safely. Frank Williams never rose to the surface, and it is supposed that he was struck by something in the boat and stunned. The squaw and pappoose floated down the river for a quarter

of a mile, and then were overtaken and rescued by Yank Evarts, who had jumped in a small boat just after the accident happened.

During the latter part of June a man named Thorpe came to Benson's Landing with beef cattle for the Crow agency. The beeves did not want to cross the river, and Thorpe hired George Town to help drive them over. George's horses were out on the flat about half a mile from the river. Town, departing from the custom of the frontiersmen, who always go armed, went out without gun or pistol. One of the horses was hobbled. This one he soon caught, but it was so wild that he could not ride it bareback, so went after one of the others. They resisted the proposed restraint and worked ahead of him to the hills. When about one and one-half miles from the river, he succeeded in catching one, but just as he mounted it he saw four Indians on a little hill to his left. He tried to change the course of his other horses down. They would not travel fast and the Indians came up within fifty feet and commenced firing at him. George paid no more attention to the other horses, but urging the one he rode to full speed, he struck out for Benson's. The Indians ran him for half a mile, shooting at him all of the time, but did not succeed in either hitting or catching him, and the probabilities are that he never went out unarmed afterward.

Jim Hughes, and a man in his employ named Anderson, went from Bozeman to the Crow agency with two four-mule teams and wagons loaded with goods. The trip was made to the agency and back to Benson's without adventure. On the morning of the fifth of July they left this latter place for Bozeman. When about ten miles on the road, and near where Davis' ranch is now located, about forty Indians came in sight on the hills to the right. Horace Countryman and his son Daniel were mounted and on their way from Bozeman to the Yellowstone.

Meeting Hughes they had stopped to talk to him but a few moments before. When the Indians were first seen, Hughes wished to stop and fight them. The Countrymans would not, but turning their horses rode on at full speed, nor stopped till they arrived at Fleshman's cabin.

A humorous incident is related by old-timers of the Countrymans' ride, which should not be lost to history. Mr. Countryman was mounted on a fine horse, while his son Dan had a lazy mule. When they first started to run, Daniel was continually asking his father to wait for him, for the horse, apparently, could outrun the mule. A small squad of Indians tried to head them off, and came yelling and shooting. This noise awakened the sleeping energies of the mule and Daniel darted ahead, which caused him to change his remark to "Pap, why don't you come on?"

Hughes and Anderson started their mules on a run, but the Sioux were soon in rifle range. At nearly their first volley Anderson was hit in the arm. He jumped out of the wagon and ran into the brush. Hughes was getting his gun ready to fight, when he received a shot in the breast that must have killed him instantly. The mules ran nearly two miles before they were overtaken by the Sioux, who had to kill one of them to stop the team. The Indians took the stock and the gun, but did not touch Hughes' body, for when found his watch was in his vest and there was money in his pocket. Anderson lay in the brush till night, then went up O'Rea creek and across the divide to Middle creek, and down that through Rocky canyon to Bozeman.

Joe Lindley and Ed Forest were near by when Hughes was attacked. They were directly in front of the Indians as they came charging. They turned down a coulie and rode hard at a right angle to the course of the Sioux, and escaped. Then they went to the Fleshman cabin, where they stayed till the next morning, when Lindley, with a party, took horses and hauled Hughes' wagons and body to Bozeman.

The same day that Hughes was killed, a party of Indians (probably the same) went to Lindley's cabin on Shields river and took from it everything that was portable but a Bible. This was an unintentional sarcasm, for the Bible was the only thing he had, on which he did not place some value.

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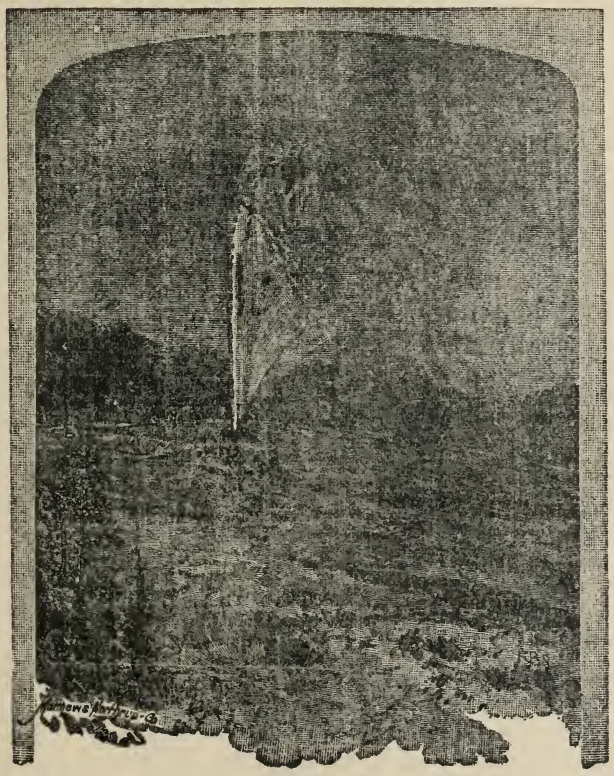


CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN ACT OF HEROISM — TROUBLE AT THE CROW AGENCY — FIGHT WITH A MOUNTAIN LION.

ON the morning of the seventh of July, there were six soldiers from Fort Ellis at Benson's Landing. They were going to the Crow agency, and with Dr. Hunter's youngest son, Stonewall, and two civilians, were crossing the river in the same boat, hung on the same rotten wire which, breaking, had caused the death of Frank Williams a month previous. When the boat was in the strongest current, the wire again broke and four soldiers, Stonie Hunter and one of the civilians were drowned. As the boat filled, Sergt. Frie (who had charge of the detachment) jumped out and started to swim for shore. When about half way to the land, he heard little Stonie cry for help, and turning back, swam to the boy and, taking him on his shoulders, again turned shoreward; but his strength gave out under this double burden and he and his charge disappeared to rise no more.

To appreciate this act of heroism the circumstances must be known. In high water, as it was then, the river runs at this place with a velocity of twelve miles an hour, with quick, circling eddies that can hardly be breasted by the best swimmer. When Frie first turned he was assured of his own safety, for he was in comparatively smooth water; but his generous heart could not resist the cry of a child in distress, and he went back — to die as heroes die.

Four men, who were herding Martin & Myers' cattle, were camped on that fork of Shields river which heads near Flathead pass. When the news came to Bozeman of the killing of Hughes, and of the presence in the country of a large Sioux war party, the first idea of its people was that the herders might need help; so twelve men mounted and went to where they were camped. The boys were all safe and had seen no Indians. The day after, W. F. Sloan, J. W. Grannis, Harry Rae and Richardson mounted their horses and rode to a hill about one and a half miles away, to look for some cattle. As they came to the brow of the hill, they received a volley from about twenty Indians who were concealed behind it. The horse rode by Grannis bucked and threw him off. He struck the ground in such a way as to break his arm near the wrist. Though faint with pain he jumped up and ran down the hill. Sloan, whose horse was shot through the abdomen, stopped when but a short distance away from the Indians and took Grannis behind him, and the wounded horse went with his double burden for a mile, and then gave up and died. The other two in the party had put spurs to their horses and gone at full speed to camp. The Indians did not pursue them, but capturing the loose horse went their way.

Indians had shown themselves several times during the early summer around the new Crow agency, but owing to lack of opportunity had done no harm. During July, White Calfee, with four men and several teams, was engaged in getting out logs on Stillwater, about ten miles below the agency. One morning, in the latter part of the month, while going to the timber, they were attacked by a band of forty Sioux. The whites retreated slowly to the timber and though fired at continually from long range, by the Indians, suffered no damage except the killing of two oxen. About noon the Indians withdrew, and at night the choppers went to the agency. While this skirmish was in

progress the whites heard two or three sharp volleys up the river, and they supposed (which supposition was correct) that the Sioux were killing Mexican Joe, who was herding cattle about a mile and a half above Calfee's party. The body of the herder was found the next day lying in the creek, thrown there, it is assumed, by the Indians.

A little later on in July, a band of Sioux made another raid on the stock at the Crow agency and captured or killed all of the work cattle, which were feeding about half a mile from the agency buildings. Two men, who were herding them, fired at the Indians as they dashed in, and then spurred their horses toward the brush which lined the creek. The Sioux fired repeatedly at the retreating herders, and one of their many shots struck James Hilderbrand in the arm and cut an artery. He rode about a hundred yards after being wounded and, becoming faint, fell off his horse and was soon killed by Indian arrows. The other herder arrived at the agency unharmed but badly demoralized.

The agency buildings were not completed, though the workmen had been busily engaged in cutting and hauling logs; but they could not be induced to go out after this till Nelson Story came down with twelve men, when work was resumed and progressed as before.

While Story's train was going down the Yellowstone bottom, and as it was crossing one of the Deer creeks, Capt. Dusold, at that time deputy United States marshal, was shot at by two young Sioux warriors who were hidden in the brush. Mr. Story, Mich Boyer and two others gave chase, but did not succeed in catching them. In coming back from the chase they found and took the cache made by the Indian boys when they had stripped for the fight. There were in it two blankets, two saddles, several pairs of moccasins and a nice pipe.

Among the number who went to work upon Story's ar-

rival was Ed Farnham, who was a chopper in the timber. About two weeks afterward he had an adventure that, with a weaker man, might have proved fatal. All of the workmen kept their rifles with them and Farnham had on his cartridge belt, from which was suspended a sheath knife. While chopping he became thirsty and, laying down his axe, went to a spring some three hundred yards away to drink. He was in the act of kneeling down by the water, when a puma, or mountain lion, sprang at him from the brush on the other side of the spring. Farnham instinctively threw up his left arm, which the lion seized in his mouth. The weight and momemtum of the animal threw Farnham over, but he succeeded in keeping the puma from his throat and after a struggle was able to get his sheath knife out, with which he soon dispatched the ferocious animal. But with its sharp teeth the animal had mangled the flesh on Farnham's arm from the wrist to the shoulder, and it was feared for awhile that it would be necessary to amputate the limb, but the wound finally healed. This is the only known case of a puma attacking a man in this country. This one had probably lost its caution through the promptings of the pangs of hunger.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FORT PEASE AGAIN.

WHEN the buildings at Fort Pease were all completed, the time dragged for its inmates; almost the only excitement was hunting, and small parties were continually going out. One of these parties found a club-footed horse running loose and drove him to the stockade. He was found to be mean and balky, so a chain was fastened to one foot and he was allowed to run loose. His favorite feeding place was about five hundred yards away and in plain sight of the stockade. Several times during the fall the Indians tried to run him off, but only succeeded in making targets of themselves for all the rifles in the fort. Each war party that came up tried this, and not till two warriors were killed did they let the old club-foot alone.

The pets of the little garrison were a grayhound, brought down by Maj. Pease, and a raven that was taken from its nest in the spring and tamed. The former was very fleet and twice during the summer was sent after antelope that had come near the post, and each time she had caught and killed one.

The raven was a great thief, and nothing bright that was in his power to handle, escaped his mischievous talons, and every new-comer in the fall would be astonished by the raven's alighting on his shoulder and croaking in his ear. The bird disappeared about the first of December and it

was supposed that it had been killed by some hard-hearted member of the party, from whom it had been stealing.

But a few days after McKenzie and party's fight, a force of about five hundred Sioux, supposed to be the war party that had been committing depredations on the upper river, came circling around the bottom and fired at the stockade from long range. The garrison returned a lively fire from the bastion and from portholes in the stockade, and soon after the Big Horn gun was rolled out; and when the Indians had received a few shells from it they withdrew from the field with several of their number wounded.

Soon after this, McCormick, with three others, traveled afoot up the river to Bozeman. At Benson's landing he made two boats, and loading them with goods, again floated down the river. With him were George Herendeen, John Williamson and another man.

Herendeen, after separating from Maj. Pease at Buford, had gone up the Missouri river by steamer to Carrol and overland from there to Bozeman.

McCormick left one of the boats and most of his goods at Baker's battle ground in charge of Herendeen, and with the other boat and the remainder of the goods he, accompanied by Williamson, went on to Fort Pease, and the next day after his arrival at that place, he again started up the river for another load of goods.

In November, E. S. Topping built a mackinaw at Botteler's, on the upper river, and with a load of specimens from the National Park, started down the Yellowstone on his way to the Centennial. David Kennedy, an ex-soldier from Fort Ellis, accompanied him on the trip. A day's run brought them to Benson's landing, and finding Jack McKenzie and Billy Smith there, preparing to take a stock of goods down the river, they waited till the third day, when the fleet of four boats started down together.

McKenzie's boats were not well handled and were turned

over several times on the trip. At least half of his merchandise was lost and nearly all of the remainder was carried in the large boat. When near Fort Pease, the weather turned cold, and Topping, seeing that the river was going to freeze up, concluded to stop near the fort for the winter and wolf; so just above the mouth of the Big Horn he left some provisions, ammunition and bedding, and ran the boat down to Pease. The next day Topping, Kennedey and Williamson, who had joined at Baker's battle ground, walked back, and crossing the Yellowstone on a raft, packed their things about three miles up the Big Horn, and built there a small log house, then went to hunting and baiting for wolves.

In the latter part of September the wolfers at Pease's commenced putting out wolf baits, and as the Indians did not show themselves, they went out two or three together to skin the wolves. About the first of October a German named Fred Harlan went out, against advice, alone, to a bait. Just after he disappeared in the hills back of the fort, a volley was heard in that direction, and a party of about eight men went out there and found Harlan's body lying just at the head of a little coulie. The signs indicated that he had had no chance to fight, but was killed by the first volley, which was fired from close quarters.

No more Indians were seen for two months, and the wolfers were out in every direction. Baits were spread on both sides of the Yellowstone as far down as the Rosebud, and up the Big and Little Horn rivers to the Big Horn range.

McCormick had bought a large stock of goods at Bozeman, and early in November started with it down the river. The weather turned suddenly cold, and at the mouth of Sweetgrass creek he was stopped by ice and had to go back to Bozeman for teams with which to transport his goods to their destination.

At the fort quite a large number of wolf skins were being brought in daily, and it bid fair to be a prosperous season

for the trappers, till near the middle of December, when the Uncapapa Indians again came, and in strong force. The first sign of their presence was shown on the sixteenth of December, when they attacked Topping & Co., on the Big Horn, and fought them for seven hours.

Kennedey and Williams had killed a large number of buffalo on the fifteenth, and next morning arose early to skin some of these, which they had not been able to attend to the day before. Topping had come in late at night, tired, from a trip up the Big Horn, and did not get up the next morning till breakfast was ready. Just as the first two were getting up from the table (an elk skin spread on the ground), they heard tramping outside, which they thought was from a band of buffalo, so Kennedey ran one way and Williamson the other, while Topping continued his breakfast. In a moment the latter heard two shots in quick succession, which came from the direction that Kennedey had taken, and knowing then that it meant Indians, he seized his gun and ran out. At about seventy-five yards from the cabin he met Kennedey, and together they ran back. Bullets came whistling between and around them, but luckily neither was wounded.

Kennedey had run right among twenty of the savages but did not like to fire upon them, for he had the impression that they were Crows. He was soon undeceived, for one directly in front shot at him with a Winchester. He instantly returned the fire, and the Indian dropped from his horse; then turning he ran back. Williamson reached the cabin just after the others, and reported seeing a hundred Indians, which estimate, when his mind became clearer, he was constrained to reduce to eight. The Indians posted themselves on either side of the little cabin, and sent in quite a lively fire, nearly all of the day. The chimney of split sticks, plastered with mud, was shot to pieces, and the exterior surface of the logs was dotted with bullet holes. The boys inside were shooting

slowly through the port holes, only firing when they saw a good opportunity. They succeeded in killing three of their assailants, and by the signs found two days afterward, when Topping and a small party from the post went back for their effects, quite a large number was wounded. Just before sundown the firing ceased, and when it became dark, the three whites made a sneak to the river, and went down on the ice to Fort Pease, at which place they stayed the remainder of the winter.

On the morning of the fifteenth, Orin Mason, Jeff Thompson and Billy Casto left Baker's battle ground for the Big Horn river, to participate in the winter's wolfing. They had their saddle and five pack horses loaded with provisions, ammunition, etc. Their intention was to go to Topping's camp, but not knowing its exact location, they went too high up and came in sight of this river on the eighteenth, about fifteen miles above its mouth. As they approached the edge of its bottom, about a hundred Indians came dashing from coulies on each side and in front. They saw at once that all they had to hope for was to save themselves, so they left their horses and ran to a little washout near by, and from it fired at every Indian who showed his head. About fifteen minutes after the fight commenced, Orin Mason, while raising his head to take aim at an Indian, was struck in the forehead by a bullet and instantly killed. The other boys fought on for about three hours, when the Indians drew off. Then the two survivors, after burying Mason's body in a grave dug by knives and hands, took their weary way back up the river. Casto was untouched, but Thompson had been hit in the finger by a small bullet, which had cut off the bone but had left the skin on either side.

H. B. Potter, Neil Gillis, By Nutton, Lawrence Young, John Willis, William Turner and Johnson started out on the twelfth of December to put out some wolf baits on the Little Horn. They went into camp on the seventeenth, about

five miles above the mouth of the latter stream. On the eighteenth they heard plainly the sound of the firing between Mason and comrades and the Sioux, but thought it was made by Crows on a buffalo hunt. There was a disagreement in the party, and on the morning of the nineteenth the four of the party last named left the others, and went about five miles farther up the Little Horn, and that night killed and poisoned a buffalo bull. Early the next morning John Willis and Lawrence Young went out afoot to look at the wolf bait. They found several dead wolves, but all had been cut up by Indians. They turned and started back to camp as fast as they could walk. As they were passing through an opening fringed with thick brush on either side, they were fired on by about twenty concealed Indians, not thirty feet away. Neither of the men was touched, though Willis had his clothes cut in several places by bullets. They started on a run and were soon out of range of the Indians, who did not follow them, and going to camp, packed up and went down to where the other party were, and together came to Fort Pease.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TROUBLE AT BAKER'S BATTLE GROUND.

JAMES PARKER, William Smith and Squires were stopping during December with George Herendeen, at Baker's battle ground. On the twenty-sixth of the month they concluded to go up Pryor creek on a wolfing expedition; so, packing their three horses—themselves being afoot—they started. During the afternoon of the twenty-eighth they arrived at and camped on Pryor creek, and, picqueting their horses on a bluff near by, prepared supper. An hour afterward, while they were smoking their after-supper pipe, they heard on the bluff the sound of animals running. Thinking it to be buffalo, they picked up their guns and ran toward the hill. They were not more than fifty yards on their way when a large party of mounted Indians came dashing over the bluff, shooting and yelling. Each of the three fired a shot and then ran to the brush, which was quite thick at this point. The Indians followed them very closely, and for an hour were scouring the brush, several times passing near to the place in which the three lay concealed. Just at dark Parker tried to get into the camp to secure some ammunition that had been put in the edge of the brush when they first unpacked. When near the place, he was fired on by several concealed savages, who were so near him that he was powder-burnt, though untouched by bullet. He ran back, and the three worked carefully toward the creek,

and about ten o'clock they crossed the stream, and, choosing a time when the moon went under a cloud, they made a run across the flat and found refuge in a coulie seven miles from their camp, in the hills, where they remained until the next night. They saw Indians several times during the next day, who did not succeed in finding them. At night they resumed their journey toward Herendeen's, but in the darkness did not take quite the right course, and came to the Yellowstone about six miles above the cabin, just where the cliffs break precipitously to the river, opposite Billings' present location. Finding a cave, they built a fire and stopped there till sunrise in the morning, when they again struck out. When four miles down the river, some Indians came in sight and made signs that they wished to talk. The boys refused to have anything to do with them, and waved them back. Three of the reds persevered and came on. When they were about three hundred yards distant Smith took careful aim and fired. The center Indian was supported and carried off by his two companions, either killed or wounded. The Indians now commenced firing, at long range, on the three whites, who lay down in a buffalo wallow and returned the fire. In about thirty minutes the firing ceased and the Indians left. The worn out and hungry wolfers continued their course, and soon came opposite Herendeen's cabins.

The same day on which these men had started on their trip, Skukum Joe, Ed Forest and Honest Ben Walker came to Herendeen's place to spend New Year's. Late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, a party of fifteen Crow Indians came to the same place and concluded to stay that night. They made a little wicky-up between the two dug-outs, and were given flour and coffee and dishes to cook them in. Early the next morning, as they were preparing to leave, Herendeen found that they had stolen some choice wolf skins from a number that were hanging on a scaffold

near by, and, leveling his rifle at the leader of the party, he forced him to have them hunted up. When the missing articles were found the transgressors were allowed to depart.

In about half an hour after their departure, heavy firing was heard up the river, and two of the boys at the dugouts went after and brought the horses to camp. By the time this precaution had been taken Squires and companions had come to the opposite side of the river, which was open at this place but was frozen across about one and a half miles below. The three desired to have the horses brought over, but the running ice rendered the exploit hazardous, and they were told to go down the river to the ice bridge, and the party at the cabins would walk down on the opposite side and protect them from any Indians who might be in the bluffs. This programme was carried out, and without being attacked, they came in to safety and rest.

All of the trappers in this section believed that the attacking party in this case were Crows, who did not wish to see their reservation invaded. The three horses captured by them on Pryor creek were all killed, which would not have happened had they been Sioux. And it is known, also, that a Crow warrior (brother of Good Heart) was killed near here during this winter, and it was supposed that he received his death wound from this party.

The second attack was probably made by the Crow war party that had stayed at the dugouts the night before, as they were greatly incensed at the humiliation of being forced to surrender the stolen skins, and had left muttering vengeance.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FORT PEASE CONTINUED—A FIGHT AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

ALL of the wolfers in that section of the country had been run by the Sioux into Fort Pease. None but hunting parties went out during the remainder of this month, and though Indians were seen quite often, no more fighting was done until the second of January, 1876.

On the morning of this day, Hubble, Charley Cocke, Johnny Dolan, Topping and four others went down the Yellowstone for a few days' trip, to look at some wolf baits and to put out others. Two hours after their departure, Pat Sweney, Neil Gillis, Jim Dewings, By Nutton and Muggins Taylor saddled each a riding horse and went up the coulie in which Edwards had been killed, to the table lands. Here they found a band of buffalo, and, killing some fat cows, packed each of the horses with choice meat and started back to the stockade, driving their horses ahead of them. They found, at the head of the coulie which they had come up, fresh signs of horses going at full speed—hoof-prints which had been made while they were packing the buffalo. There was a way to the fort which, if taken, would have kept them from being caught in an ambush, but they went back on the same trail by which they had come and ran directly into the trap which had been set for them. When they were about a mile from the fort, where

the trail wound close to a sharp ridge, they heard the report of the cannon at the post, and while trying to catch their horses they were saluted by a volley from one hundred and fifty Indians who were posted behind the ridge, not more than one hundred yards away. The boys were untouched and made for the center of the gulch, where ran a small, dry water course of about two feet in depth. The horses crowded right behind the hunters and probably saved them, for the Sioux fired rapidly and all of the horses but one were killed before reaching the water course. This shallow cut made but a poor defense, and in a moment after his arrival there, Sweney was struck in the breast by a bullet, which penetrated his right lung. As he was hit he cried out, "boys don't let the red devils get me," and they, though they could have slipped down the little cut and escaped, stayed and stood off the merciless foes, thus saving him from their cruel hands.

But a few minutes afterward, Neil Gillis received a bullet in the thigh, and at nearly the same time By Nutton was shot through the calf of the right leg. Two bullets from the next volley that came also did execution, one going through the muscle of Jim Dewing's arm and the other taking away a piece of Muggins Taylor's thumb and a chunk of wood from his gun-stock.

Sweney was lying helpless, but the others were doing fine shooting, and the Indians, who were suffering from this fire, drew off to longer range; then Neil Gillis concluded to make his way to the post and stir up the men left there, so he worked carefully down the gulch. When near its mouth, he ran into a party of six Sioux, who fled as soon as they discovered him. He fired his rifle rapidly and killed two of their number before they were out of his reach.

When the Indians first came in sight of the stockade, they divided into two squads; the greater number posted themselves at the mouth of the coulie, while the others re-

AFTER L.A. HUFFMAN.

Rain in the face.
The slayer of Custer.

mained on the hill. Those at the fort rolled out the Big Horn gun and sent some shells near to the party in the coulie, causing them to take to the hills. When Gillis came in sight, Potter, Turner and five others went to meet him. He told them of the others being wounded and they pressed on. The five followed up a ridge, while Potter and Turner went directly up the gulch. The latter were in full sight of the Indians, who, from about five hundred yards distance, fired rapidly at them; but they persevered, shooting as they went, and the Indians retired.

The three who had remained with Sweney fought steadily for half an hour, till the report of Gillis' firing was heard; then all of the Indians suddenly left, and they, though all crippled, were carrying Sweney when met by the party from the stockade. Gillis saddled the last horse at the fort, and though crippled and weak from loss of blood, took water out to Sweney, meeting the party at the mouth of the coulie.

Those at the post looked, with field-glasses, from the bastion when the report of the rifles was first heard, and though they could not see any of the combatants at that time, they saw where the Sioux made their hospital, and when the fight ceased, they saw them pack thirteen horses with dead and wounded.

Two days after this event, Hubble and party came back to the fort. They had found a great quantity of frozen wolves at the baits, and though they had seen Indians were not attacked.

At eleven in the evening of the same day, McCormick came in with a train and a large quantity of goods.

On the morning of the second day after this, just after the stock had been turned out to feed, nine Indians, five from the hills and four from the river bottom, made a dash for the herd. There were two herders. One of these (John Barlow) kept his presence of mind and fired rapidly

at the advancing Indians. The other one, a German, and unused to frontier life, became excited and pumped his Winchester rapidly in the air without aim. All of the well men in the stockade went out on the run, firing as they advanced, and the Indians abandoned their stampeding scheme and retreated to the river bottom.

At twelve that night, the train, with some of the useless men from the stockade, started on its return trip up the river and arrived in safety at the settlements.

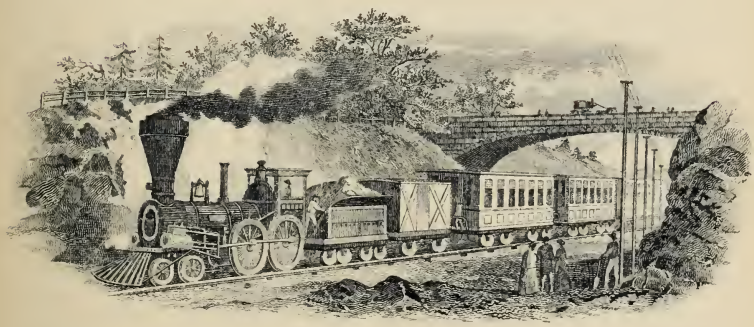
After the departure of the train, the time at the post was whiled away by hunting, and gambling for cartridges and wolf skins.

Before he had left the Big Horn, Topping had killed and hung up several fat white-tail deer. As meat was getting scarce, Hubble, Topping and two others concluded to go up and pack this to the post. When coming back they found on Tullock creek one of the horses that had been in the Sweney fight. It belonged to By Nutton and had been shot in several places. It was able to walk, however, and the boys brought it to Pease, where it finally recovered.

On the twentieth of the month, after eighteen days' struggle with death, Sweney succumbed, and another great heart was added to the long list of victims of the savage Sioux.

Near the latter part of January, three men went across the Yellowstone on the ice and walked up the river bottom. About two miles from the post they came upon a band of buffalo and killed three. While they were dressing these, they were astonished by hearing heavy firing in the hills just back of them, about three-quarters of a mile away. They retreated to the timber and went back to the fort. About two hours afterward, there came to the stockade one hundred and twenty Crow warriors, headed by Bear Wolf and Old Crow, who reported that they had found the trail of a small Sioux war party in the Wolf mountains and had

followed it to the bluffs overlooking the Fort Pease bottom, where, intently engaged in watching the little hunting party, they found and surprised eight Sioux warriors, and after about forty minutes' fighting, had succeeded, without harm to themselves, except the wounding of two of their number, in killing seven of them. After scalping and mutilating the bodies, the Crows came to the fort and spent half of the night in having a scalp dance. A Crow played a trick on one of the boys at the stockade, which was rather ghastly and yet was amusing. The Crow reached out a hand from under his blanket to be shaken, and when Muggins Taylor (who was the man greeted) took hold of it, it was left in his clasp. It was a hand that had been cut from a dead Sioux.



CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST FIGHT AT AND DESERTION OF FORT PEASE.

QUITE a number of wolfers came from the upper river with McCormick's train, and they brought with them about twenty horses, which made meat-getting for the fort easier, for a large quantity could be brought in at once.

The boys went out in quite strong parties, and none of them were attacked till near the last of February, when Black Carter, Joe Jessie, Jim Crane, Ford, Andy Arnstadt, Ed Fox and Negro Joe, with thirteen horses, started on a trip down the river to examine their wolf baits. They camped the first night out at the lower end of the Pease bottom, about nine miles from the post. During the night the weather became extremely cold, and in the morning the party moved to a thick bunch of brush across the river, for better shelter, where they stayed all of this day, trying to keep warm.

The thermometers at the fort, of which there were three, were all frozen, but not until one had recorded forty-four degrees below zero. It was just as cold the next morning; but as meat was required in camp, James Crane went up the river on a hunt and Ed Fox and Arnstadt down the stream. The latter party went about a mile away, but being unable to keep warm, turned back. At about half

a mile from camp they met Joe Jessie coming out, who said, in answer to their remarks about the cold and scarcity of game, that he was going to get meat if it took two days.

They came to camp, and a half hour afterward, while standing around a burning pile of logs, they heard the tinkling of bells, and looking through an opening in the timber, saw a large number of mounted Indians filing past. They had not discovered the party of whites and probably would have passed by without doing so, but Black Carter could not be restrained from shooting at them. Instantly after the report of his gun, the Indians fired a volley and dashed into camp. The whites returned the compliment and concealed themselves in the dense brush near by. Part of the Indian force drove away the horses which were in the opening, and others came and took possession of the camp. Quite a number were standing close to the fire and were in plain sight of Ed Fox, who, taking careful aim at one, fired. At the report of his gun the Indian aimed at fell face downward into what would have been his crematory had not two of his comrades seized him by the feet and dragged him swiftly into the brush on the opposite side. The others at the camp also quickly sought shelter in the brush.

About this time heavy firing was heard down the river, which lasted for about twenty minutes, then ceased. The Indians near by had been firing into the brush, and soon after the musketry stopped below, there came a very hot fire from the whole force of Sioux, which, however, did no execution, for all of the whites were lying in little hollows in the willows. They did not have much of a chance to fight, but would shoot whenever an opportunity offered them to do any execution.

The firing ceased after about fifteen minutes, and the boys anxiously awaited the next hostile move, which soon came. Slight noises made by twigs being broken, and glimpses of

moving forms, showed that the Indians were scouring the brush. Two of the savages were passing carefully by where Ford and Arnstadt were concealed. The Indians heard the noise made by Ford when getting in position, and stopped, but before they saw where the two whites were, one received a bullet through his heart from Ford's gun. The other dropped low and wiggled away. All of the Indians now left the brush, and again the boys were in suspense. But a few moments after this, Jimmy Crane came from the river to the fire, with a deer on his shoulder, not having heard a shot. One of the boys called him to the brush, and he, full of surprise and grateful for the warning, hid with the others.

In a few minutes a single shot was heard coming from about a quarter of a mile down the river, quickly followed by another.

The Indians had been standing in a group just outside the timber. As soon as the second shot was heard, about twenty-five broke away from the main body and went at a gallop toward the spot whence the report came, and soon afterward several volleys were heard from there in quick succession. When these ceased a whoop of triumph was heard and those near camp knew that poor Joe Jessie was slain.

It was supposed by signs found afterward, that Jessie had been wounded in the thigh, at the time the heavy firing had been heard down the river, and had crawled toward camp till worn out, and in a fit of despair or rage had fired at the group of Indians, who followed and dispatched him.

The cold was so intense that the boys had to exercise or be frozen, so they started in a body toward the river, and though within two hundred yards of the Sioux and in plain sight, not a shot was fired, and the party crossed the river and made their way to the post unmolested.

Negro Joe had his feet frozen, and all of the party had fingers or toes nipped by the biting frost.

Two weeks afterward the weather moderated and a party

went down and found and brought up the body of the unfortunate Frenchman. It had been mutilated terribly. The skull had been cut open with a hatchet, the brains taken out and part thrown up in a tree, and the remainder lay by his side with an arrow sticking through them, while the body was filled with bullet holes and arrows. A few days after this, several of those at the fort, being satisfied that the Indians would not allow the wolves that were lying at the baits to be skinned, and wishing to save their horses, resolved to go up the river, which resolution was carried into execution.

There was but one horse left at the post after their departure. This one was owned by Topping, and was kept inside of the stockade. He used to make his regular trips morning and evening to the different cabins to get his rations of bread, and once in awhile a party would go out on the meadow and get him some hay.

Those who had gone to the settlements told such hard tales of the dangerous life at Fort Pease that the residents of the Gallatin valley held meetings, and the commandant at Fort Ellis telegraphed to the war department at Washington the supposed condition of the wolfers at Pease, and was ordered by the department to go down to their relief; so a strong party made up of military and citizens went down to this post.

None of those at the stockade but the traders wished to leave, but all were forced to go. Topping particularly wished to stay till the ice broke in the river, when he would have run to the States with his specimens. Four others were willing to take the chances and remain with him; but arguments were of no avail — they had to go — and on the morning of the tenth of March, 1876, the post, which had been a home and a hell for so many, and a monument of frontier enterprise and daring, was deserted by all but four, who lay, calmly enough, just outside the stockade walls and under the shadow of the bastion.

It was estimated, and on good grounds, that twenty thousand dollars worth of wolf skins were left to rot at the baits put out from Fort Pease.

When starting up, the grayhound, having a greater attachment for place than people, did not want to go. One of the boys tied a rope to her neck and led her for quite a distance, but, being turned loose, she went directly back, and six weeks afterward, when the troops came again to the stockade, she was there, well and apparently happy.

As the command arrived at Sweetgrass they were met by a courier from Fort Ellis, who brought a dispatch for Gen. Brisbin, ordering him to stop his command on this creek, for a military movement against the Sioux had been resolved upon by the government.

At last (after many years of Indian depredations, after the bones of many of America's bravest pioneers had been left to bleach on the western prairies, killed by these ruthless devils, who, fed and clothed by the government, went from their agencies, ostensibly to hunt, in reality to gratify their bloody lust) the government had awakened to a realization of the true situation, and the only way in which these cowardly murderers could be controlled was taken. Good usage and a mild, liberal policy had been tried for years; but the majority of writers to the contrary, notwithstanding, the feeling of gratitude had no place in their breasts, and only fear or hunger would subdue them.

CHAPTER XLI.

BLACK HILLS STAMPEDE — DEATH OF CHARLEY COCKE.

A PART of the command was left at Sweetgrass creek, and the remainder, with the wagon train, continued on its way to the settlements.

Those who had been taken from Fort Pease were disgusted with themselves and the world at large, and the reports from the then newly-discovered diggings of the Black Hills being rose-colored, nearly all joined with one of the two expeditions from Montana that went to that country via Benson's Landing and Big Horn. Each of these expeditions had a skirmish with Indians when entering the Black Hills, one man being killed in the first party.

All Montana, and the agricultural districts in particular, were having, this spring of 1876, the hardest times ever experienced in the territory. No. 1 flour was selling in Bozeman at one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred pounds, and all other products in proportion. The market was overstocked even at that price, for some of the farmers had to sell to pay their taxes and to live. In the early days all farm products brought high prices, and considerable money was made by farmers and gardeners. As the placer mines began to give out, many of the miners turned their attention to agriculture, and overproduction and low prices was the result. When the Black Hills stampede came, many left

the territory for that place; so many, that in 1876 it was called Montana, Junior. Gallatin valley bid fair to become depopulated, but when the Sioux war started, there was such a call for flour and other provisions that the farming interest revived and with it all others, and prosperity again came to the country.

Just after the last expedition left for the Black Hills, Hubble and Charley Cocke started toward the Big Horn country in quest of beaver. At Pryor creek they found some wolf and beaver signs, and concluded to camp and trap for a few days. It was about four in the afternoon when they unpacked, and soon afterward Hubble went up the creek with a few traps and Cocke went down. When about a mile from camp, Hubble saw in the hills a little band of buffalo, and being short of meat he followed, killed and dressed one, then took a small piece of meat, and after setting his traps returned to camp.

The next morning he looked at his traps, and in returning went by the dressed buffalo, with the intention of cutting off more meat to take to camp. When he reached the carcass he found that all of the choice meat had been cut off and taken away. When leaving the agency he had been told that the Crows were on Pryor creek, and he naturally supposed that the meat had been taken by those Indians; so he turned back to camp to save his things; for, friendly or hostile, it is the Indian creed to steal at every opportunity.

Just before he arrived at camp, he heard firing down the creek. This he supposed to be made by the Crows killing buffalo. As he came in sight of the bottom in which they had camped, he saw several strange horses running with his. He was assured they were Crows and walked carelessly along.

Running from the hills to the creek near camp was a little coulie. Twelve Indians arose from this when he was twenty yards away, and fired at him, but without effect.

With a fifty-yard run he reached the brush. They started to follow him in, but their leader fell at the edge, pierced by a bullet from Hubble's gun, and the remainder held back. Hubble went on till he found a dense thicket, in which he lay quietly till night. The Indians came near him several times during the day, but did not discover him.

The firing he had heard was made by the Indians that were fighting Charley Cocke, who had expressed the intention of taking a long walk down the creek to look for beaver signs.

Hubble heard a shot occasionally till about four in the afternoon when the firing ceased. At dusk he crawled carefully toward camp; he found several Indians in it feasting from the stores, and carefully crept away. He felt a burning desire to kill one of them, but did not dare to provoke a fight, for he had but five cartridges with him; he having been very careless in the morning, had gone out with his belt but half full, the most of which he had fired at antelope during the day.

When it became fairly dark he struck out for the nearest settlements. The weather and the water of Pryor creek, which came to his armpits, were very cold, and to add to the discomfort of his situation he had no matches with which to light a fire, so he had to walk steadily to keep from freezing.

For three days he walked, crossing creeks and rivers, and during this time had not a bite to eat; for though in a game country all of the time, he had seen but one deer on the trip, which he missed. About four in the afternoon of the third day, just as he came to the Yellowstone, he killed a prairie chicken, and was about sitting down to eat it, when he saw two white men riding out of the brush, about a mile ahead of him. He fired his last cartridge but one to attract their attention, but the wind was blowing from them to him and they, not hearing, rode on and out of sight. Taking

the chicken he went on, and following their back trail soon found where they had been camped. There was a campfire still burning, and lying around were several scraps of bread and meat. Hubble put their thrown-away coffee-grounds in a tin can that he found, and steeped them over, and then, in his judgment, ate the best meal he had ever had in his life. After a short rest, he felt refreshed and started again, arriving next morning at Countrymans', at the mouth of Stillwater, where his wants were all supplied.

Knowing that his comrade must be dead, he did not go back. About two weeks afterward his theory was verified by a party of Crows, who found Cocke's body near the camp on Pryor creek, leaning against a tree where he had apparently been in the act of putting a cartridge in his needle gun when hit; for the chamber was open and there was a cartridge gripped fast in his right hand. The bullet passed directly through his brain and death must have been instantaneous.

Had the Sioux known that they had killed him there would have been great rejoicing among them, for he as well as Hubble was known and feared, and before his cool aim many of their number had been converted into good Indians. He never sought a fight with either white or red, but was always an active participant in any hostilities forced upon him. He was cool and deliberate in speech and motion, and neither friend, foe nor circumstance ever induced him to go, when afoot, faster than a walk. He had some odd ways, yet he would do to tie to, either in peace or in war.

CHAPTER XLII.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIOUX WAR — FIGHT WITH CRAZY HORSE.

WHEN the Sioux war was decided upon, Gen. Crook was sent to Fort Laramie, at which place he organized a body of men for the campaign. He had ten companies of the Third cavalry and two of the Fifth infantry, making altogether eight hundred and eighty-three fighting men, besides a large wagon and pack train.

On the first of March, 1876, he started from Fort Laramie and, following the old government road by Fort Fetterman, made camp on Powder river near old Fort Reno.

After a few days' rest, Gen. Reynolds took the cavalry and pack train and went down Powder river on a scout. On the sixteenth of March, when about fifty miles below Reno, he discovered and attacked Crazy Horse's camp of about one hundred lodges. He killed several of the Indians and captured the camp, and before leaving burned the lodges and a large quantity of dried meat The exact number killed in this, as in every other fight had with them by the military, cannot be estimated, for their policy is to sacrifice the living to preserve their dead from the enemy. Four soldiers were killed and one officer and five soldiers wounded.

Gen. Reynolds then returned to Reno, and soon afterward the whole command went back to Fetterman, where

it stayed till the latter part of May. Gen. Crook was busy all this time in getting out supplies and re-organizing the army.

When he again started, which he did on the twenty-ninth of May, he had a force of one thousand and fifty fighting men and about two hundred and fifty civilians as scouts, packers and teamsters.

Again taking the old emigrant trail, the force went on by old Forts Reno and Phil. Kearney to Goose creek (a fork of Tongue river), where a permanent camp was made. A few days after his arrival here, Gen. Crook, leaving the wagons and a sufficient guard, took all the cavalry and pack trains and went slowly across the country toward the head of the Rosebud. His scouts found an Indian encampment near the forks of that stream, on the evening of the sixteenth of June. Early on the morning of the seventeenth he attacked the camp, and after a severe fight, in which the honors were easy, he succeeded in capturing and burning a part of the lodges. There were so many Indians, and they fought so desperately, that Crook did not care, with his small force, to follow them up. So he buried his dead, of which there were nine, and making travois for the twenty-one wounded, went back to his supply camp on Goose creek, and soon after moved the entire command back to new Fort Reno, on which post troops and civilians had been working for several weeks.

While Gen. Crook was thus marching and fighting from the south, two other columns were preparing to move on the enemy from the north. Gen. Gibbon, with four companies of the Second cavalry and two companies of the Seventh infantry and one gattling gun battery, went from Fort Ellis down the Yellowstone, with the intention of joining forces with Gen. Terry, who was coming from below. The command marched slowly and had arrived, about the last of May, at nearly opposite the mouth of the

Rosebud. No hostiles had been seen, but the scouts, with whom was George Herendeen, had found Indian signs enough to show that the command was being watched.

Very little game had been killed on the trip, and the command lying over for a day, two of the soldiers, Quinn, Raymire, and Stokes, a teamster, were permitted to go out on a hunt. They started afoot for the table-lands and went up a long gulch which headed between two buttes that were the highest in that section.

A few moments before these three went out, Herendeen and two soldiers had gone afoot down the river bottom to try and get some white-tail deer. When about two miles away, this latter party heard Indians singing in the bluffs and soon found that the music was made by a party of squaws. Soon after the singing commenced, three volleys of musketry and then some scattering shots were heard by Herendeen near the buttes spoken of, and then he knew the squaws were making medicine for the success of their people in the struggle.

The three soldiers who had gone up the gulch walked right to its head, where, without warning of danger, there came a volley from a party of Sioux who were hidden behind the ridge.

From the position in which the bodies were found, it was thought that Stokes and Raymire were killed at the first volley, but that Quinn ran about a hundred yards before he succumbed to their shots.

Two companies of cavalry saddled up and went out, before whom the Sioux retreated across the Yellowstone, and from the bluffs on that side of the river they watched the ceremony of burying the murdered men. The two buttes now bear the names of the soldiers who were killed near them.

Gen. Terry, with the third column, consisting of twelve companies of the Seventh cavalry and seven companies of

the Nineteenth and Fourth infantry and two gattling gun batteries, started from Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, on the sixteenth day of May, and arrived at Powder river during the last of that month. Just before this command arrived at the latter place, Maj. Moore and three companies of the Sixth infantry went up the river with supplies on the steamer Josephine and established a supply depot at the mouth of the Powder river. While on the way up, the steamer was attacked twice by Sioux, who killed one soldier and wounded another.

Gen. Gibbon's and Terry's command formed a junction near the mouth of the Rosebud, on the fifteenth of June. While lying here, several scouting parties were sent out, and from signs found the hostiles were known to be banded together and camped on the head of the Rosebud or on the Little Horn river. With the command there were four Crows, thirty-three Ree and six Sioux Indian scouts. These, as well as the white scouts, placed the number of warriors in the hostile camp at between three thousand and five thousand. Gens. Terry, Custer and Gibbon, however, placed more reliance in the statements of the different Indian agents and believed there were not more than one thousand Indians all told. From this belief came the massacre of Custer, for that general thought that he could easily whip the camp with his regiment, and Gen. Terry let him go, which he would not have done had he reposed the proper amount of confidence in his scouts.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RENO'S FIGHT.

ON the morning of the twenty-second of June, the camp at the mouth of the Rosebud was broken up. Terry with his infantry, and Gibbon with his whole force, moved up the Yellowstone, and Custer with his entire regiment, the Seventh cavalry, and quite a large pack train, went up the Rosebud.

Before Terry, Custer and Gibbon separated they held a council of war, and the testimony of what passed then and what orders Custer received, are conflicting. By some remarks that Custer made, those with him were led to believe that he was authorized to attack the enemy when found, without further orders. From things said by the other generals after the massacre, it would appear that he was not to attack till the commands were near enough to support each other. Terry, Gibbon and Brisbin alone could verify "the truth of history" on this point.

When twenty miles up Rosebud creek, Custer found the Sioux trail, which, coming from the Little Missouri river, ran up the Rosebud for sixty miles more, and then, turning to the right, crossed the Little Wolf mountains and passed down to the Litt'e Horn river.

Custer made long marches, and on the evening of the twenty-fourth camped on the Wolf mountains, within twenty-two miles of the Indian camp. Lieut. Charles

Varnun, who had charge of the Ree scouts, came in from the front about twelve o'clock, midnight, and reported having seen the camp. At three in the morning the column took up its line of march, and traveling till daylight, camped within ten miles of the foe.

Here Gen. Custer divided his regiment into three battalions. Under his direct command were five companies, C, E, F, I and L. Maj. Reno was given charge of companies A, M and J; and to Capt. Benteen's battalion were given H, D and K companies, while the remaining company B, under Capt. McDougal, was left to guard the pack train.

At this place the Little Horn river flows nearly north. The troops were on its east side and about ten miles from the extreme upper end of the Indian camp, which extended four miles farther.

Gen. Custer's plan was for the battalions to travel together for a distance, then for Benteen to turn off and strike the upper end of the camp. Maj. Reno was to strike them near the camp's center, while Custer would take the extreme lower end of the lodges. Maj. Reno was to be the first to strike and Custer and Benteen were to support him by an attack at either end of the encampment.

Custer's and Reno's battalions traveled along the foothills side by side for about five miles. When they were separating Custer told all the scouts to join Reno. All did so but Mich Boyer and two Crow Indians.

Mich Boyer was a French and Sioux half-breed, who had lived with the Crows for many years. He had long had a presentiment that his life would be taken by the Sioux and in consequence had a deadly fear of, as well as hate for, them. He had told Custer in the morning that there were Indians enough in that camp to eat the entire command. Custer looked at him a moment, and then, turning to his men, gave the command, "Forward!"

Maj. Reno, from the point of separation, turned toward the river. As he came the Indians gave way before him. Crossing the river he dashed on for a mile, and at the edge of a bunch of timber—which lies in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the toe points touching the stream—he stopped, and sending every fourth man into the timber with the horses, formed the others in a skirmish line. But few Sioux were in sight, and these were dashing around on horseback at about seven hundred yards distance. Immense clouds of dust were rolling up in every direction; and this must have demoralized Maj. Reno, for after about twenty minutes firing he, without apparent cause—for the troops could have held the timber against the whole Sioux force—ordered a retreat, and a struggling mass of soldiers recrossed the creek and rushed up the hill.

When the retreat commenced the Indians saw their opportunity, and dashing after the troops, killed twenty-nine of them in this mad, five-minutes' ride from the river to the hill.

When the skirmish line was formed, the three scouts, Reynolds, Girard and Herendeen, were together at the extreme left. Before the retreat came they became separated and neither of them heard the order to retreat. When Herendeen saw that the soldiers had gone, he rushed for his horse and, mounting, rode out. At the edge of the brush he saw twelve soldiers who had been left behind, five of whom were slightly wounded, and together they started for camp. There were so many Indians in front of them that they turned back to the timber and cached themselves. When the lull came they left their horses in the timber and again made a dash and reached camp in safety just as the mass of Indians were coming back from Custer's battle ground.

About three hundred yards from Reno's position, Herendeen found a dead Sioux, from whom he took a pair of

moccasins. When at the command he spoke of seeing the Indian, and Billy Cross (a half-breed) and two Sioux scouts went down to the body to get the scalp. While there a squad of Sioux came between them and camp. The scouts mounted and rode up the river, and though chased for three miles, escaped. Taking the back trail of the regiment they arrived at the mouth of the Rosebud at daylight the next morning, and at Tongue river the next, there telling that the whole command had been annihilated.

Girard and Charley Reynolds knew of the retreat before Herendeen, but when they left the timber the soldiers were three hundred yards ahead of them, while they were about fifty yards apart. Girard was the first to get to the little bench over which the soldiers had gone. Looking ahead, he knew it would be suicide to continue his course, for the flat was full of Indians. Turning around, he saw that Charley Reynolds had been badly shot by an Indian near by, who, shooting again, killed Reynolds' horse, which in falling had pinned its rider to the ground. When Charley fell, he drew a pistol, but must have been nearly dead then, for he held it in a dazed sort of a way, while the Indian again fired and sent a bullet through his victim's brain.

So died a noted frontiersman, a man of great brain and of still greater heart, for whom there was more sincere mourning through the west than for any man killed in this campaign except the dauntless Custer.

All this passed in a moment, and Girard saw it as his horse ran back to the brush. Just as Reno's troops reached the hill the Indians fell back. The cause for this move appeared in a few moments, when Capt. Benteen's battalion swung around the hill and joined Reno.

Benteen had ridden hard, but had been too far to the left to find Indians. When the firing commenced from Reno's skirmish line, Benteen turned and rode fast for the scene of the fight; and his arrival was opportune, for it gave Reno's

troops time to recover their senses and to prepare for the coming struggle.

At this time the pack train and escort were about a mile away and a courier was sent to hurry them up. After a short time they came in and preparations were made to defend the point at which the united troops were located.

Just after Benteen's troops joined Reno, volleys of musketry were faintly heard down the river. All supposed the firing to be from Custer's command, but none thought that it was being annihilated.

There were but few Indians around Benteen's and Reno's position while the fight with Custer was going on, and those officers moved their commands nearly half a mile, looking for a better position than they had; but finding none, went back to the original position and putting the horses and mules in a little hollow, formed the troops, by companies, around. On two sides of the camp, and from five hundred to six hundred yards away, were several high points; the troops were specially placed to guard against attacks from these. Maj. Reno had the command, but Capt. Benteen was in reality the guiding spirit of the defense and put his own company in the position most likely to have the hardest fighting, which was where a ravine, that would hold and hide a large number of men, came up to within one hundred yards of the defense line.

It was between two and three in the afternoon when the troops retreated to the hills and, about half past three, the Indians who had been fighting Gen. Custer, came in masses, and a sheet of flame and smoke encircled the little camp. The soldiers fought desperately and well, and held the savages in check. Capt. Benteen's company suffered greatly. So many were killed and wounded in it that a company was taken from another part of the line to help it defend this most important point.

The wounded men were suffering greatly for water, and

quite a large force tried, about half past four o'clock, to get to the river, which was about one-third of a mile away; but all the Sioux on that side of the camp gave their attention to this party and it was forced to fall back. At dark most of the Indians drew off; and parched tongues, and aching heads and wounds were soon relieved by an abundance of cool water.

From the testimony of soldiers and scouts who were in the fight of this day, an estimate of two thousand for the Sioux warriors engaged would be moderate.

When Reno first left Custer, George Herendeen and Charley Reynolds were with ten of the Ree and two of the Crow scouts. Bloody Knife, the leader of the Rees, stopped on the way, as did all the rest, and taking a piece of root from his pocket chewed it a moment and using the saliva acquired, applied it to each Indian's breast, thereby making them, in their own belief, bullet-proof. Two of the number had so much confidence in the medicine that, when this party had caught up with the command and were near the Sioux, they rode at full speed toward a large body of the hostiles, that, as the two came near, opened out its sides like a huge horseshoe, which, as the Rees rode in, came together as the jaws of a trap, and shut them out from sight and hearing forever.

The death of these caused the others to lose faith in their medicine or charm, and all but two of this party of scouts disappeared, to be seen no more till the command went back to Fort Keogh. The two who remained were both killed. Bloody Knife was struck in the head by a bullet while standing at the edge of the wood, and his brains were splattered over Maj. Reno; which incident probably had a great effect in demoralizing that officer. The other was shot while participating in the mad race for the hill.

Reno's troops had but little rest the following night, for a strong force had to be kept out to guard against a night

attack. Some Indians were seen, but there was no fighting until daylight of the twenty-sixth, when the enemy again came in force and, as the day before, fired continuously from longe range. About two in the afternoon the firing ceased somewhat, and by the clouds of dust and glimpses of moving bodies seen at the Indian camp, it was known that some movement was in progress. By five o'clock the Indians had all disappeared from around the troops. The air was a little hazy, and looking down the river the beleaguered soldiers saw a mirage that appeared like a body of troops coming.

Since the commencement of the fight not a bugle had been sounded. Now a call was ordered as a greeting to the coming troops. When the sweet and familiar tones filled the air, all of the soldiers, that were not crying, shouted for joy.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ADVENTURES OF GIRARD AND DE RUDIO—CUSTER'S MASSACRE.

THE night came on and no troops appeared. All of the Indians had left, and the tired soldiers once more enjoyed a refreshing rest.

Dr. DeWolf, the regimental surgeon, had been killed in the retreat to the hill, and the sole care of the wounded had fallen upon Dr. H. R. Porter, the assistant surgeon; and all unite in great praise of his skill and endeavors to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. He remained up and attended to them, from the commencement of the fight till the arrival of Terry and Gibbon.

At nine in the evening, Girard and a half-breed scout named Jackson arrived at camp, and soon afterward Lieut. DeRudio and Private O'Neal came in. At the time Reynolds was killed, Girard had gone into the timber. About three hundred yards from its edge he met O'Neal afoot, and together they penetrated deeper into the brush. In a short time they met the half-breed Jackson, who still had his horse. Just ahead of them was a dense thicket into which they made their way and, tying the two horses, lay down. A moment afterward they heard a footstep and presently a man came in sight who was walking cautiously and had a pistol in his hand. Girard soon recognized him to be Lieut. DeRudio. When hailed the lieutenant ex-

pressed great pleasure in meeting the party, and they lay down together, undisturbed, listening to the musketry till dark, when Girard and Jackson mounted their horses and the lieutenant and O'Neal each took hold of a horse's tail and they started out to find Reno's camp. Without meeting further adventure they arrived at the river and went carefully along, looking for a place to get down its steep-cut banks. They found a crossing at last and, just as they made ready to go over, a match was lighted on the other side, and the four carefully retreated and worked their way down the river. When about four hundred yards below this they heard the tramp of horses and the voices of Indians talking, and turning back, went up the stream and crossed about six hundred yards from where they came to it at first.

There was a growth of very thick brush near the river, on the side they were on, and they skirted along this for some distance looking for an opening. Turning around the point of a small patch of brush they came suddenly upon a smoldering camp-fire with reclining Indians all around it. Quickly and silently Girard turned back, but not so quick as to escape the eyes of the Indians, who must have supposed our refugees to be some of their own people, for a voice cried out in the Sioux tongue (which Girard understood) "We are Sioux, come back." At the sound of the voice, DeRudio and O'Neal let go of the horses' tails and lay down in the edge of the thicket, while Girard and Jackson spurred their horses into the river. When trying to get up the opposite bank, which was some four feet high, Girard's horse fell backward, causing him to drop his carbine, which in falling became entangled in his watch-chain and watch and gun went to the bottom. His horse in falling knocked its comrade off its feet and caused Jackson to drop his rifle. The loss of their weapons was very discouraging to the scouts and they concluded to give

up trying to get to Reno's camp, but, instead, to work their way to the steamer which was tied up at the mouth of the Big Horn.

About a mile below this, and just as day was breaking, they went into a thick bunch of willows. In its center was a little open spot having good grass. In this they picqueted their horses and, going about a hundred yards away, secreted themselves under willows that had been beat down by high water, and, undisturbed, lay there till the next evening.

The firing at Reno's camp was heard plainly and, in the afternoon, when it ceased, the fear was strong in their hearts that the whole command had been annihilated; but when across the intervening space there came the faint but unutterably sweet notes of the bugle call, this fear was allayed, and after dark they mounted their refreshed horses and made their way to camp.

DeRudio and O'Neal had lain in the brush, near where they had separated from the scouts, all the night of the twenty-fifth. Early the next morning, the lieutenant heard the splashing of horses crossing the river near them, and looking out carefully he saw a party of men mounted on horses that he recognized as belonging to the Gray Horse company of his regiment which had gone with Custer. In the lead of the party was a man wearing a buckskin shirt and pants and a large slouch hat. Being assured that it was Tom Custer with a detachment, DeRudio called out, "come this way." The party looked but did not see him plainly, and he again called, "here I am," and was answered by a volley. He ran and again hid, with his eyes open to the fact that they were Sioux, with horses and clothes from part of Custer's command, and a glimmering of the fate that had befallen Custer and his ill-fated comrades entered his mind and would not be driven out.

The two lay in the brush all of that day, and in the

afternoon saw and heard the departing Indians pass by. After dark they started for, and without further incident arrived at the camp.

About eight o'clock the next morning clouds of dust were seen arising from down the valley of the Little Horn, and some of the members of the command thought that the Sioux were coming again. Others thought it was caused by Custer's or Terry's and Gibbon's forces. The latter theory was correct, for in a short time the troops were distinctly seen. About nine o'clock Lieut. Bradley, with the Crow scouts from Gibbon's command, came into Reno's camp and gave the first knowledge of the fearful massacre that had been perpetrated but four miles away. Bradley had remained but a few moments on the battle ground and, during that time, had counted two hundred bodies of men lying on the field.

Gen. Custer had, after leaving Reno, rode on at good speed, and when opposite the lower end of the Indian camp turned down to the river, and from there had, for some unknown cause, again turned and ridden back to the hills, still working a little down the river. The fight commenced just after making this turn, for the body of a man or a horse would occasionally be found on his trail from this place on. The bulk of the Sioux must have been concealed in gulches and behind ridges, and retreating Indians must have led him into the trap, for in the rough country where the very serious work commenced, the bodies of the dead had bullet-holes in front, back and sides, showing plainly that from every hilltop and gulch and coulie, in front, on each side and to the rear, there came a deadly fire, from which there was no escape.

In the writer's individual opinion the leading spirit, Gen. Custer, must have been killed in this first attack ; for his proverbial presence of mind and skill in handling men in critical places, would have guided the command to a po-

sition from which an organized resistance could have been made. Only in one place were there signs of a military maneuver having been performed. Almost an entire company (Keogh's) was lying dead near the crest of a little hill, in skirmish line and regular order.

If Gen. Custer was not known personally by the Indians, he was recognized by them as the leader, for though all of the dead men had been turned face downward by the savages, his body, which was known only by the clothes, was unstripped and left lying face upward. From nearly all of the others the outer clothing had been taken and some were entirely stripped. A few had been scalped and mutilated, but not so badly as those killed in Reno's stampede, who were cut up so as to be unrecognizable. The trail of the retreating Indians was afterward followed for several miles by a company of the Second cavalry, and lying along its course were heads, legs and arms of soldiers that had been cut off and carried thus far by the savages.

Mich Boyer and the two Crow scouts who had been with this command were never found, and it is supposed that the Sioux, finding the Crows their hereditary enemies, and Boyer, who, partly of their own blood, was altogether their foe, had taken their bodies to camp and over them held the scalp-dance, which was kept up all of the night of the twenty-fifth. Two of the Crow scouts who had run away from Reno met Gen. Terry between the Little Horn and Tullock creek, and told him of the killing of Custer's force, which story Terry did not believe. From the meeting of Terry and these fleeing Indians, and the absence of the bodies of the Crows on the battle field, came the story, which some yet believe, of a Crow survivor of Custer's fight.

CHAPTER XLV.

ARRIVAL OF TERRY—BURIAL OF THE DEAD AND RESURRECTION.

GENERAL Terry's and Gibbon's forces marched up the Yellowstone, on the north side, to the upper end of Pease's bottom; there they were ferried across the river by a steamboat. They then took their line of march up Tullock creek (a fork of the Big Horn) nearly to its head; then turning to the right they went across to the Big Horn. While on the divide between the two streams (which they crossed on the twenty-fifth) they plainly saw the smoke of the battles that were in progress up the Little Horn. That night the fleeing Crow scouts from Reno came in to the command, and reported all of the Seventh massacred.

The next day the command moved slowly on and camped that night near the mouth of the Little Horn. Several bodies of hostile scouts were seen during the day, some of whom were mounted on horses belonging to the Gray Horse company of Custer's regiment. During the day Muggins Taylor and another scout tried to get up the Little Horn by different trails, but both were driven back. The next day the command moved to within eight miles of the scene of Custer's death, but knew nothing of that catastrophe, till the next morning. At eleven in the morning of the twenty-seventh the combined forces pitched camp on the Little Horn between where the two fights had taken place.

Near the camp were two lodges, filled with Indian dead, beside thirty-five bodies that had been put up on scaffolds, and all were gaily dressed and ornamented. The survivors of the Seventh cavalry spent the remainder of the day in burying their comrades who had fallen in the Reno fight. The next morning the same regiment went to the scene of Custer's struggle and, aided by G company of the Second cavalry, performed the same ceremony for the dead of this place. The corpses had lain in the hot sun from the afternoon of the twenty-fifth till the morning of the twenty-eighth, and were hardly recognizable.

The officers, as far as known, were buried in separate shallow graves, in each of which a stake, having a number cut on it, was driven out of sight; and in a book of record these numbers were put opposite the respective names. The soldiers were put in shallow trenches and hastily covered, and some that lay away from where the main fight had taken place, were covered only by sage brush. All of the dead were not found at this time, for long afterward the body of Kellogg, *The New York Herald* correspondent, was discovered lying near the head of a gulch, a mile away from the battle field, and when, just a year afterward, the soldiers were reburied and the officers removed, the detachment that came for that purpose found the bones of several soldiers who had not been seen at first, and many of those that had been covered had been dug up and their bones scattered by cayotes.

From an eye-witness of part of the interment and all of the resurrection, and who holds himself responsible for the statement, this is given: That no one on earth can tell where Custer's bones lie to-day; that the most of the officers' graves had been opened by wolves and their bones scattered and mixed; and that, even in the first place, the recognition of the bodies was mostly conjecture.

But wherever his bones lie, he rests in peace; and to his

memory all must give the credit due to a brave and daring man, who, though he may have made a mistake of judgment in this, his last fight and only defeat, yet bravely died as he had expressed a wish to die, in the heat of battle and with his face to the foe.

There were thirteen officers, two hundred and five rank and file, three civilians (two of these being relatives of Custer) and Mich Boyer and two Crows killed with Custer—altogether two hundred and twenty-four men. Of these but two hundred and four were buried on the twenty-eighth.

In Reno's command there were two officers, thirty-nine rank and file, one white scout, three Indian scouts and a colored interpreter killed, with two officers and fifty-one men wounded; being more than half of the gallant Seventh regiment killed and disabled.

From some Cheyenne participants in these battles, the following particulars of the Indian forces engaged were gathered. There were Brule, Uncapapa, Ogallala and Yankton Sioux and Cheyennes, in strength as named—altogether not far from five thousand warriors. At no time was there more than half of their number engaged, the remainder being held in reserve for any troops that might come. There were of killed and wounded about one hundred and fifty.

The question now comes, who, if any one, was responsible for this wholesale slaughter. The writer has examined this question from every standpoint, and has sought knowledge from every available source, and these have been impressed upon his mind as facts, that: First, all of the generals in the field, as well as the war department at Washington, had underestimated the numbers of the Indian fighting men, and the forces of government troops in the field were inadequate to cope with the massed hostiles; Second, that Custer, with the question unsolved as to whether he disobeyed orders from Terry or not—surely made a fatal mis-

take when, on the morning of the twenty-sixth, he divided his regiment into three battalions; Third, that the action of Reno in leaving his position in the timber, which could have been easily held, and was close to and threatened the Indian village, is to be greatly censured, for it allowed many of the hostiles, who otherwise would have had to defend their homes, to enter the fight against Custer. And even when joined on the hill by Benteen, there was a chance of saving some of Custer's battalion by a movement of the whole force down the river; for, by all of the evidence found, Custer made his attack just at that time, and the fight lasted a full hour. Even if not successful in reaching Custer, the number of Indians necessary to stop a determined force the size of Reno's would have eased the pressure on those who were battling for life and no doubt praying for assistance. As for the danger to the command in making the movement, they had a poor position, and almost any place that they might have selected could have been as easily defended.

To those who have read this history, or other tales of frontier warfare with the Sioux, these impressions must have solidified in their minds, that these people never make an open, face-to-face fight; that when the whites are anywhere near equal in numbers to them they invariably sneak off, and when, having ten to one, or one hundred to one, they do attack, a determined charge, which would speedily end the battle, is never made by them, but like the wolves, their progenitors (see Darwin), they depend entirely on craft and cunning during the fight, and show their courage afterward by mutilating and disfiguring the dead.

When all together on the hill, Reno had, counting packers, who were all well armed, three hundred and fifty effective men. Many old frontiersmen and Indian fighters, whose judgments are unquestioned, to whom the writer has put the question, have agreed in saying that that number of white men, properly led, could not be stopped by all of the

Sioux force then in the field, for they will no more stand before a charge than make one.

The only saving point in the history of this question is that the company officers with Reno did not know that Custer's command was in such deadly extremity. Had they been aware of this, there is no doubt that, under Capt. Benteen, they would have gone through fire, if necessary, to the relief—for braver men than fought on the hill that day never faced a foe on any field.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SIOUX CAMPAIGN CONTINUED—GEN. CROOKS' HARD MARCH.

THE wounded men from the Seventh were taken in travois from the camp on Little Horn to the steamboat, which had come to the mouth of that stream, and were taken by it down the Yellowstone and the Missouri to Fort Lincoln. The troops were marched down the Big Horn and encamped near its mouth. Soon afterward a part of Terry's command moved down to the mouth of the Rosebud, and made that place a supply depot. Lieut. Josiah Chance, who was quartermaster at the Powder river depot, was ordered to move his supplies to the new station. This officer did not have transportation enough, and had to leave sixty-five thousand pounds of corn and some oats.

But a few days after his departure, the Sioux camp, on its way down from the Little Horn, crossed Powder river near its mouth, and finding the corn, carried it off in triumph; and for three days all of the squaws in camp were busy parching it for food. Just after the lieutenant had arrived at the camp on the Rosebud with his train, he took the steamer Far West and came back down the river for his forage. He found the Sioux in possession of the camp, but after a lively skirmish recaptured it, and succeeded in getting away with the oats only.

Just after this, the steamer Yellowstone, owned principally

by Dr. Lamme, of Bozeman, with stores for the Montana settlements, came up and reported having run the gauntlet of a large body of Indians at Coulson Rapids, forty miles below Powder river, in which one man was killed and another wounded, and the pilot house, which was sheathed with boiler iron, was indented by bullets all over its exterior surface.

When the news of the Custer defeat reached Sheridan, he instantly took measures to strengthen the armies. To Gen. Crook he sent ten companies of the Fifth cavalry and some infantry; and all of the Fifth infantry and some of the Sixteenth helped to swell the skeleton of Terry's army; and troops from the southern and eastern states were placed at the different Sioux agencies.

About the first of August, Gen. Crook, with two thousand three hundred fighting men and a large pack train, left the new fort on Powder river for another campaign through the Indian country. His course lay along the Big Horn range to Goose creek, down which stream he marched to its junction with Tongue river; thence down that to the trail of the Sioux, made by them when leaving the Little Horn, and followed it to Rosebud, meeting at the latter place with Terry's command.

Side by side the two armies marched till Powder river was reached, and there the columns separated. Terry turned to the left, toward the Yellowstone, and Crook passed ahead on the Indian trail, which he followed to the Little Missouri, where it split and ran in several directions. The Indians, not being able to kill meat in sufficient quantities for such a large body—there being from twelve to fifteen thousand men, women, and children in the camp—had to separate into small hunting parties.

Gen. Crook, without definite object, struck out into the bad lands, and when on the divide between the Little Missouri and Heart rivers, he turned to the right and headed

directly for the Black Hills. His course for one hundred and fifty miles was through a barren country, without game and but little water, and that strongly impregnated with sulphur and alkalies; and in the very hot weather experienced the men suffered greatly with dysentery and sunstroke. Several died on the trip and one sergeant, becoming crazed, wandered off and was never again heard from. Many of the horses and mules gave out and were left on the trail, to be afterward picked up by parties from the Hills who went out for that purpose.

When within sixty miles of the Hills, Frank Gruard and a party of scouts brought in the information that twenty miles ahead, at Slim buttes, there was a Sioux camp of thirty lodges. Capt. Mills, with one hundred and fifty men, made a night ride, and at daylight attacked the camp and in a few moments had possession of it. The Indians, leaving eight of their number dead in camp, retreated to ravines near by and all but one little party escaped; this party hid in the head of a wash coulie, and being discovered, was surrounded by soldiers. The Indians were completely hidden, and a sergeant, in trying to get a shot at them, received a bullet in his brain. After half an hour spent in futile attempts to get them out of the hole, they agreed, through an interpreter, to surrender; and the captives, two warriors, three squaws, and two pappooses, were kept with the command till it arrived at Fort Laramie, from which place they were sent to Red Cloud agency and given their liberty.

One man was killed in this fight and an officer and two men wounded.

Crook lay in camp near the mining settlements of the Black Hills for several days, to allow his sick and nearly starved men to recuperate, and to rest the stock; then went across the Hills and to Fort Laramie.

Gen. Terry, after leaving Crook, went down Powder river and across the Yellowstone. He, after a few days' scout,

found the trail of Sitting Bull and his Uncapapas, and followed it till he overtook that noted chief, who would not stand for a fight, but kept on the move continually. After a few skirmishes, which were of little importance, Gen. Terry changed his course and went to the agencies on the Missouri river, and took from the Sioux at these points all of the arms and ponies that could be found. While Crook and Terry had been marching and hunting Indians overland, Gen. Miles, with the Fifth infantry, was patrolling the river from the Rosebud to the Missouri in a steamboat. He found but small parties of the hostiles, who, at sight of the command, would disappear.

On the eighteenth of August, Gen. Miles located a cantonment near the junction of Tongue river with the Yellowstone and named it Keogh. At the same time citizens from the upper Yellowstone built a town just outside the military reservation, to which was given the name of Miles City, in honor of the gallant general, one of the few military officers in the service fitted by nature and training to fight the Indians after their own fashion.

On the fifteenth of October, Maj. Sangier, with two companies of the Seventeenth infantry, while guarding a wagon train from Glendive to the Tongue river cantonment, was attacked by quite a large force of Sioux, under Sitting Bull, and fought them for nine hours. Three of his men were killed and several wounded, and fifty mules were captured from the train. A courier that had been sent back to Glendive, which was twenty-five miles away, succeeded in getting in, and brought out more troops, which caused the Indians to flee.

As soon as the courier sent reached Gen. Miles at Keogh, that general, with all of the cavalry at the post, pursued these Indians and overtook them at the head of Cedar creek, on the twenty-first of October, and fought them at long range all day.

None of the soldiers were killed and but five were wounded. Ten of the Sioux were killed and twenty wounded.

When night came the Indians disappeared from the scene. Sitting Bull, with sixty lodges of Uncapapas, separated from the Brules and, turning north, went at great speed across the Missouri river and the boundary line into the British possessions.

Miles followed the other and larger party and overtook them on the Yellowstone near the mouth of Bad Route creek. After a sharp fight, in which several of the Indians were killed, a cessation of hostilities was called for by the Brules and, after much talk, they agreed to surrender. The terms offered were that the hostiles should go directly to their agencies and there give up their arms, ammunition and ponies, and, as a sign of good faith, six of the principal chiefs were to go with Miles as hostages. These terms were agreed to and complied with; for the flour, coffee, beef, bacon and sugar at the agency had irresistible attractions for them, and they had hardly dared to go in before.

The importance of Sitting Bull in the Sioux war has been overestimated by all writers on the subject. Several years have elapsed, and the fear of punishment having been taken away, many of the Indians have become less reticent on the subject, and a more accurate judgment can be formed as to his influence and acts than ever before. From all the testimony found, it appears that Sitting Bull and his Uncapapas took a hand in but one important battle, which was the fight with the Seventh cavalry on Little Horn.

One of the Uncapapas (Rain in the Face) is credited with firing the shot which killed that daring soldier — Custer.

The next move of Sitting Bull was to flee, with about half of his people, across the line to the British possessions, and the principal cause of his great notoriety was his stub-

bornness in bearing cold and hunger so long before surrendering to the United States government.

But he was forced to come in at last, and during the early part of the spring of 1881 he surrendered—very ungracefully—and was taken to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

SITTING BULL.
(From a pencil sketch by Lieut. Col. Ilges.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

YELLOWSTONE SETTLERS—CROOK'S FIGHT WITH DULL KNIFE—MASSACRE OF WOLFERS AND SHOSHONES.

FROM the commencement of the Indian war, the people of the Gallatin and upper Yellowstone valleys had been bringing provisions down the river by boat and by wagon train, and all producers and carriers were making money. Assured of safety, many were locating land claims along the Yellowstone. The trapper put away his traps, the miner his gold pan and pick, and the hunter his gun, that they might take part in the prosperity that had come to the country. Just retribution! The Sioux, who had kept this section from being settled and its stores of precious minerals from being opened, found themselves forced, through their misfortune, to contribute to its good fortune.

On the twenty-seventh of October, Gen. Crook, with about two thousand troops, fifty Shoshones and one hundred and fifty "friendly" Sioux and Cheyennes, and large wagon and pack trains, left Fort Laramie for a winter campaign. He went out on the government road, by Fort Fetterman, to the Dry Fork of Powder river; then turning east he went by the Pumpkin buttes to and down the Belle Fourche river to the foot of the Black Hills. He then turned and came slowly back to the Dry Fork of Powder river. From there the command went

to new Fort Reno. While lying over here the scouts, at whose head was Frank Gruard, found a Cheyenne camp of one hundred and forty lodges, about thirty-five miles from the fort, up Powder river.

Early the next morning the command was put in motion, and still followed the road which led away from the Indians, and at night camped on the Clear Fork of Powder river. This day's march must have been taken to mislead the hostile scouts, who, no doubt, were watching the command. When daylight broke the next morning, Col. Mackenzie and his regiment (the Fifth), with the friendly Indians and a pack train, started across the country to the Indian village. They traveled continuously for twenty-three hours, and just at daylight the next morning arrived at the Cheyenne village. A charge was made, and the surprise would have been complete but for a misunderstanding of orders given. There was but one company with Mackenzie when he arrived at the camp, and the hostiles had time to mount and away before the others came up.

On the other side of the Indian village the Shoshones were doing some pretty work. When the first alarm came, about fifty of the Cheyennes made for a high point that overlooked and commanded the camp. The Shoshones dashed after them, and though losing two of their number, succeeded in capturing five scalps and the hill, holding the latter till the end of the fight.

The Cheyenne and Sioux Indians who were with Mackenzie did not take a hand in the fight at all; but when the hostiles had deserted their village, these valuable allies were all busy pillaging and packing off furs, robes and everything of value that was in the lodges.

Seven of the refugees had sought shelter in a coulie that had been cut through an otherwise level flat. A company charged them, but the seven did such rapid and accurate shooting that the company broke at the coulie's edge and

retreated, leaving six of their comrades dead, one of whom was Lieut. McKinney.

As this fleeing company came back, another formed and charged on the six Cheyennes, the seventh one having been killed by the first company. Again there came a hot fire from the little group of hostiles, but this company was determined, and dashing in, sabered them all.

The remainder of the hostiles were posted in gulches and behind ridges, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred yards away, and a slow fire was kept up by the Shoshones and some of the soldiers, while others were burning the lodges, dried meat, robes, etc., left by the fleeing enemy.

The attacking party stayed that night near the scene of the fight, and next morning built travois for the wounded, and packing the dead on mules and taking the captured ponies, of which there were six hundred, returned to the command on Clear Fork.

Of those who were killed on the field and died afterward from wounds received, fourteen were soldiers and two Shoshones.

As learned afterward, the Indians had moved about eight miles the first night, and there built travois for their wounded.

In this camp, as in nearly every other made on their trip, horses were killed for food. In the morning they started for the camp of Crazy Horse, which at that time was at the head of the Rosebud. On the third day after the fight the weather became very cold, and all of the wounded, and many of the others, were frozen. The remnant of this band remained a short time with Crazy Horse, and then went to their agency and surrendered. There were sixteen killed in the battle and twenty wounded, but eighty had died when they arrived at the Sioux camp on the Rosebud.

Pity could be easily felt for their wretched state, but for the acts committed by them before coming to their camp on

Powder river, for which this punishment was a righteous retribution.

Eleven men, one of whom (Bob Anderson) was well known at Emigrant, on the Yellowstone, left Camp Brown, on Little Wind river, in September of this year, for a wolfing trip to the lower Wind river.

At nearly the same time Naukok, a negro half-breed, who was interpreter for, and had much influence with, the Shoshones, went out for buffalo, with eight lodges of his people. Nothing was heard of either of these parties till November, when a war party of Shoshones found, on No Wood creek, the cut-up lodges and bones of their massacred friends. The signs around indicated to their practiced eyes that it was done by Cheyennes, whose trail was easily followed to the head of Powder river.

In the spring of 1877, a military party, while on their way from Camp Brown to Fort McKinney (which name had been given to new Fort Reno, in honor of the lieutenant killed in the Cheyenne fight) found at the forks of Red Paint Rock creek the skeletons of several men, and other signs to indicate that there a party of wolfers had met their fate at the hands of the same band of Cheyennes, for their trail passed near to the wolfers' camp.

As Crook's command was getting short of supplies, that general concluded to go back to Fort Laramie, at which place he arrived early in January.

The Ellis battalion, consisting of four companies of the Second cavalry, left Keogh in October, and went into winter quarters at Fort Ellis, and Miles, with his regiment, the Fifth infantry, garrisoned Fort Keogh.

During December six Sioux warriors were seen, with a piece of white cloth flying for a flag of truce, coming from the hills toward Keogh. Some Crow scouts, who had discovered them before they were seen by the fort officials,

sneaked up a gulch and about half a mile from the post attacked them and killed every one.

Crazy Horse, with quite a strong force of Ogallala and Brule warriors, was known to be camped near the head of the Rosebud, and Gen. Miles concluded to attack his camp. So he mounted all of his infantry for whom he could find horses, and on the third of January, 1877, he started with six companies, and found and attacked the Indians on the morning of the eighth. There was a greater number of the hostiles than he had expected to find, and to save himself from Custer's fate, he had, after the first dash, to fight entirely on the defensive. The position taken by the troops was well sheltered, and though they were under a hot fire for three hours, there were but eight men killed and fifteen wounded. The Indians then fell back and all of the command were well pleased to take up their march back to Keogh.

In March a small party of Cheyennes made a raid on the stock belonging to the civilians of Miles City and captured several head of horses. As the dash was made, several of the residents of the town went out to give the Indians battle. Among the first that started was Maj. Burchardt, who picked up and strapped on a belt full of Winchester cartridges, and taking the first rifle he came to, rushed out. The major jumped on his horse, which was picqueted near by, and started off at a gallop. When the pony came to the end of the rope, which had not been unfastened from the picquet pin, both pony and rider took a tumble. Jumping up and untying the rope the major again mounted and dashed away. When near the enemy he tried to load his gun (which was a Sharp's), but finding that his cartridges would not fit, he turned back to town, a disgusted man.

There were yet some Cheyennes that had not gone in, and fears were felt that Sitting Bull would come back across

the line. In March the Ellis battalion went again to Fort Keogh. No move of importance was made from this post till the first of May, when Miles took the four companies of the Second cavalry and his mounted infantry and went up the Rosebud after a band of hostiles that the scouts had found camped on the mouth of Muddy creek, a little stream that flows into the Rosebud some five miles below its forks.

The command came to within thirty miles of the camp one evening and a drive was made during the night to within four miles of it. Here the troops rested an hour, and just at dawn of day they mounted, and riding on at a gallop surprised the camp completely. Lieut. Jerome and the civilian scouts cut off nearly all the ponies belonging to the hostiles, while the main command was dealing death to the fleeing Indians, who, at the first alarm deserted their lodges, which were afterward destroyed by the troops.

Some of the Cheyennes, after being run out of camp, swung around and attacked the pack train, which had not kept up with the soldiers. All of the escort with it, except one soldier named Kircauski, ran. He faced the foe and fought them until he was killed, making a desperate defense under cover of his horse, which had been killed early in the charge. The check which this brave boy (for he was but nineteen) gave the Indians, allowed time for help to come and the savages got away with but two of the pack mules. One of these was loaded with ammunition (two thousand rounds) and the other with sugar.

All of the Indians were now in the hills and the command went into camp on the battle field, and lay there till the next morning. The Indians fired an occasional shot at the camp from long range during nearly all of the day, and several futile attempts were made during the night to run off the stock.

This, the last hostile camp of any magnitude, contained

about three hundred Cheyenne warriors, under the chieftainship of Lame Deer. Twenty of the number were killed, and there must have been twice as many more wounded; while the whites had but four killed and two wounded.

The next day after the fight, the troops started back to Keogh, and the Indians scattered. Some went, soon after, to Fort Keogh, and surrendered; some went directly to their agency and gave themselves up and the others wandered over the prairie till hunger overcame pride and then they sneaked into the agency.

So ended the Sioux war. Without those strong allies, hunger and lack of ammunition, all of the United States army would have been required to conquer the savages. The Indians had collected a large amount of ammunition when the struggle commenced; but its continual use in food hunting and the large amount of random shooting done by them in their fights, had exhausted it very rapidly and there was no supply depot to draw from.

For food they had to depend entirely on what wild game they might kill, and being gathered together in large bodies, they often were in a famishing condition. In the winter of 1876-77 they resumed their original method of hunting the buffalo with bows and arrows. In Lame Deer's camp but very little dried meat was found, and to the small amount of cartridges had by the Cheyennes may be attributed the small number of casualties in the ranks of the troops during the fight.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEZ PERCE WAR—CAUSE FOR—SEVERE FIGHTING BETWEEN TROOPS AND INDIANS.

THE Nez Perces were the best type of Indians to be found in the west; nearly all could read and write, and many of them had farms and stock in valleys in Idaho, which had been secured to them by a treaty in 1855. In 1863 another treaty was made, which received the approbation of less than one-half of the tribe, and which excluded from their reservation the Lapwai and Wallowa valleys. A large and influential part of the Indians would not give up their rights in these valleys, more particularly in the Wallowa, and for several years there was a latent antagonism between them and the white settlers, which came to an open rupture in 1875, at which time a dispute arose about some stock, which resulted in a white man killing an Indian. The Nez Perces armed, as did the settlers, and but for the intervention of a military force there would have been a general fight. Commissioners were sent from Washington to settle the question of ownership of the valley. They decided against the Nez Perces. This decision was approved at Washington, and in the spring of 1877 the Nez Perces were driven from their old home. To those who could read the signs of the times, it was evident that trouble was brewing; but no actually hostile act was committed by the Indians till the thirteenth

of June, when three of them killed a white man named Richard Devine, on Salmon river. On the fourteenth, several Indian parties who were out, killed six citizens and wounded two others. On the day following, six more were killed and three wounded.

Gen. Howard was not idle at this time, but was gathering and outfitting troops, and on the evening of the fifteenth he, from Lapwai, sent Capt. Perry with two companies of cavalry, in all ninety men, to the scene of the fighting, which was sixty miles away. When at Mount Idaho, Capt. Perry found that the Nez Perces had moved to White Bird canyon, which was about ten miles below. The command, joined by ten civilians, started in pursuit and came upon Joseph's camp of one hundred and fifty warriors on the morning of the eighteenth of June.

Perry dashed at once into the fight and was met by such a hot fire by the Nez Perces (who had concealed themselves in a narrow place in the canyon) that the men could not face it and had to fall back. The Indians pressed the soldiers so hard that all order was lost and a rush made to the head of the canyon, where Perry succeeded in stopping the men and holding the enemy in check.

This, the first battle of the campaign, gave the Nez Perces much confidence in themselves, for they had killed one officer (Lieut. Theller), and thirty rank and file. To the soldiers it gave this lesson: that the Nez Perces were as well armed, that they were better horsemen, and were as brave as themselves.

By the twenty-sixth of June troops enough had come to Howard for that general to take the field with three hundred men and a battery of gatling guns, and on that day he left Fort Lapwai for the scene of operations.

Looking Glass, with about one hundred warriors, was camped on the Clearwater. He had expressed his determination to remain friendly, and his men had taken no hand in

the hostilities. Howard sent Capt. Whipple, with all of the cavalry and artillery, to capture him. Looking Glass refused to be entirely disarmed, and Whipple, without much talk, attacked the camp when the Nez Perces were unprepared and not expecting anything of the kind, and several of them were killed, all of their lodges destroyed and seven hundred head of their horses captured.

This was the greatest mistake of the campaign, for the result was that every one of these heretofore friendly Indians joined Chief Joseph, and were the most determined of his men afterward.

From Clearwater, Whipple marched toward Cottonwood to intercept Joseph. On the morning of the fourth of July he sent Lieut. Kains, ten soldiers and a civilian scout ahead to reconnoiter. Soon after they left heavy firing was heard, and the command pushed on to find, within two miles, this detachment all dead.

Chief Joseph, after wandering around and picking up several small parties of whites, went to Clearwater and made a camp near to where Looking Glass had been when attacked by Whipple. Here, on the eleventh of July, Howard, with about four hundred men, found and attacked him. Joseph, with his two hundred and fifty warriors, fought with great resolution and spirit for two days; but having their families with them, they were at a great disadvantage, and on the evening of the twelfth fled, leaving many of their lodges and effects behind. Twenty-three of their number were killed and about as many more wounded, and about forty of their women and children captured by the soldiers. Howard's loss was thirteen killed and twenty-three wounded.

The next morning the cavalry gave chase and overtook the Indians, but the latter stood them off, and crossing the Salmon river, commenced that march which, for distance traveled (nearly all of which was through a hostile coun-

try) and for generalship and bravery shown, has no equal in American history.

Their course ran up the Lolo valley, and a treaty was made with the citizen settlers there by Joseph to the effect that he should be allowed to go through unmolested and he would molest none. This was observed by both parties and the Indians went over by the Lolo pass and along the Montana side of the Bitter Root mountains.

Gen. Gibbon, who was at Helena, heard of the coming of the Nez Perces, and sending to Fort Ellis for the few soldiers of the Second cavalry remaining there, he mounted all of his own regiment that were with him, and with these and about thirty civilian volunteers, altogether about one hundred and seventy men, went after Joseph. On the morning of the fourth of August he, near Missoula, found the trail, and on the morning of the ninth overtook the Nez Perces, who were camped in the valley of the Big Hole. Gibbon ordered a charge, and the command dashed in and through the camp, but were driven as quickly back. His only piece of artillery was captured, and his forces were corraled till eleven on the evening of the tenth, when the Indians left. Three officers, twenty-six soldiers and citizens were killed, and thirty wounded in Gibbon's command and several of his horses were captured. Twenty Nez Perces were killed, five of whom were women and children.

The Indians now crossed the mountain spur between Big Hole and Horse Prairie, and at the latter place killed eight of the settlers and captured two hundred and fifty fine horses.

They worked on slowly, just rapidly enough to keep ahead of the troops, whose movements were continually watched by Nez Perce scouts. When at Camas Prairie, the Indians turned into the mountains and went toward Henry's lake.

On the nineteenth of August Howard came to Camas

Prairie and camped. At two o'clock the next morning the camp was attacked by the Nez Perces, and about two hundred head of mules and horses taken. In camp all was confusion, but at daylight the cavalry went after and overtook the Indians and recaptured seventy head of the stock. Then the Nez Perces turned and pressed the troops so hard that the recaptured animals had to be given up and the Indians went on with their prizes. In this morning's fight one man was killed and six wounded.

CHAPTER XLIX.

NEZ PERCE WAR CONTINUED—NATIONAL PARK TOURISTS IN TROUBLE.

WHEN Gen. Gibbon knew that Joseph was going by Henry's lake, he telegraphed to Bozeman for Jack Bean and George Herendeen to go to the lake and observe the Indians' course when they left, for some fear was felt that they would go down the Madison and to the settlements in the Gallatin valley. The two scouts arrived at the lake on the nineteenth. The Indians came there on the evening of the twentieth. During the night the scouts moved to a timbered mountain overlooking the camp and saw them, the next morning, take the trail to the geysers.

During the evening of the same day on which the scouts reached Henry's lake, eight men from the mining camp of Pony arrived and stated that they had come up to capture some horses from the Nez Perces. When the Indians arrived they weakened and started back down the Madison with the scouts. When some ten miles down they camped, while the scouts went on to Ellis and reported. A military party that was going up the Madison two days afterward, met the eight coming down afoot; some of the Nez Perce scouts had stolen their horses. They had gone out to shear and came back shorn.

The Nez Perces left Henry's lake, and going up the Madison, came to the Lower Geyser basin on the evening of the twenty-third.

A party of tourists from Radersburg and Helena, Montana, were camped in the Lower Geyser basin. Their names were Mr. George F. Cowan and wife, Frank and Ida Carpenter, who were brother and sister to Mrs. Cowan, Albert Oldham, Meyers, William Dingee and Charles Mann. They had been in the park for several days and had intended starting on their homeward trip in the morning. Before sunrise of the twenty-fourth, just as the party were getting up, some of the Nez Perces rode into camp and were quite friendly, but more coming up the feeling appeared to change, and finally the party were forced to go with the Indians on their way to the Yellowstone. After a few miles' travel up the east fork of the Fire Hole river was made, the wagons had to be left, and the ladies were mounted on the team horses.

The Indians who had lost friends in the fight with the soldiers were desirious of killing all of the captives. The leading chiefs and a minority of the warriors wished to protect them, and if Chief Joseph had been with the party that held the captives, they no doubt would have been given their liberty; but he was ahead and White Bird was powerless to protect them.

When about ten miles from the geyser basin, Meyers, Dingee and Mann, who were behind the main party, were told by a friendly Indian to make a run for the timber. They did so and escaped. Dingee and Meyers went back, and three days afterward met Howard's command. Mann went across to the Mammoth Hot Springs and afterward met and went down the river with the ladies of the party.

At the foot of the long hill that leads to the Yellowstone divide, an Indian suddenly fired and sent a bullet through Cowan's leg; his wife ran to him but was held back by an Indian, while another shot took effect in his head and he fell unconscious.

Carpenter was standing amidst a large number of Indians

and did not dare to run. Oldham ran to the timber. Just as he entered its friendly shelter a ball struck him in the mouth and carried away a piece of his tongue. When hit he dropped behind a log. The Indians paid no further attention to him, and he lay there till the enemy left, then walked down till he met the soldiers. The two ladies and Carpenter were taken on, and Cowan was left for dead. The bullet in his head had not penetrated the skull and he soon recovered consciousness. While trying to get up, he was again shot by a straggling Indian, and again left for dead. The last bullet passed through his thigh. After lying a long time unconscious he again revived and commenced crawling down the trail toward the geyser basin. An hour afterward he heard a party coming and hid behind a log till they passed by. This was a party of white and Bannock Indian scouts. Had Mr. Cowan known who they were he would have been saved much suffering, for he dragged himself twelve miles after this, and was finally found by some of Howard's scouts in his old camp at the Lower Geyser basin, having been four days without food and exposed to the bitter cold of the nights.

While the prisoners were being taken down the Yellowstone slope, and when about five miles from the dividing ridge, they heard the sound of heavy firing in the timber to their right. The firing lasted about twenty minutes and they supposed another party had been found by the Nez Perces and were being attacked by them. There were two men (prospectors) who were supposed to be in that locality, from whom nothing has since been heard, and though no signs of their camp or their skeletons have ever been found, it is the general belief that both were killed at this time.

The three prisoners were taken to and across the Yellowstone near the Mud geyser. Here the Indians went into camp. In the afternoon of the next day the prisoners

were given their liberty. The ladies were each given a poor pony, while Carpenter had to walk, and, escorted by White Bird, they crossed the river and started down the Yellowstone. About a mile away from camp, White Bird, after giving them directions which way to go, turned back. The refugees went on and camped in the woods that night, hungry and cold. The next day they crossed over Mount Washburn and near Baronett's bridge met Lieut. Schofield with a party of scouts, and were thenceforward safe.

Seven days afterward, Mrs. Cowan had a happy meeting with her husband at Botteler's ranch, on the Yellowstone, he having been sent to that place in a travois by Howard.

Mr. Cowan fully recovered, and, with his wife, took another trip through the National Park, during the summer of 188-.

CHAPTER L.

NEZ PERCE WAR CONTINUED—MORE TROUBLE IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

THERE was a party of ten people from Helena, Montana, at the Yellowstone falls all of this time, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth they packed up and started for the Yellowstone lake. When at Sulphur mountain they discovered Indians, and riding back to the timber near the falls, cached themselves.

Their camp was found about mid-day by the Indians, who crawled up and fired a volley at camp which killed one man (Kenck) and wounded another named Stewart. The latter fell where he was wounded and the others escaped to the woods. As the Nez Perces came to the camp, Stewart begged for his life, and gave them his watch and money, and they gave him his life and liberty.

Two of the party had taken their saddle horses and had gone out on a scout. When coming home they ran into the Indians and received a volley, by which one of them, named Weikert, was slightly wounded in the shoulder. Finding the camp deserted and things destroyed, the two started for the Mammoth Hot Springs. After traveling a few miles they overtook Stewart, the wounded man, and Stone, the negro cook, who was assisting him along, and together the four went down and arrived at the springs that night. During the night three more of the party came in. The

other two wandered through the mountains, and were four days without food; then came out on the Madison river opposite Henry's lake, and there had their necessities relieved by some of Howard's packers.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth of August, McCartney (proprietor of the buildings at the springs) and Weikert went to the falls to look for the missing men. They found and buried Kenck, and finding no signs of the others, came back. When on the plateau between Blacktail creek and Gardiner river, they were attacked by about thirty Nez Perces, and ran for dear life. They succeeded in getting in a patch of brush, at the head of a coulie that ran from Mount Evarts. When near the brush, Weikert's horse was shot from under him, but he ran to the shelter, and from it the two stood the Indians off, who soon afterward left.

This squad of Nez Perces had left the main party on the upper Yellowstone and had come across the country to Gardiner river, and then followed that stream down. When they attacked McCartney and Weikert, they were going up the river, but earlier in the same day they had gone down the Yellowstone to Henderson's ranch (where the Park Branch railroad now ends.)

Just before they arrived there, George Reese, William Davis and Henderson had gone down to the river to fish. John Works and Henderson's son were at the house. When the latter saw the Indians coming, they took their guns and ammunition belts and went to where the fishers were. When the five came together, they went up the river bank, getting in sight of the house just as the Nez Perces were alighting in front of it. Without hesitation the whites commenced shooting, and the Indian horses broke away and ran about half way to the whites. The Indians went behind the house, and for two hours the opposing parties were in this position, each firing an occasional

shot. Neither could get the horses, though a Nez Perce, who had his horse behind the building, tried it, but the bullets came too thick, and he weakened. The whites at last crawled away and crossed the river in a small boat. The Indians followed them to the bank of the river, and shot at them when they were climbing the opposite bank, but did no harm.

The Indians took what they desired from the house and then set it on fire, and, taking a little band of about fifteen head of horses that were running in the hills near by, went back by way of the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Dietrich, Stoner and Ben Stone had remained at the springs to await the return of McCartney and Weikert. When the Nez Perces came in sight, Stoner and Stone fled to the timber up the gulch. Dietrich, thinking the Indians to be friendly scouts, stayed, and was shot dead.

As soon as it was known that the Indians had gone up the Madison from Henry's lake, Lieut. Doane, with all of the cavalry at Fort Ellis (about forty men from the Second), went to the Yellowstone. He was joined there by about sixty Crows, and together they went up the river. When the fight occurred at Henderson's ranch, the troops were coming up the river but a few miles away. When at the ranch they camped, and that night, Ben Stone and Stoner, and afterward McCartney and Weikert, came in.

Ben Stone told a pretty and amusing story of being chased by an Indian, and that being hard pressed, he climbed a tree, under which a Nez Perce came and stood, peering around, and at last went on without discovering the scared negro. But the story is considered apocryphal by those who were near by and knew the circumstances.

Instead of following the Indians, Doane went the next day up Reese creek, then across to the West Gallatin river, which he followed to its head, then over the divide to the Madison. When at the Lower Geyser basin, he found

that Howard was three days' travel ahead of him, and turning, he came back to Fort Ellis, via Mammoth Hot Springs.

Gen. Sturgis, with the Seventh cavalry, had come from Fort Keogh up the Yellowstone and Clarke's Fork, and on the twenty-ninth of August arrived at Heart mountain. He immediately sent three couriers to Howard, with the information of his whereabouts. The couriers (two white men named Lenard and Gough, and an Indian boy) did not know where to find Howard, and when, on the first of September, they came to the Yellowstone at Baronett's bridge, they went down the stream. As they were passing around the head of Little Blacktail creek they were saluted by a volley from concealed Indians, who had seen them coming and hid. The Indian boy fell, and Gough, who was wounded in the neck, ran with Lenard to a point of rocks near the trail, but out of sight of the boy. After a few shots had been exchanged, the Indians went on. Night soon came and the two scouts went on afoot without looking for the boy.

About noon of the next day, Jack Baronett and John Works, who were scouting with Lieut. Doane, came to where the fight had occurred, and finding a trail of blood leading toward the Little Blacktail, followed it. The Indian boy had recovered consciousness and crawled a half mile. Near the creek the trail was lost and his body was never found.

A man named Shively was captured by the Nez Perces in the geyser basin. The Indians found that he had a little knowledge of the country across the Yellowstone and took him with them as guide; for not one of the Nez Perces had been on the upper Yellowstone.

Shively, through intention or ignorance, led them the worst possible way; they nearly doubled on their trail and for two days were marching through fallen timber. At last they came to and crossed the east fork of the Yellowstone,

and going up Cache creek, crossed the high mountain that divides the east fork waters from those of Clarke's Fork and down its slopes to the latter stream.

When camped on the mountain the guide escaped and went down the Yellowstone.

On Crandall creek (a tributary of Clarke's Fork) were four Germans, who had, but a few days before, left the Clarke's Fork mines on a prospecting trip. They were surprised by the advance of the Nez Perces, and three of them were killed in camp; the other escaped to the timber and was found the next day by Howard's scouts, nearly frightened out of his wits.

Howard's command camped for four days at Henry's lake, during which time that general went to Virginia City and bought horses, provisions and clothes and transported them to camp; then continued the pursuit on the Nez Perce trail.

The command traveled quite fast till they came to the Yellowstone divide. Here a road had to be cut through dense pines and graded over a steep mountain. Twenty-four hours' work by Maj. Spurgin's company of pioneers accomplished this, and the wagons rolled on to the Yellowstone.

When at the river, a courier came in from below, who brought the news that Joseph had gone down the river on the other side, and Howard took his cavalry and pack train and went down on the west side of the river to Baronett's bridge; cutting off many miles and having a better trail by doing so.

Maj. Spurgin and a company remained with the wagons, and the monuments of his skill in road-making show plainly to this day; for two high and rough mountain spurs had to be crossed by him before getting to the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Howard crossed the Yellowstone at Baronett's bridge,

which had been partially burned by the war party that had been at the springs, and went up the east fork to Soda Butte creek and up that to the Clarke's Fork mines; thence down Clarke's Fork.

At the mines, George Huston and some others of the mountaineers joined the command as scouts, and their services met with such great favor that they remained with Howard to the end.

When the command passed over the last mountain and down to the Clarke's Fork plains, the Nez Perces were but a day's travel ahead.

Gen. Sturgis, with six companies of the Seventh cavalry, had been lying near where the Clarke's Fork pass opened to the prairie, for several days. Then, thinking that the Nez Perces were coming out of the mountains by the Stinking Water pass, he moved over to that river. On the day that he left, the Nez Perces came down, and when, the second day afterward, he returned, he was both behind the Indians and Howard. He soon overtook the latter, and was given a company of cavalry and some scouts and again hurried on in pursuit.

On the evening of the twelfth of September the Nez Perces crossed the Yellowstone and camped.

About two miles away, and down the river, was a ranch and stage station, owned and kept by H. H. Stone and Elliott Rouse. Early the next morning they discovered the presence of the Indians, and mounting two horses that they had kept in the corral, went about two miles down the river to a ranch owned by Bill Brockaway, at which there were two men. They put their horses in the corral at this place and watched the Indians, who were at the stage ranch plundering and burning.

Half an hour after their arrival at Brockaway's, the stage came in from below with three passengers, two men and a woman. The stage stock was put in the corral with the

others and preparation was made to defend the place; but at the last moment, when they saw the Indians coming in great force, they weakened and all went to the brush, which grew close to the house.

The Indians took the stock from the corral and hitching up the stage team rode, with horses at a gallop, all over the prairie, and when through with this sport, left the stage and harness about four miles away.

Before leaving Brockaway's, the Indians set buildings and haystacks on fire, and, as at the stage ranch, everything was burned.

A small band of Nez Perces went down the bottom to a cabin nearly opposite the tree bearing the Josephine inscription, and surprised and killed two men while they were eating their dinner. After firing this cabin, they went a little farther down and burned a small store, whose proprietor had fled.

CHAPTER LI.

NEZ PERCE WAR CONCLUDED—INDIAN FRIENDSHIP —BEAR PAW FIGHT.

THE Crows and Nez Perces had been very friendly and had hunted buffalo together for years, but the chance of plunder offered was too strong for the Crows' friendship, and many of them volunteered to help crush the little band that was struggling so bravely for what they believed to be right.

On the morning of the thirteenth the Nez Perces sent their women and children and extra stock ahead up Canyon creek, while most of the warriors remained behind to plunder and burn the ranches spoken of. About a hundred Crows, unseen by the Nez Perces, went around the hills and striking the lead of the fleeing band, captured and run off a great many horses.

A Crow was captured by the Nez Perces, who whipped him with their horsewhips, and taunted him, saying that he and all Crows were dogs ; that they would not kill him, for he was not worthy of it, but that they would use him as any other dog they caught stealing.

About ten in the forenoon Sturgis crossed the Yellowstone and rode fast on the trail up the canyon. In its narrowest place the command was checked by a volley from the hills on either side, which killed two soldiers and wounded another. The cavalry formed and charged the

hills, but the Indians ran before them. Sturgis kept on the trail, but had not overtaken the Nez Perces when he arrived at the Musselshell river, at which place he was stopped by a courier from Howard, who wanted to catch up.

The Nez Perces kept on at a good pace and on the twenty-eighth came to Cow Island on the Missouri. A large amount of goods for Helena and other parts of the territory had been landed here from a steamboat, and a wagon train was in the act of being loaded. The white men who were there made quite a gallant defense of the property, but were too few and had to retire. Bradley (who was well known on the Yellowstone and at Bozeman) was killed. The Indians recruited their scant store of provisions and clothes, and, destroying all that they did not want, went on. During the afternoon of the twenty-ninth they crossed a spur of the Bear Paw mountains and camped on Snake creek, about four miles from the range.

On the twelfth of September Howard sent couriers to Keogh apprising Miles of the coming of the Nez Perces and their probable destination.

A few days before the arrival of the courier, the Ellis battalion, consisting of three companies of the Second cavalry, had left Keogh and gone north to meet and escort the boundary commission. Miles sent a courier to overtake them, and with one company of the Seventh cavalry and six companies of the Fifth infantry (mounted), went at good speed across the country to try to head off the Nez Perces before they came to the British line.

At the mouth of the Musselshell, Miles was joined by the Ellis battalion and all were ferried over the Missouri by a steamer. The command moved swiftly, and on the evening of the twenty-seventh came to the Nez Perce trail, about five miles from where those Indians were camped.

The Nez Perces were located on the creek bottom at a

AFTER L. A. HUFFMAN.

An Indian Grave.

place where it was about one-fourth of a mile in width. On either side there were low table-lands, and at the lower end of the camp the hills came to the creek quite abruptly.

On the morning of the twentieth, Miles attacked, by a charge on either flank by the cavalry, backed by the infantry (dismounted), at the upper or south end of the camp. The three companies of the Second charged it from the west, and the company from the Seventh attacked from the east side. A mistake was made here by an orderly in carrying verbal instructions to the troops; for the intention of Miles was to send the three companies of the Second to the east, this side having better natural fortifications.

The chargers on the west were met by a lively fire, but soon turned, for they saw at the lower end of the camp a squad of Nez Perces driving off a large herd of stock, and dashing after them they captured many head. G company, commanded by Lieut. McClernand, charged up a steep gulch after a party with stock, but when nearly to its head, discovered an ambush and turned back. As they turned, a large number of Indians raised from behind a ridge, about one hundred and fifty yards away, and fired rapidly at the soldiers, but without doing harm. About a hundred yards from the turning point the horse of the orderly sergeant (George E. Barnaby) was shot from under him. He being behind was not seen for a moment, and he prepared to sell his life dearly. A soldier of the company, named Bennett, happened to look behind him, and seeing the sergeant afoot rode back, and in a storm of bullets waited for the sergeant to get on behind him, then dashing on rejoined the troop.

The company of the Seventh charged close to the edge of the steppe that divided the bottom from the table-land, and were met by such a terrible fire that it broke and fell back to the foot of the hills. There was but a sergeant and a corporal left of the company officers, all of the others having

fallen in the charge. This sergeant reformed the men and charged again; again came that withering fire and, when the sergeant and corporal fell, the company fell back in dismay.

Gen. Miles sent a lieutenant from one of the infantry companies to take command of this company, and filled up its thin ranks from the same source. He plainly saw that to charge the camp was but to slaughter the men, so surrounded it in skirmish order and dug rifle pits. With the command there were two large guns, one a forty-five and the other a twelve pounder. One of these was placed at either end of the camp.

Just as darkness came on this first night of the siege, it commenced to rain, which soon turned to sleet and hail. There was no wood but scattering sage brush near by, and the soldiers were poorly dressed, and had but their saddle blankets for covering. They had nothing to eat but bacon and hard-tack, and but little of that, not even having coffee, and went cold and hungry (though bearing it all heroically) till the evening of the third day, when the wagon train came in with tents, blankets and food.

No more active fighting was done after the charging stopped, but every night, at intervals of about two hours, the cannon at either end would send a shell into the camp; and for a few moments the night would be bright with flashes from small arms; then the firing would gradually die away, and all would be silent till the boom of the forty-five pounder came again.

During the day there was a slow firing from whites and Indians, which never ceased while daylight lasted.

On the third of October, and the fourth day of the siege, a white flag was shown in the Indian camp and hostilities ceased. Chief Joseph came to Miles, and Lieut. Jerome, of the Second, went as a hostage to the Nez Perce camp. Miles asked for unconditional surrender, but Joseph would

not accept those terms, and during the afternoon the fight again commenced.

During the next night many of the Nez Perces skipped out of the line and made their escape. One little party of these refugees were killed by Gros Ventres and Assiniboine Indians near the boundary line.

The next morning another consultation was held, when Miles promised, if so empowered, to send the band back to Idaho, and Joseph surrendered. There were altogether in his camp ninety men, women and children. Twice that number must have escaped from the camp and crossed to the British line.

After the battle the strange coincidence was noted that the number of dead and wounded in the two camps were the same, each having twenty-eight killed and forty-five wounded.

So closed a remarkable campaign, in which Joseph figures as the most remarkable of the actors; in which he, through an enemy's country, traveled nearly two thousand miles, and in that distance crossed the Rocky Mountain range three times. The fight at the Big Hole, where his people were surprised and driven from camp, and yet were rallied by him and regained the ground lost and more; the attack on Howard at Camas Prairie, which from the loss of stock crippled and held that general back; the five days' fight at Bear Paw, with a force double the size of his own, shows plainly the work of a master mind. That all of his people showed courage and endurance, is true; but any power to be of use must be guided by intelligence, and every turn or move made by the Nez Perces was wisely planned and bravely executed. It is true also, that in their march this people committed many atrocities. Though no Indian apologist, nor having any of that sentiment (whose root is ignorance) which poses all Indians as martyrs, yet, knowing

many of these people personally, the writer feels for them a sentiment of pity. They thoroughly believed that their homes in Wallowa were unjustly taken, and in their desperation commenced a war. The gathered hate of years burst out against the settlers of that part of Idaho, and none were spared that could be found. When away from this locality, they expressed their intention of harming no civilians, but so many of the settlers joined with Gibbon in the Big Hole fight, and afterward with Howard, that their hearts hardened against all whites. With their only partially subdued Indian nature, and with every man's hand against them, the only wonder is that so many whom they might have killed were spared.

During the third day's fight at Bear Paw, Looking Glass, a chief second only to Joseph, was killed. He was of magnificent stature, being six feet two inches in height and well proportioned. He had always been a friend to the whites, and would probably have continued so but for the uncalled-for attack on his camp at Stillwater, by Whipple. This unjust act stirred his fiery nature, and joining Joseph, he fought to the bitter end. There are many who say that had he lived, the Nez Perces might have been annihilated, but would never have surrendered. It is true that at his death the tribe weakened, and but for Joseph would have surrendered then; but that chief held out till nearly all of the warriors had deserted him, and he was then forced to succumb. Looking Glass was both feared and loved by his warriors. He was feared for the swiftness with which he punished disobedience (he had killed one man with a pistol shot and had cut another down with a saber, on the march), and loved for his valor, wisdom and perfect sense of justice.

The prisoners taken by Miles, though pleading hard, were not allowed to go back to Idaho, but were sent instead to the Indian territory. From being the most cheerful Indians

in the west, they became marked, in their new home, for their melancholy, and many of them died slowly and without apparent cause.

Some of those that went across the British line, went back to Idaho and are with the Nez Perces that remained friendly; others surrendered, with Sitting Bull, in 1881, and were sent to the Indian territory.

CHAPTER LII.

TOWNS OF THE YELLOWSTONE—BANNOCK INSURRECTION.

EARLY in the winter of 1877, the McAdow brothers of Bozeman saw that (all danger from hostile Sioux being past) the large and fertile stretch of land known as Clarke's Fork bottom would soon become settled; so they located a large amount of land in the lower end of the bottom and built a store. Other locators came and a little town sprang up, which was called Coulson. This town grew and flourished till 1882, when a rich corporation bought the greater part of the railroad lands that lie in this valley, and laid out a new town about two miles from Coulson, which was called Billings. With the advent of the railroad the new town grew fast, and by the fall of 1882 all of the business men in the old town had moved to it, and Coulson passed into frontier history.

A few people took ranches near the mouth of Glendive creek and a town was laid out the summer of 1877, but this town did not develop much growth until the winter of 1880-81. Then the continuation of the Northern Pacific became an assured fact, and the favorable location of this place (it being where the railroad first strikes the Yellowstone) caused a great rush to it. This was the hardest town on the road till June, 1881, at which time the track passed on and the rough element pushed forward to new fields for their lawless

operations, and Glendive has developed into the orderly center of a prosperous grazing country, and has a lively newspaper and many good citizens.

In June of 1877, a man named Bill Taylor started a little trading house on the north side of the Yellowstone, a short distance above the mouth of the Big Horn and opposite Cantonment Terry. Soon afterward Paul McCormick located there, and quite a lively trade started up with river men and soldiers. The little place was called Terry's Landing at first, but saloons, restaurants, with a dance house and the usual accompaniments of a frontier town, soon came, and this name was not dignified enough for the brisk little place, so it was changed to Junction City.

On the same side of the river, and about ten miles below, commenced the large and fertile valley known as Pease's bottom. During the fall of 1876, the same year that the Fort Pease adventurers were taken away by the military, John Guy (ex-sheriff of Gallatin county) and his sons located ground at the upper end of the bottom. Afterward, when other settlers came and the logs in the buildings and stockade at Fort Pease were being hauled away, Mr. Guy took up and moved the bodies of those who had fallen at this place by Indian hands, and buried them on a hill at the upper end of the valley. The survivors of Fort Pease, and those interested in it, each put in a small sum and reimbursed him for his trouble, and the project is now rife, among those interested, to put an appropriate monument at the heads of the Fort Pease dead.

This bottom (Pease's) is the most thickly settled of any on the lower river, and is the highest in which farming without irrigation can be carried on.

Near Guy's place there is a little town called Echeta, which is from the Crow, and signifies horse. While the railroad was being built up the river valley, there was, ten miles below Echeta, a town called Kurtsville, which for

meanness rivaled Glendive's tent and shack period, but when the railroad track layers passed on, it wilted and passed away.

The Bannocks and Shoshones at the Fort Hall reservation, Idaho, had been dissatisfied for several years with the treatment received there. Provisions and clothing, insufficient in quantity and poor in quality, had been given them, and the Bannocks, learning nothing by the action and fate of the Nez Perces in their endeavors to protest, concluded, in the summer of 1878, to take the war path. So about eighty warriors, having with them a few women, left the agency and went up Henry's Fork of Snake river. They committed a few depredations on the west side of the mountains; then came directly to Henry's lake, at which place they took a little band of horses belonging to Raymond. Then they passed up the Madison some distance, and thence across the Pyramid range to the head of Gardiner river, and down that stream to the Mammoth Hot Springs. At the latter place they stole twelve head of horses, but made no attack on the people, and then taking the trail made by the Nez Perces the year before, went over the mountains and down to Clarke's Fork.

As soon as Gen. Sturgis became aware of the presence of the Bannocks in the National Park, he took all of the cavalry from Fort Ellis and went to that section. He was very cautious and went slowly and carefully, and when he found the trail of the Bannocks, those Indians were four days' march ahead of him. He made no attempt to chase them, but returned to Ellis.

While camped one night in the Gardiner river basin, about eight miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs, an incident occurred which, for a while, demoralized the command. Before the troops came to the edge of the park on their way up, Billy Randall, a civilian, was sent by Sturgis to make a scout along the base of the Pyramid range. He traveled

quite fast, and about noon of the second day he came to the Tourists' trail, near the Norris geysers. Here he met a small party of English tourists, guided by Jack Baronett, and together they traveled toward the Hot Springs. They came to the Gardiner basin just at dusk and seeing the government horses, believed that they had found the Bannock camp. After consultation, they concluded to run off the stock which was feeding a few hundred yards away from the camp.

So, mounting their best horses, and seeing that their arms were all right, they made the dash. As they came near the band, each of the riders yelled with all of his might and the horses stampeded. Those in camp thought that the raiders were Bannocks and there was hurrying to and fro for rifles and cartridge belts. They had time to fire but few shots before horses and drivers were swallowed up in the gloom. The horse ridden by Randall recognized its companions and, taking the bit in its teeth, went direct to and in the camp, and but for a sentry's rifle refusing to be discharged, when the muzzle was within a few feet of Randall's breast, he would have been killed. When the tourists found that their prizes were government horses, they were rather crestfallen, and, leaving the stock, went on without apology.

Gen. Miles, with his family and an escort of two small companies of mounted infantry, was at Benson's Landing, en route from Fort Keogh to the National Park, when he was met by couriers bringing dispatches detailing the movements of the Bannock war party. There were but two passes in the mountains through which they would be likely to come to the prairie. These were at Clarke's Fork and the Boulder. Lieut. Bailey, with one company consisting of about thirty men, went to the latter place, and, taking a position about a mile above the Natural Bridge, fortified and waited for them.

Gen. Miles sent his family to Fort Ellis and, with Capt. Bennett and the other company, started for Clarke's Fork, via the Crow agency on Stillwater. Near the agency there were about twenty lodges of Crows. All of the warriors (about seventy-five) volunteered to go with Miles. That general wanted more ammunition, and the trader at the agency being away, he broke open the door of the store and helped himself, then went on.

The command found the Bannocks camped at the mouth of a little stream that runs into Clarke's Fork, a few miles below Pat O'Hare creek, and early on the morning of the fourth of September attacked them. The fight lasted about three hours, at the end of which time about forty Bannocks came out and surrendered and the others sneaked off into the brush and escaped.

Capt. Bennett, Little Rock (a Frenchman who had joined with the Crows), and one Crow warrior were killed on one side, and a Bannock brave and two squaws on the other. The stream on which the fight occurred has since borne the name of Bennett creek.

Camped on Tongue river, about thirty miles above its mouth, were some Red River half-breeds and Ree Indians. About two weeks after this fight the remainder of the Bannocks came to this camp, afoot and hungry. Word was sent to Keogh of their coming and soldiers were sent out from that post, who took them in as prisoners.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LAST SIOUX FIGHT—BUFFALO AND BUFFALO-KILLING—CROW RESERVATION CATTLE.

FROM this time the settlers came rapidly to the Yellowstone. Every available spot was located for a farm, and from the north, south and east, came herds of cattle to live, increase and fatten on the luscious grasses that were as nutritious as oats.

No more trouble was had with the Sioux as a tribe, but little parties of them, as well as Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, would come to the country on horse-stealing expeditions, but, with two exceptions, always respected human life. One of these exceptions occurred at Pompey's Pillar, in the spring of 1879.

Two men, named Sterns and Johnson, owned a ranch at the place named, and were working one day near their log cabin when they saw six Indians coming. They thought them to be Crows, but, to be on the safe side, they went to the house and took down their rifles. Sterns laid his gun on the bed, but Johnson kept his rifle in his hands. The Indians came into the cabin with the greeting, "How, how?" One of them lay down upon the bed across Sterns' rifle; another asked to fire Johnson's gun at a mark. Johnson refused and the Indian caught hold of it, at the same time saying something in Sioux to another of the party, who came near and sent a bullet from his revolver through John-

son's brain. Sterns instantly struck this Indian under the ear with his fist and knocked him down, and as quick as he could, served two others the same way and then ran toward the brush, which was three hundred yards away. As he ran, he was fired at by the Indians, one of whom mounted a pony and dashed after him. As the mounted Indian came out firing his revolver, Sterns, though hit in the hand by a bullet, picked up a stick and succeeded in knocking his assailant's pistol out of his hand; he picked this up and found it empty, then ran through the brush to the river, and jumping in, lay under the bank with just his face out of the water, and though searched for by the Sioux, was not found. His horses were taken, the cabin was gutted, and the Indians disappeared.

The other case in which they took human life happened during the winter of 1881. Late in the fall two hunters went out to the buffalo range in the bad lands, but a short distance below Glendive. They did not come in and nothing was heard from them till the middle of the winter, at which time another party of buffalo-hunters came to where they had made their camp. The two men were found frozen stiff and with many bullet-holes in their bodies. Nearly everything had been taken from camp, and though the deed had been committed so long before that all signs of the perpetrators were obliterated, yet it was known that a Sioux war party was in that section about a month before the finding of the bodies, and all supposed that they committed the deed.

On the upper river, two old-timers (though young men), who had had some narrow escapes from Indian bullets and arrows, gave up their lives to the Yellowstone this summer of 1879: one in doing his duty, and the other in that higher duty of helping a comrade in distress.

On the eighteenth of July, Tommy Thompson, Steve Gage, and some others were driving a small herd of Nelson Story's cattle across the Yellowstone, near the mouth of

Sweetgrass creek. The cattle were forced into the river at last, and the two men started to swim their horses after them. Gage was riding a broncho, or untamed horse, so Thompson went ahead that it might follow his. When nearly across, Thompson looked behind and saw that Gage's horse was acting badly, so turning, he swam back. As he came near to young Gage, the latter was thrown from his horse and in trying to pick him up, Thompson was also torn from his animal and both were swept away and drowned. The bodies were found but a short distance below and were taken up the river. Thompson had been a great favorite with Mr. Story, and the body was brought to Bozeman, and a neat monument now stands over his resting place. Steve Gage was buried by the side of his father (who had died the year before), at the ranch at Duck creek, which ranch was the lowest on the river from 1873 to 1875.

In the early days, and up to 1878, buffalo were abundant on the lower river. Clarke, in 1876, speaks of having to lay over for a long time to allow a herd to cross the river. The writer has often seen miles of prairie dotted black with them, and when they moved to feeding grounds or were disturbed by Indians hunters, they went in great masses; and behind them a strip of country miles in width would be seamed with trails and cut up by their hoofs. The Indians depended on them for food, and the white wolfers poisoned their carcasses for wolf baits, yet altogether not more than the natural yearly increase was killed.

In the winter of 1879–80, the Sioux were kept quite close to their agencies, and white hunters commenced making a business of killing the buffalo for their pelts. Miles City (which had had a more rapid growth than any other and was the leading town of the Yellowstone) had a monopoly of the robe trade, and thirty-five thousand were marketed there that season. During the winter of 1880–81, more hunters were out on the buffalo ranges than the season be-

fore, and the output was in round numbers seventy-five thousand pelts. But the most successful season for the skin hunters was 1881–82, when at different places along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad the traders bought one hundred thousand skins. As many hunters were out the winter of 1882–83, but either from the amount of game being shortened, or their going to different feeding grounds, the number of robes taken fell to forty-five thousand. Here we have in four years' time two hundred and fifty-five thousand robes sent to market. At an average of three hundred pounds of meat for each buffalo killed, there would be a total of seventy-six million five hundred thousand pounds of meat. Probably not more than one-tenth of this was hauled to market, while the remainder rotted on the prairie. What a text for a sermon from a philanthropical point of view. But there is another side. As these animals are driven off of the range, the space they occupied is filled with domestic cattle, and the absence of buffalo insures a cessation of Indian wars, and will gradually force the savages to till the land and, with the rest of mankind, earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. When that time comes, and not till then, will the Indian question be solved. So long as an Indian can have a gun and a pony, and find buffalo on the range, he never can be civilized.

All of the country bordering the Yellowstone on the south, from Reservation creek (a small water course between Rosebud and Big Horn) to the east fork of the Yellowstone, was included in the Crow reservation, and settlers were not allowed thereon. In 1882, the Crows, for a compensation, ceded to the government all that part of their domain lying above the Boulder, in which part lay the mining districts of Boulder, Emigrant gulch, Bear and Crevice gulches, and Carke's Fork; and a treaty is now in progress by which the Crows take in severalty that part of their country lying on the waters of the Big and Little Horn and a stated sum

of money yearly, and give back to the government all of the remainder, which treaty, if concluded, will open to the public many fertile creek and river bottoms, and a cattle range large in area and second in quality to none in the world. Within the limits of the present reservation there are also valuable mines. On the Stillwater river there is a large deposit of hematite iron ore. Not far from the iron, though in a different formation, there have been found lodes of copper-bearing rock, which carry a much larger percentage of that metal than the noted Lake Superior veins. These deposits and lodes have been located for several years. But little work has been done on them by the claimants, for the Crow agents, like policemen in cities, are continually making them move on. There are also many fine coal veins within the lines of the reservation. None of these valuable minerals are of use to the Indians, and it is the unanimous desire of the residents of Montana to have this valuable country restored to the public domain.

Near where Boulder creek leaves the rough mountains in which it heads, there are several silver and gold-bearing lodes, which, for lack of capital, are undeveloped as yet. These were discovered in 1864 by John Allen and three others. This party were besieged by Indians for two days while there, but, having an almost impregnable position among the rocks, they succeeded in standing the hostiles off.

The headquarters and main resort of the frontiersmen of the upper river was for several years at Benson's Landing. Here the trappers brought their furs, and here the traders came to buy, and there (alas!) for poor whisky was spent a great portion of the money for which they had imperiled their lives.

When the railroad was definitely located, all could see that where it crossed and left the river, four miles above Benson's Landing, was a natural location for a town, and

there, early in the spring of 1882, people commenced to build. The town, which was called Clarke City, had not been surveyed, and but temporary buildings were put up. It grew rapidly, and, as the railroad track came nearer, all of the rough gang that precede the building of a western road came and stopped there during the winter of 1882–3 and made it a tough town.

In January of 1883, the railroad company completed the survey of a town adjoining Clarke City, which was named Livingston. The lots, though high in price, sold readily, and when spring came, nearly all of the residents of Clarke City, and many new comers, put up good buildings in the new town. The rough element went on with the railroad track, and the town settled down to a prosperous career. Situated at the gate of the mountains, just where the Park Branch road joins the main line, and having tributary to it considerable farming and grazing country, as well as coal, limestone, silver and iron ores, it bids fair to be, in the near future, a town of great importance. It has now a population of two thousand people, and supports a daily and two weekly papers.

When the Crow reservation shall have been opened for settlement, Billings will receive a great impetus, for it is situated at the natural outlet for the most of that country, and when the big ditch, which is in course of completion, brings sufficient water to irrigate the fertile valley in which it is located, its population will be trebled.

Within fifty miles of this town, nearly one hundred thousand head of cattle range. This is the outfitting and shipping point for the cattle men; and their trade, with that of the farmers and the freighters to the Maginnis mines, make quite a lively business. Two papers are published there, which are well supported. Coal in great quantities has been found on the slopes of the Bull mountains, within twenty

miles of the town, and a branch road to the mines from this place is an assured fact for 1884.

Junction City has not increased in population since the advent of the railroad, but those who are there are enjoying a good trade with Fort Custer, which was located near the mouth of the Little Horn in June of 1877, and also have a share of the trade from Fort Maginnis and the Maginnis mines.

In 1877 the cantonment at Tongue river was changed to a place about three miles higher up the Yellowstone, and one of the finest posts in the department of Dakota was constructed, and is well maintained. At about the same time, settlers at Miles City left the old town, and, going up about three miles, built the new town in a very pretty location on the east bank of Tongue river. From that time to the present, it has been prosperous—first through the buffalo hunters' and soldiers' trade, and now with stockmen and farmers.

There are on Powder river ninety thousand head of cattle; on Tongue river, about seventy-five thousand; on Stinking Water, seventy thousand; and about twenty thousand on the north side of the Yellowstone at the Big and Little Porcupine creeks, and their owners all outfit and ship from this town. Many cattle, thin in flesh, have been brought from the east to these ranges this year, and more in number of fat ones have been shipped to the east for beef. There are also several fine herds of sheep near this place—altogether about seventy-five thousand head. More cattle are shipped from Miles than from any other town in Montana, a distinction which, probably, it will always have. This town is represented by two daily and two weekly papers.

CHAPTER LIV.

MINES—NATIONAL PARK AND TOURISTS—ADIEU.

THERE will be no more farm products raised on the Yellowstone than is necessary for home consumption, for much of the soil is unfit for cultivation; but its hills bear the finest grass in the world, and it has a climate that allows cattle to gather their own living during all of the winter. There is room and a welcome for ten times the amount of stock that roams the hills at present, for the Yellowstone and its tributaries, after leaving the Rocky mountains, drain about seventy thousand square miles of country. Probably fifteen thousand of these are capable of being watered and tilled, but the remainder can be utilized only for stock ranges.

Across the range at Bozeman, which was the headquarters for the Yellowstone rangers, and from which went out nearly all of the expeditions to the lower country, there has been a steady growth since 1867. It has a fine location and good buildings, and is the prettiest town in Montana. During the fall of 1882 it received a city charter, and now has a population of three thousand people, a daily and two weekly papers. It is the commercial center for a large area of the finest agricultural lands in the territory, and has valuable tributary mines, timber, and the best coal on the line of the road.

Above the lower canyon the railroad has also brought a wave of prosperity. Every available bit of ground in Para-

dise valley has been taken, and the beautiful prairies are dotted with little homes. Good crops are raised, for which good prices are received,

In Emigrant gulch there are about forty people engaged in placer mining, and the output of gold is about twenty-five thousand dollars yearly. Discoveries of gold and silver ore are being continually made in this gulch, as well as in Mill creek (six miles farther down the river). Late in the fall of 1883, a small smelter was set up at Fridley's ranch to test these ores, and the results were very satisfactory.

In the spring of 1883, many people went up to near Gardiner river, where it was supposed the terminus of the Park Branch railroad would be, and built a town which was named Gardiner. Owing to a difficulty in regard to the title to the land on which it was located, the railroad company concluded to stop the track about three miles lower down, and, in consequence, Gardiner is at a stand-still.

Right across the Yellowstone from this town is Bear gulch, in which a bed-rock flume for placer mining is being constructed at great expense. On the mountain above Bear, and between that creek and Crevice gulch, are the Crevice Mountain mines. These lodes carry mostly gold ores and are very rich and extensive. They are being but slowly developed, for the owners are men in moderate circumstances; but when mills and proper machinery are applied to the working of these ores the output of gold will be second to no camp in Montana.

At the Clarke's Fork mines two smelters are in operation on the silver ores, which are turning out masses of rich bullion; and lying, awaiting capital, are scores of lodes just as rich as those in operation. A little town has been built near the mines which bears the name of Cooke City, and has a population of about four hundred people.

At the Mammoth Hot Springs great changes have been

wrought. Congress, in 1882, granted to a corporation several small pieces of land, situated in different parts of the park, on which to build hotels; and a large force of men was employed during the winter of 1882–83 in getting out lumber and building a hotel at the Springs, part of which was completed in time to accommodate the tourist travel for the summer of 1883. In the Upper Geyser basin and at the Yellowstone falls, the company had tent hotels, which will probably be replaced next season by buildings.

The number of tourists that went through the park in 1883 was, estimating from good authority, thirty thousand, and the number will increase yearly till this wonderful and beautiful resort will become America's greatest pleasure ground and the Mecca to which all ailing will turn for relief; for the romance of its pathless forests, the exhilaration given by the high altitude and pure air, retones the mind and body and paints all the world in brighter colors. Its thousands of hot springs, each fenced in by edges of colored filigree work, its lake of beauty, its grand geysers and the majestic falls and canyon, cannot be painted by pen or pencil, but the pictures left in the memories of those who have seen them will stay till touched by Death's eraser.

From 1864 to 1883, how great a contrast! Then were sneaking savages, countless herds of buffalo and elk, and a small band of men, few in number but great in tenacity and purpose. Now there are homes and towns and herds of cattle, and the railroad whistle has found echoes that twenty years before had only responded to Indian rifles; and over all is prosperity.

It is a fact often demonstrated in the history of the world, that the residents of a mountainous country have the greatest love for their homes. Persons who have lived in Montana for a few years, and who then go away, either to the rich and prosperous east, or to the semi-tropical and beautiful shores of the Pacific, think they will never return;

but soon in their hearts comes the longing for the grand mountains and inspiring air of Montana, and sooner or later they return to leave no more.

Perhaps the attraction partly lies in the liberty of mind and speech enjoyed; for whether Christian, free-thinker or spiritualist, all could give expressions to their belief without losing caste. A man was only judged by his actions to his neighbor, and all men were his neighbors; for till the coming of the railroad, every one's latch-string was hanging out for all to pull, and inhospitality was the greatest crime. The railroad brought many fine, enterprising people, and money to awake sleeping industries, but it also brought that pest of the older states—the tramp; and that indiscriminate hospitality, which was given and taken so freely by the old residents, and which had such a charm for the stranger within our gates, has gone forever. But though not shown so openly, the feeling still remains, and those who have come and those who are coming, are and will be infected with this liberality of mind and purse. And, when in a few years, our now undeveloped mines are giving up their stores of valuable minerals; when each of our beautiful mountain streams is running manufactories; when every fertile spot is made to blossom, and the hills are dotted with cattle, our lovely mountain country will become a state and be second to none in the intelligence of its people or its wealth per capita.

Any one of the actors, named and unnamed, who took part in the times and scenes recorded in this work, can feel, justly and with pride, I bore the privations; I fought the good fight, and made it possible for wealth, and homes, and peace to come.

To the Historical Society of Montana, from whose published work the compiler has received much information, and to the pioneers of the Yellowstone, who have, with perfect courtesy, done all in their power to help him on in his quest for knowledge, the writer expresses his most grateful thanks.

BARKER MINING DISTRICT
DAWSON
MEAGHER
MONTANA
DAKOTA
YELLOWSTONE
CUSTER
CROW INDIAN RESERVATION
CROW AGENCY
FORT MAGINNIS
BILLINGS
MILES CITY
BIG HORN MOUNTAINS
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
WYOMING
IDAHO
OWL CREEK RANGE
BLACK HILLS
Rock with a hole
Tongue
Powder
Musselshell
Judith
Missouri
Yellowstone
Big Horn
Wind
Clarks Fork
Little Missouri
Little Wolf
Rosebud
Tullock's Fork
Pryor Mts.
Snowy Mts.
Little Belt Mts.
Crazy Mts.
Bull Mts.
Musselshell Mts.
Pryor Mountains
Wolf Mts.
Pumpkin Creek
Cedar Creek
Sarpy Creek
Hanging Woman Creek
Rosebud Creek
Pine Creek
Tullock's Creek
Rock Creek
Bridger
Camp Lewis
Fort Logan
White Sulphur Springs
Camp Harvey
Camp Arthur
Fort Keogh
Fort Custer
Fort Pease
Fort Smith
Fort Parker
Fort Peck
Fort Buford
Fort Union
Fort Benton
Fort Assiniboine
Fort Shaw
Fort Ellis
Fort Custer
Fort Missoula
Fort Keogh
Fort Pease
Fort Smith
Fort Parker
Fort Peck
Fort Buford
Fort Union
Fort Benton
Fort Assiniboine
Fort Shaw
Fort Ellis